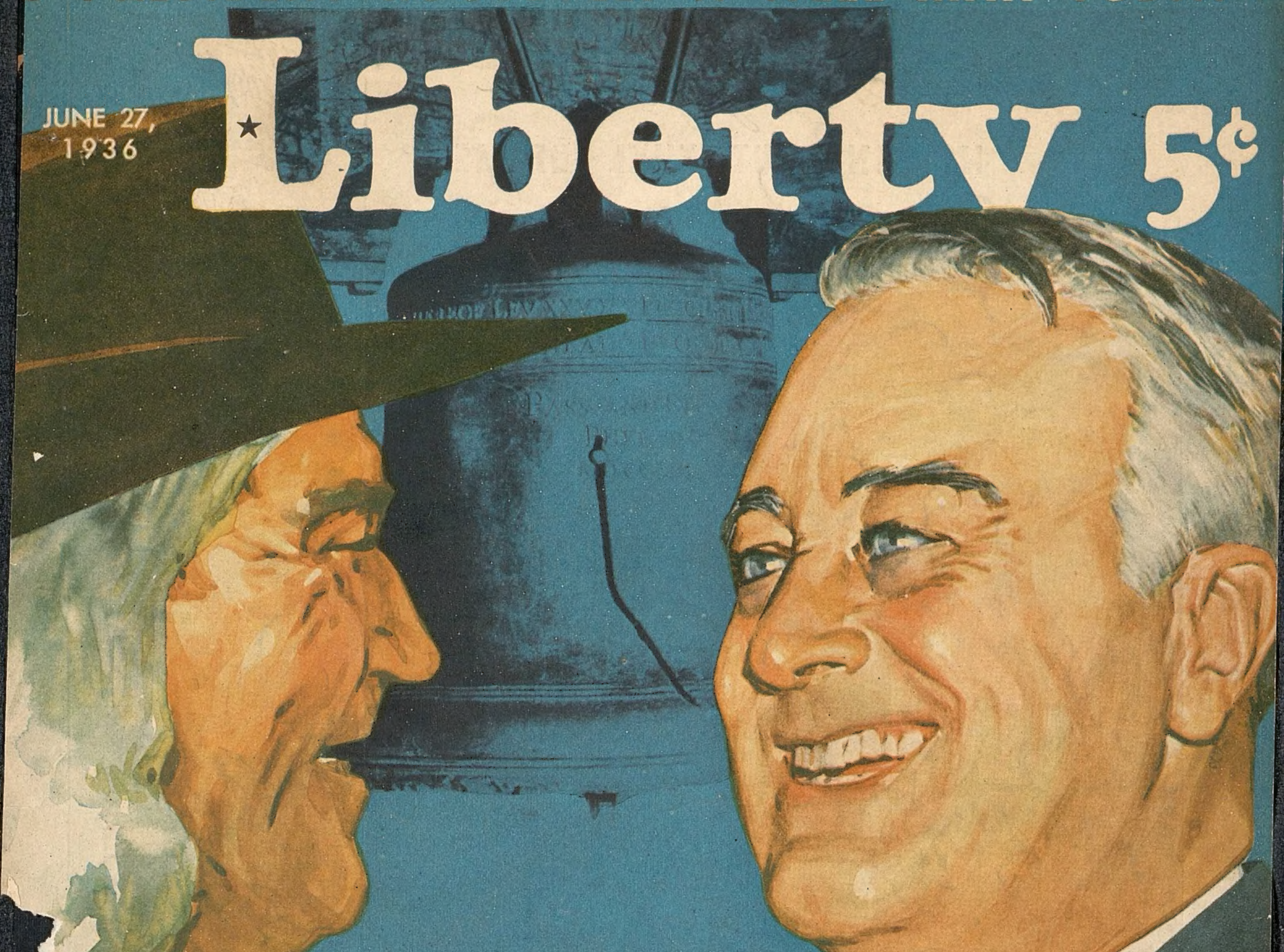
S PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A WELL MAN TODAY ?

JUNE 27,
1936

Liberty

5¢



HELL IN THE HOLY LAND

At Last an Eyewitness Story of Allenby and His Onslaught Against the Turks in Jerusalem

by LOWELL THOMAS and KENNETH COLLINGS

ARE THE MOVIES PLAYING WITH FIRE ?

STORIES BY: RITA WEIMAN—JOHN ERSKINE—EDWARD DOHERTY—MAJOR BOW

"*From this day forth* —

NOTHING BUT ETHYL FOR ME!"

JUST MARRIED
ETHYL
2H 200

Why your car needs Ethyl in summer

ONLY 43 SECONDS TO READ

BEWARE a "pinging" sound this summer when you "step on the gas" for pick-up, or hills. It is your engine's way of saying: "I feel hot weather, too. I'm *losing* power, *wasting* gas and *overheating*. Give me better gasoline."

KNOCK is the name of that warning "ping." It occurs when a gasoline breaks down (burns too quickly) under the heat of a modern high compression engine.

Cars built in recent years have high compression engines. And in summer the knocking evil is at its worst because hot weather increases engine heat.

THE CURE—and preventive—of knock is better gasoline. That is why most oil companies now improve gasoline by adding anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

They recommend, as their *best* fuel for summer driving, special gasoline sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the base or globe.

YOU GET at the "Ethyl" pump:

Enough anti-knock fluid to stand up under the highest engine compression on the hottest day.

All-round quality that is double-checked—*by oil company and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.*

DOWN TO 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline—and high above it in anti-knock (high compression) value.

Give your car the *coolest* fuel this summer. Avoid knock, with its power loss, gasoline waste and overheating. Get more power from each gallon of gasoline you buy!

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

"That's not your only offense, mister"

—and then the copper told him . . . told him what his best friends had never had the heart to tell him. It simply stunned Hartley . . . now he understood why people deliberately dodged him . . . why business acquaintances always sat as far as possible away from him and cut his calls to a minimum. Then and there he resolved that never again would he be guilty of an offensive breath.

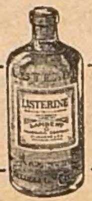
* * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And since the subject is so delicate, even your best friends won't tell you.

Due to conditions frequently existing even in normal mouths, everyone is bound to have an offensive breath at some time or other. Fermentation of tiny bits of food is one of its principal causes.

Fortunately this condition yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. For Listerine, possessing marked antiseptic and deodorant qualities, halts food fermentation in the mouth, overcomes disagreeable odors, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh, and clean.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office. Get into the delightful habit of using it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.*



For **HALITOSIS** *use* **LISTERINE**

JUNE 27, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 26

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

What Communism Offers Us

NO one can doubt the statement that two and two added together equal four. And the accuracy of the statement that experience is the best teacher is also unquestionable.

With equal emphasis we will have to admit that when a governmental system is tested through several generations and certain results are attained, we can be reasonably assured that under like conditions similar results can be expected.

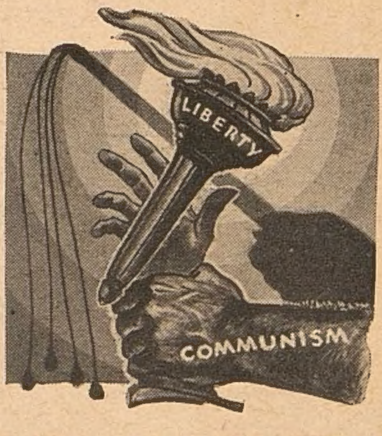
The reliability of this conclusion is just about as dependable as the two-and-two problem, and to those who maintain that conditions have changed we would like to state that the meaning of liberty will never change, and that a governmental system that has individual freedom for its purpose cannot change the general principles with which it is associated.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Individual liberty means the privilege of following your inclinations as long as you do not infringe on the rights of other citizens. And the statement that we are living in a more complicated age is answered by the elimination of complications in nearly every phase of human life. To make life easy and simple has been civilization's outstanding object; the complications are mostly the result of multitudinous laws that restrict and restrain our liberties.

Throughout more than a hundred and fifty years we followed a certain system of government. From a population of three or four millions we have grown to approximately a hundred and thirty millions. During this period we acquired nearly half the world's wealth and gave the workers of the nation a higher standard of living than is offered by any other nation.

No one can question the accuracy of these statements, and our governmental system must be largely credited with this miraculous progress. Therefore, when we hear that the fundamental principles of our form of government must be changed, we are inclined to question the sanity of those who advocate such a procedure. And whatever governmental system we might adopt, we could hardly make a worse selection than that offered to us by Communistic Russia.



In that country religion is taboo; family life is given but little consideration. There you have regimentation; you are given orders; you are told how to work and when to work and what your pay will be. There is no free choice. Furthermore, free speech is forbidden. You are liable to imprisonment for criticism of those in power.

In that country you can be put in prison without trial and your property can be confiscated by the state. Any one working under such conditions becomes a mere machine—an automaton without initiative, spirit, or enthusiasm, all of which are necessary to make life worth living.

In comparison with what Russia offers, here we have the right to own our own home and to acquire property according to our ability. Here we have the right of trial by jury. Here we still have freedom of speech, a free press, and freedom of will. And the highest position is not beyond the reach of any one of our capable hard-working citizens. Here we are not persecuted because of our religion or lack of religion. Here is a country which enables a man to develop his own personality in accordance with the dictates of his conscience and intelligence.

Here we still have liberty, though it is gradually being circumscribed, and if the present Communistic tendency is not checked you cannot tell what will happen.

Previous to the last depression every one desiring to work could find a job at good wages.

And even the dole, which we look upon with such scant respect at the present time, would almost be classed as riches by the workers of some foreign nations, Russia included.

Shall we give up all these advantages and adopt a foreign system at the dictates of Communistic propagandists?

We are envied because of the riches that we have acquired due to our governmental system. Naturally some of our foreign visitors would like to take possession of our country like the pirates of old.

They are not willing to do the hard work essential to make a place for themselves. They would like to adopt the highwayman method and blackjack our citizens.

The plan they have in view is comparatively simple—to undermine and overthrow our government by force; take all the wealth, turn it in to their newly formed government, and give our people the advantage of working for them at wages now paid in Russia.

If we expect to retain the liberties we have enjoyed, this insidious force will have to be recognized and destroyed.

Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING

HELL IN THE HOLY LAND

At Last an Eyewitness Story of Allenby and His Onslaught Against the Turks in Jerusalem

by

LOWELL THOMAS

Author of With Lawrence in Arabia, Beyond Khyber Pass, etc.

with KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HELL in the Holy Land! That is no mere phrase. It is fact, the truth—and is becoming as true of this hour as it was and is of those World War days when Allenby and his Last Crusade smote the menacing Turks and swept them out of Palestine.

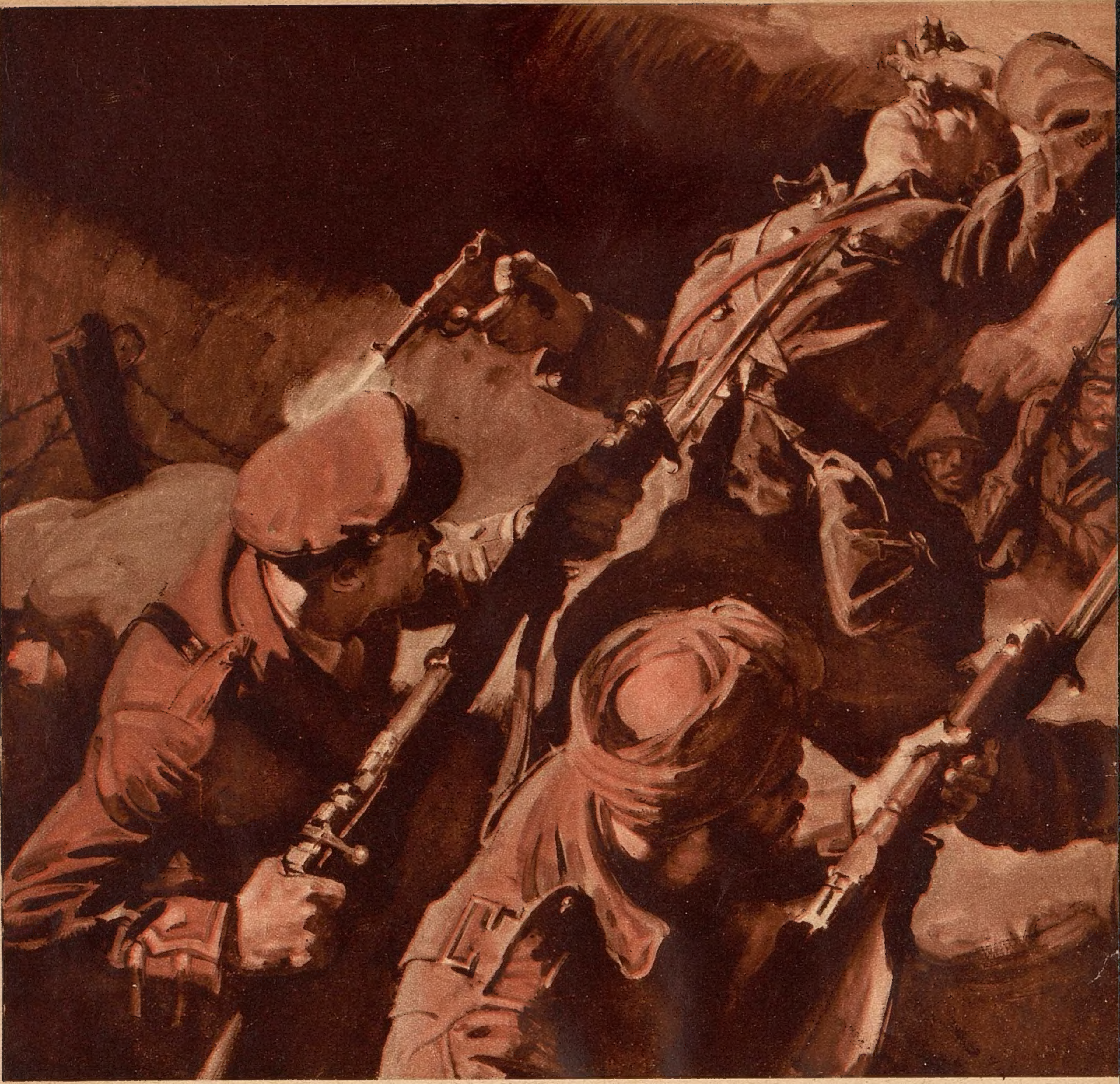
Do you fully realize what has been happening in the Holy Land of late?—toward what an appalling explosion and conflagration events there have been trending?

Seven hundred thousand Arabs, long inflamed against four hundred thousand Jews, seethe more and more fiercely with resentment of the Zionist immigration and land purchase by the immigrants.

Communist and Fascist fingers are stirring this witches' caldron—and Great Britain, with her mandate government, is supposed among Moslems to be weakening, to have backed down in the crisis that arose over Ethiopia. Clashes with bloodshed; then an Arab general strike; then formal civil disobedience; then terrorism, mass outrages—and now, at this writing, with Britain standing firm, the most ominous signs of an actual general rebellion!

Oh, yes; there is hell in the Holy Land again today. Make no mistake about that. You will get a real idea of what may well be impending from the story Ken Collings and I have to tell you—the story of how the largest cavalry army in all history succeeded at last where Richard of the Lion Heart had failed. It's an untold story. Even today, after eighteen years, no clear-cut account of Allenby's campaign has been set down. And since " 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre " there has been no war story to match it!

Allenby brought true the age-old dream of Western peoples. He drove the Turks from Gaza and Beersheba, from Hebron and Bethlehem, from Jerusalem, from Jericho. Then, with the aid of Arabs led by Lawrence of Arabia, his flying horsemen cleared the Plain of Armaggedon. In a blazing finale they captured Damascus and forced the Sultan's armies to surrender. . . . Such is the tale we now proceed to tell:



PART ONE—BOATS ACROSS THE WILDERNESS OF SIN

IT was Christmas Day of 1917, in Jerusalem. General Allenby and his British army had just captured the Holy City from the Turks. *The holy places of Christianity were delivered from Mohammedan domination! The centuries-old dream of the crusaders was realized at last!*

I stood talking to Todd Gilney—the liaison officer—on the old Turkish airdrome where I had landed.

"It's a grand feeling," said Todd, "a glorious feeling. There's not a man in the army but feels personally happy about delivering Jerusalem—and just a bit awed. Soldiers are ordinarily pretty rough, but they pass the holy places here in silence. Everywhere in the city they talk in low tones and go slow on the profanity.

"I'm certain the folks back home must be elated too; I know my old mother is. She will be in church right now offering a prayer of thanksgiving.

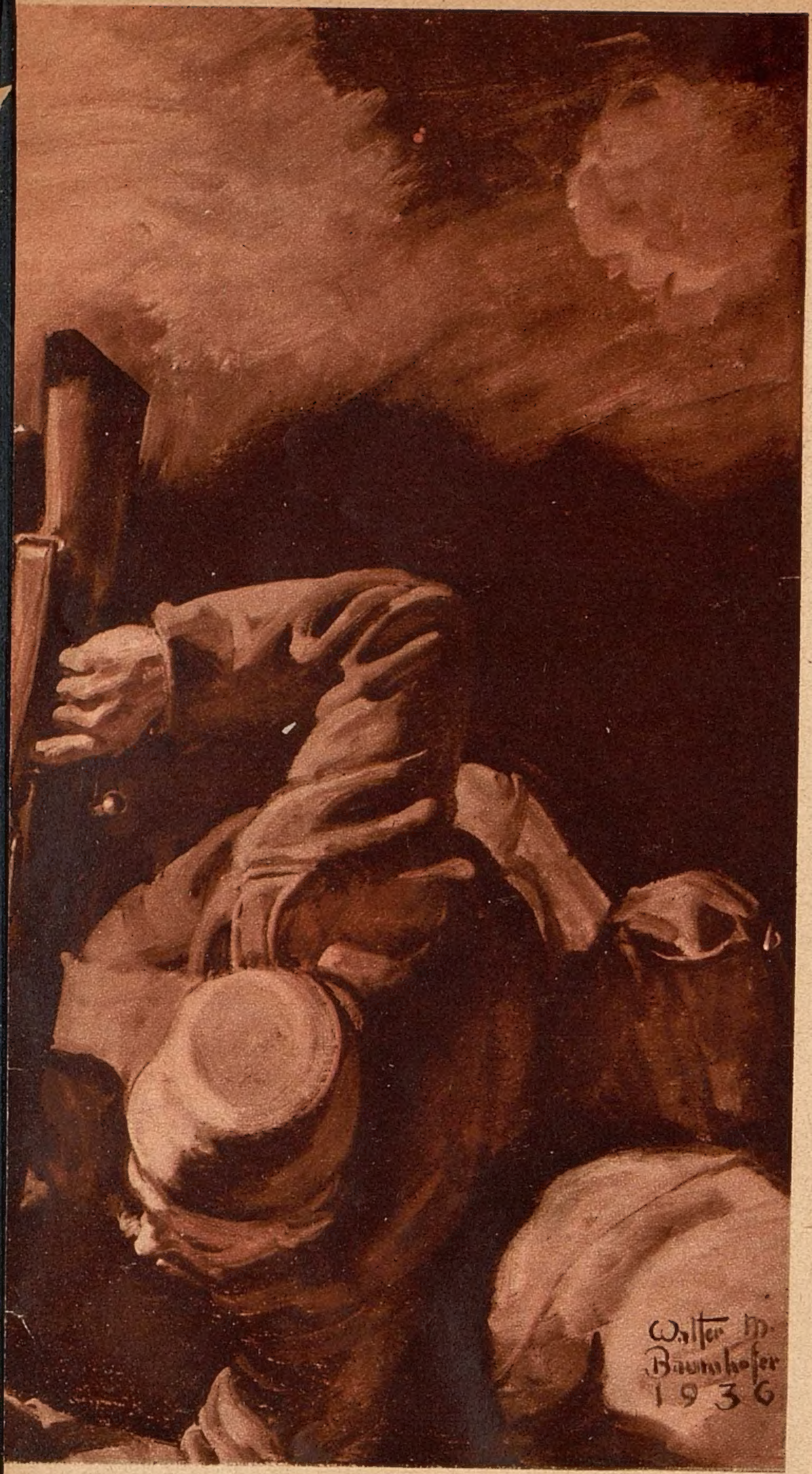
"Yes," Todd continued, "the people at home will be overjoyed by our victory—*but they won't realize the ghastly price.* They won't see the desperate fighting nor the sacrifice in human lives that brought it about. They can't see, Lowell; they're too close to France; this campaign is overshadowed by events on the western front. But it hasn't been any triumphal procession—not by a jugful. It's been pure unadulterated hell every inch of the way. It started with the Suez Canal running blood; we finished it by cutting a bunch of Turkish—and British—throats with bayonets—right over there on the Mount of Olives." He pointed a lean forefinger toward the shrine of Christianity.

"Somebody ought to tell them, Lowell. Maybe you can do it."

I had been thinking the same thing as I flew up from Cairo and watched the battlefields pass beneath me: somebody *should* tell the story of this modern crusade. It marked an epoch in world history and every inch of it was being fought over historic and holy ground.

Our take-off took us—my pilot and me—over the pyramids of Egypt and the Sphinx. Then we struck out across the Suez Canal and the Desert of Sinai, where Moses received the Ten Commandments. We flew over the route traveled by the Israelites—and it was the same route traveled twice in this war by the Turks, coming and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BAUMHOFER



There the Turks were, right on our necks. I lunged at one just as he pulled the trigger of his pistol.

going, in their amazing attempt to cut the Suez Canal.

That had been the first battle of the campaign. The attack had failed—but only by a hair's breadth. Since then the British had been pushing the Turks north through the Holy Land—but not always steadily. There had been nasty defeats, and it wasn't over yet.

Two of those defeats were at Gaza; we passed it as we left the Wilderness of Sin—or Sinai—behind and flew to the west of Beersheba, over the plains of Philistia, then turned right toward the Judean hills. We passed over Bethlehem and swung in a wide circle; I saw the Dead Sea, Jericho, and the valley of the Jordan.

But I saw more than cities, mountains, and plains: I saw the surge of history up and down those slopes. I saw the embattled hosts of Joshua; I saw Joshua himself—winning his fight by commanding the sun and the moon to stand still. I heard "seven priests blow upon seven trumpets of rams' horns"; I heard a mighty roar of crumbling masonry, and I saw the walls of Jericho collapse into dust at Joshua's feet.

I saw Alexander the Great storm the city of Gaza. Then came Pompey and the legions of Rome; I saw them tramp over the plains of Philistia. Next, Saladin. Then I saw Richard of the Lion Heart climb to the top of the hill of Nebi Samwel whence might be seen the battlements of Jerusalem; I saw Richard fall on his knees—but refuse to *look* at the Holy City which he never could hope to *reach.*

And now I saw Allenby's gallant army remarch the ancient routes; refight the historic battles; redrench the fabled cities, hills, and valleys in human blood. The boys in ragged khaki didn't look much like crusading knights in shining armor—but I saw them *win* where Richard *lost.*

"Yes, Todd," I said. "It *is* a tremendous story—a magnificent story. Some day I am going to be proud to tell it. But the fighting started back there at the Suez Canal—before I arrived—so I need your help. You're the one man who knows all about that show, and tonight you're going to tell me."

"You seem pretty sure about that."

"Positive," I said. "If you don't talk you don't get so much as a smell of the bottle of Irish whisky I have in my bag."

"Bribery and corruption," Todd muttered. "All right. Eight o'clock at my quarters, over near Herod's gate. It's upstairs over a vacant store—but any sentry will tell you where I live."

Todd Gilney was a mysterious figure in those days—and he still is. He was a combination of liaison officer, secret agent, and more. His services were so valuable that he was supposed to keep out of danger. But Todd wasn't that kind. He was in every battle in the campaign, and he was under fire dozens of times while on reconnaissance missions in rattletrap old airplanes.

He was tall and lanky, with coal-black hair and steely-blue eyes, a combination which he thought was probably a result of mixing most of the bloods in the British Isles. He had lived in Australia and Canada; his speech was an odd mixture of Anzac English and Yankee slang.

I found his quarters. The room was bare except for a rough board table, an army cot, and half a dozen tactical maps which Todd had pinned to the walls and marked with red and blue thumbtacks. I deposited my precious bottle on the table.

"The blue tacks are the British," said Todd, with a wave toward the maps, "and the red are the Turks. It's easy to remember; the home team is always the blues. I'm sorry everything is so primitive here; some Johnny Turks occupied these quarters, and before they left they took an ax to the furniture. I guess we'll have to sit on the cot. As for glasses—" He fished out a shaving mug and a teacup without a handle. I furnished the corkscrew and Todd began to talk.

I am going to let him tell his own story of that fight for the Suez Canal; I couldn't improve on it if I tried.

KITCHENER [said Todd] had left Sir John Maxwell to run the show and sit on the lid of Egypt. It was likely to blow off at any second, because Egyptians are Mohammedans and they might decide to pitch in with the Turks, especially if they won a big battle. There were a few English troops in Egypt but they were raw. The only ones we could rely on were Indians—Sikhs, Gurkhas, Punjabis—and a lot of them had Mohammedan leanings, so we couldn't be really sure about them. Every one of those babies knew fancy things to do with a knife, and if they ever *did* turn against us, the butchery and slaughter—well, with women and children around, you don't like to think of such things.

But we had to think of them. The Turks were swarming south to Beersheba by the trainload. Beersheba is the southernmost city of the Holy Land and Turkish concentrations there could spell only one thing: They were getting ready to cross the desert and attack the Suez Canal—*but we didn't know where.*

The chief of intelligence called me into his Cairo office. "Find out!" he barked. "I want to know which way the Turks are coming and where they will hit."

That was a big order, but I said, "Yes, sir," and started to leave. Before I could get out of the office, the old boy called me back. He wasn't hard-boiled now; there was real worry in his voice.

"Er—Gilney," he said, "I don't suppose I need to impress on you the importance of your mission. You know what this means to Great Britain and the Allied cause. You won't fail me?"

I knew what it meant, Lowell—knew too damn well. The Turks weren't staging a desultory raid that we could block with a few companies. This attack had been ordered by the German high command at Potsdam. It was a key part of the Kaiser's war plan. The assault would hit us like a ton of brick and with the fury of the damned. There would be plenty of blood spilled and here the Turks would have their Arab allies—the champions of Islam—along. Those lads didn't give any quarter nor take any prisoners.

And the Kaiser knew what he was doing. The Suez Canal is, as he himself called it, the jugular vein of the British Empire—a hundred exposed miles long. If the Turks succeeded in cutting it, what happened in France wouldn't make much difference; the Allied cause would bleed to death right there in the sands of the Wilderness of Sin. The troops on the western front might hold out for a while, but with the canal blocked and no reinforcements or supplies from Australia, New Zealand, or India, *it would be only a question of time until Germany won the war.*

Allenby, the Last Crusader, at the time of his ever-glorious conquest.

And it was up to *me* to get the information which would prevent the disaster. Whew!

To succeed, I had to reconnoiter the entire Sinai Peninsula—one hundred and fifty miles long and almost as wide—with three trails across it seventy or more miles apart. The Turks could choose any of those routes, and they had the German, Kress von Kressenstein, to advise in their choice. With his brains behind the attack, it was sure to keep us guessing until the last second. To gain any inkling of his intentions I would have to fly—and the best airplane in Egypt had a cruising radius of a pitiful seventy-five miles.

We had five old Farmans and a BE-2B—and what junk they were! They were useless for my purposes, so I went to see a French outfit that operated from a mother ship up the coast near El Arish. Their crocks would fly farther than ours but they had only eighty horsepower and just crawled. They were seaplanes, and the one place I *had* to see was Beersheba—*thirty miles inland.* A French pilot named L'Estreau agreed to take me.

"But you weel comprehend," he said, just before we took off, "zat zee seaplane cannot land in zee desert. Eef we have trouble wiz zee motor—" He kissed his fingertips meaningly and waved them toward heaven.

I said, "Yes, I comprehend—too damn well; give her the gun."

We turned inland over Gaza. We were flying low and the Turks opened up with everything but the rolling kitchens. A few holes pecked through the right wing tip and a shell exploded far ahead. That was rotten shooting; it didn't worry me much. I relaxed to take a look at the scenery, and a burst of machine-gun fire ripped through the fuselage within six inches of my back and left me talking to myself.

We kept on to Beersheba.

Three divisions of Turks were camped there with their artillery, camels and horses. That was plenty to worry about in itself—but then I saw something which gave me gray hair! Piled on the desert side of the town were *dozens of steel boats,* and carpenters were *building rafts* of empty gasoline cans and strips of lumber.

Kress von Kressenstein meant business. The Turks were going to carry those boats and rafts on their shoulders across the frying pan of the Sinai Desert and use them in crossing the Suez Canal.

That sounds wild, doesn't it—crazy? Maybe so. But when I saw those steel boats glistening out there in the blazing sun and thought of the grim determination of the man who could conceive of such a scheme, I was scared!

But I had learned several things. From the location of the Turks and the position of the boats, I figured that the attack was coming across central Sinai. The "way of the Philistines" along the coast was the easiest, but by *not* using it Kress probably thought he would catch us napping. Not if I could prevent it! I signaled L'Estreau to start for El Arish.

That was a needless effort: a Turkish shell gave us a boost that took us halfway there. The plane jumped and shivered; I knew it was hit, badly. I was sure we were all washed up. But the ship didn't fall apart, so I looked around for the damage. At first I couldn't find it—and then I looked down. The entire rear end of one pontoon was hanging in ribbons!

L'Estreau throttled his motor. "Monsieur," he yelled, "you weel now comprehend zat we can descend on *neizzer* zee land *nor* zee water!"

That seemed like enough grief for one trip; but our troubles were just starting. We were flying at about four thousand feet, which was about the ceiling of the old crate, when I saw that L'Estreau was trying to nurse more altitude out of it. I guessed what was coming next: we were about out of gas.

I was wrong. We weren't about out; we were completely out. The motor coughed a couple of times, then quit cold—and we were at least five miles from the coast line.

"L'Estreau," I yelled, "I'm resigning from His Majesty's forces right now!"

That Frenchman was one grand chap in a pinch. He grinned from ear to ear. "'Zee resignation ees not acceptable in time of war,'" he quoted from Regulations. "But I weel gladly geef you zee transfer. How you like to enlist wiz zee angels?"

For a minute I thought I was going to accept his offer. But the wind was on our tail, and that helped. We slid over the beach so close that a trailing shred from the shattered pontoon scraped the sand. We made the water with only inches to spare. L'Estreau held the plane off and killed speed just as long as he could. It stalled, then flopped into the Mediterranean with a bone-racking jolt, and promptly sank to the level of the gas tank.

The tank kept us afloat until a gunboat picked us up—two hours later. It was lucky for L'Estreau that the wreckage didn't sink; he was a naval lieutenant, so of course he couldn't swim. But there was no place to swim to even if he could have. The shore was lined with Arabs who amused themselves for the entire two hours by taking pot shots at our heads.

The gunboat took me to Port Said. I went to Cairo by train. I made my report.

"Hmm!" said my chief. "Interesting information, very—if true. Go down to Aqaba and verify it."

I knew what he wanted. Aqaba sits at the southern end of the Sinai Desert—near the lowest of the three routes available to the Turks. If there was no Turkish activity near Aqaba, I was right about Kress selecting the center crossing.

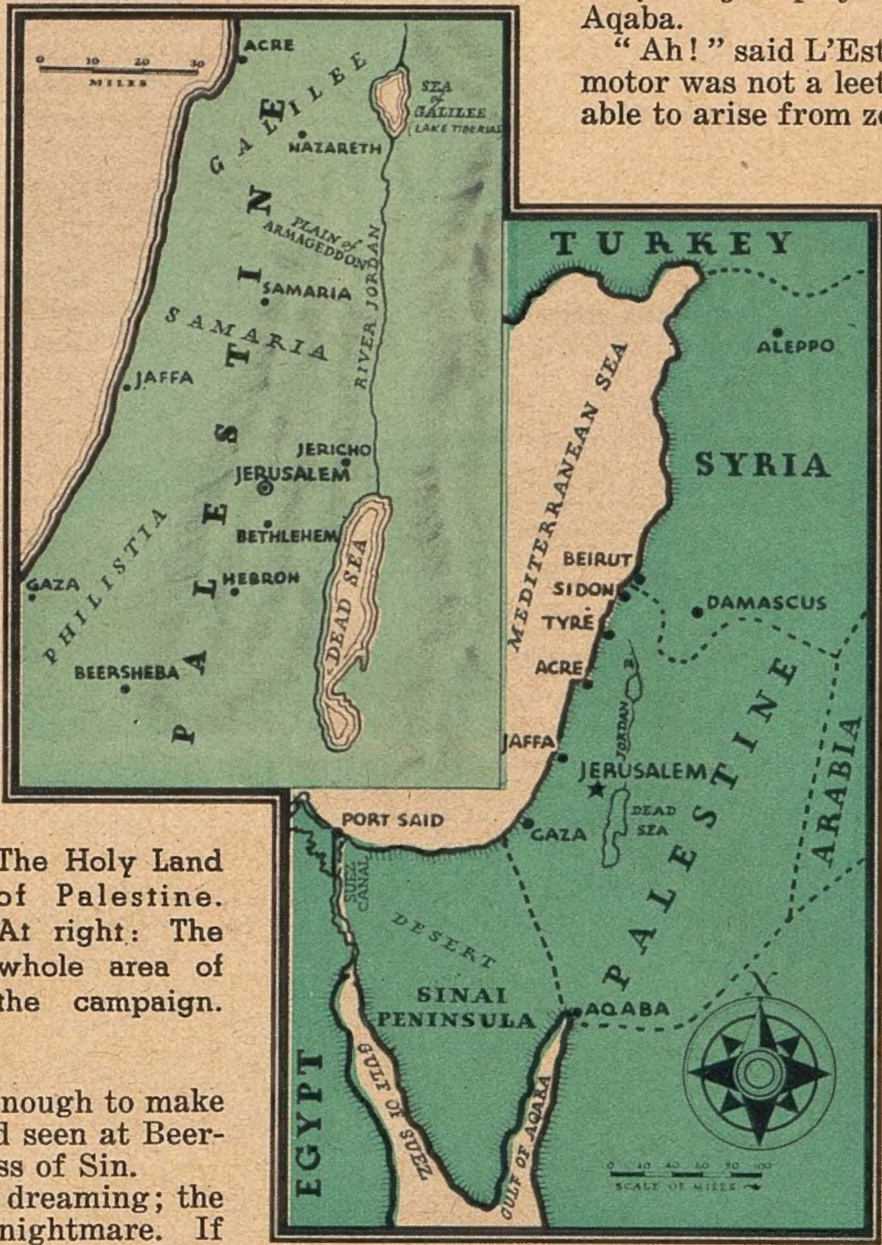
To reach the place I would have to travel by boat down the Suez Canal, then across the top of the Red Sea, and backtrack up the Gulf of Aqaba—unless I flew. Headquarters had arranged for L'Estreau to bring down another seaplane for my use after I got to Aqaba. I didn't see any reason why I shouldn't ride along.

G.H.Q. did; it must have been against the rules for me to ride in airplanes except when the Turks were shooting at them. "No!" roared the chief. "Take a boat!" I took a boat.

They gave me a pint-size tug. We crawled down the blazing hot ribbon of canal between endless stretches of blistering white sand. The tugboat was stuffy and lousy, but I couldn't feel very sorry for myself after I got a close-up look at our soldiers along the banks.

The poor devils were cooking in the sun while they dug trenches and rigged barbed wire to stop the Turks. Still, at least we had plenty of food and water and we were already in position. The Turks had to march clear across the desert and they wouldn't have a thing except what they brought with them—not even water.

Most of our trenches were on the west bank. The canal was in front of them and served for a moat, exactly like the castle defenses of the days of Richard and the crusaders. The Turks would have to cross it under direct fire from our machine guns. It was only some fifty yards wide, but that was enough to make them lug those boats I had seen at Beersheba across the Wilderness of Sin.



The Holy Land of Palestine. At right: The whole area of the campaign.

I began to believe I was dreaming; the whole thing must be a nightmare. If soldiers were going to carry boats across dry land instead of boats carrying sailors across water, then the only thing lacking to complete the craziest extravaganza in the history of the world was a few battleships in the center of the desert to sink the infantry . . . and—hell's bells and a jingle!—*there they were!*

THE French battleship Requim had just dropped anchor, and Johnny Carew, the civilian canal pilot, waved me a greeting as he warped the Royal Indian Marine Ship Hardinge into a mooring above Tussum. Gunboats were stationed at intervals all down the canal.

I knew they were there so their guns could cover up our big weakness, which was the lack of artillery—but it was playing with fire. A ship moored to the canal bank blocks half the channel. The Turks asked nothing better than to sink a few ships in the canal and block it; the more boats we stationed there, the better chance they had.

Aqaba is an Arab village and it stinks. L'Estreau met me there; his face was wreathed in smiles.

"You remember zee veree bad motor zat we had at Beersheba? *Voilà!* Zee one we have now, she ees worse!"

That was great news considering the job I was supposed to do. A river bed runs north from Aqaba along the valley which was the floor of the Dead Sea before it shrank to its present size. To the east of the valley is a range of mountains. One of them is Mount Hor; Aaron, the brother of Moses, is buried up there. Beyond the mountains lies Ma'an—on the Hejaz railway. I wanted to fly over the mountains and check up Turkish activity along the railroad. To make the crossing we would have to coax the old seaplane to at least four or five thousand feet.

We tried time and again, but it couldn't be done. I reconnoitered on the near side of the mountains, but that was all. I reported the facts to Cairo, expecting to be bawled out. I wasn't; they seemed to be happy; they even let me fly back. And that wasn't all.

I hadn't received so much as a "thank you" for my successful Beersheba job, but I got a beautiful medal for *failing* to play leapfrog with the mountains at Aqaba.

"Ah!" said L'Estreau. "Eet ees too bad zat zee motor was not a leetle worse. Eef we had been unable to arise from zee water at all, you might have received zee Veectoria Cross."

But the Turks *were* on the way—and I was right: they were coming across the desert, somewhere between Timsah and the Bitter Lakes. Everybody in Egypt was jittery from trying to guess exactly where the attack would fall—and then G.H.Q. calmly told me that it was my business to find out. The chief called me in.

"Gilney," he said, "select a spot along the bank where you will be certain of being an eyewitness of the attack."

I laughed. No one could be certain of doing that. I thought the old man was joking; I waited for him to laugh too. He didn't. Far from it.

"London—Kitchener—brass hats," he growled. "They are suddenly questioning our entire scheme of defense. They have got the idea that our army should have moved into the desert to meet the Turk, instead of waiting for him at the banks of the canal. You're to make a confidential report on the subject."

My nerves were on edge too; I wasn't very diplomatic. I said, "It's a swell time to be thinking of that when Johnny Turk is knocking at the door. I'll report, all right, but if the scheme is haywire and we're beaten, there won't be anything confidential about it: the whole world will read about it in the morning papers."

The chief was pretty human. All he said was, "Calm down, Gilney, and get the hell out of here and do something—I don't care what—anything useful."

I found something I thought would fill the bill. The Turks were so close now that even our old Farmans would fly far enough to reconnoiter their camps—if we could find them in all those sand hills. I had information that they were concentrated somewhere behind the "Wells of Moses," but I wasn't sure where the wells were. I asked an Australian sergeant who had just returned from a patrol in the desert. He was a big help.

"There's some old dry springs out there a piece to the southeast," he said, "but you've got the name wrong. They calls 'em 'Oh-sis,' and not 'Moh-sis.' I know, because I've got it right here on this sketch map." He pointed a grimy forefinger to the word "Oasis."

That gave me all the information I needed. I flew across and counted more than ten thousand Turks and a lot of their Arab playmates. They were within twenty miles of the canal and closing in fast.

I reported, "They will hit us tonight, sure, somewhere near Tussum." Then I begged a ride down the canal bank in a motorcycle sidecar. I pitched in my lot with the little garrison of outpost Number Five, entrenched on the west bank, and hoped I would see the mess.

I did, Lowell—plenty. It started with a sandstorm. The wind raged and whipped up sand until it blotted out the sun, and the air turned pitch-black at four in the afternoon. The sand cut like a thousand knives; it poured into my eyes and ears and filled my clothes. Our patrols groped their way back from across the canal; they cursed the wind and the sand and the Turks, whom they couldn't locate. The Indian soldiers wrapped their faces in their puggrees, swathed their rifle breeches with rags, and held their hands over the muzzles.

LOWELL THOMAS *(at left), the radio news commentator and widely read author, was not only " with Lawrence in Arabia "—hence the title of one of his books—but with General Allenby himself in Palestine and Syria. As an American official historian he was attached in turn to the armies of most of the Allies. Altogether, he is the ideal man to tell the story of the Last Crusade.*

" I wonder what's playing in the London theaters," said Major Harrington. His voice was even and unperturbed; you'd have thought he was in a Mayfair drawing room. " Ever see a bucko named George Arliss play Disraeli? "

" My word, yes," said Major Hopkins—or it might have been Danforth; I couldn't tell in the darkness. " This jolly ditch was Disraeli's idea, wasn't it? He's the bloke who bought it, isn't he? The blighter can have it, can't he? Have a banana, old bean, do." Something slimy and gritty pressed against my mouth. I munched banana, spit out mouthfuls of sand, and waited for the Turks to strike.

KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS *(at right) is the veteran War Bird who " flew for the hell of it " as a Flying Marine and has told his own memorable story in Liberty, and who, because he observes and writes as well as he pilots a fighting plane or works a machine gun, was sent by Liberty as its correspondent to Ethiopia. By birth a Nebraskan, he was a knockabout adventurer as a boy before the World War.*

It was long past midnight. The storm stopped and the moon came out. The opposite bank of the canal was a mass of silvery high lights and indistinct shadows. Suddenly dark bulky objects moved over the rim; the bank was crawling with them.

It was the Turks! They were bringing their boats down to the water! Somebody gave the order to open fire —I think it was St. John Skene but I'm not sure; nobody could be sure of anything that night.

Machine guns stuttered; rifles cracked; the entire west bank blazed with fire. The Turks with the boats were our enemies and all that, but they were game. Bullets rained on them like hailstones; they dropped like flies; their wounded fell into the canal and were drowned—but on they came! The boats were in the water in a dozen places, scattered over a distance of a mile and a half up and down the canal.

NOW we started to catch hell! Turkish machine gunners took cover across the canal; they opened up on us in an effort to stop our fire and protect the crossing. The canal was a shambles; outpost Five was a bedlam! A Punjabi beside me grunted; he was hit—drilled clean, right through the chest. I tried to stop the welter of blood but it was no use; he was dead.

A runner crawled up with a message from Colonel Geoghan, and the paper was shot from his fingers as he groped for my hand to pass it across. There were groans and curses all about me, in five languages.

" Watch yourself! " yelled Skene.

A boatload of Turks emerged from the gloom—*on our side of the canal!* How they survived that hell of shot I don't know, but there they were, right on our necks and fighting like demons. I grabbed the rifle with fixed bayonet that had belonged to the dead Punjabi; and it's odd what a man thinks about at a time like that.

" ' They shall not pass by me,' " my lips were moving; I was repeating from the Old Testament—" ' lest I come out against them with the sword ' ! " I lunged at a big Turk and pinned him just as he pulled the trigger of his pistol. It was close; the bullet grazed my cheek.

We polished off the rest of that boatload; but a little farther along the bank two more boats were across. Captain Morgan and Lieutenant FitzGibbon charged down the bank and met the Turks at the water's edge. They cleaned them out—but FitzGibbon was killed; Morgan was wounded.

Day broke at last. The Turks had withdrawn a little way into the desert—we couldn't tell how far. Their artillery was shelling hell out of the Hardinge and the Requim. The barrage had all the earmarks of a preparation for another attack, and that was bad because the opposite bank was littered with their boats and rafts, most of them shattered, but some still serviceable. As long as any of them would float they were a menace.

Just as I was wondering what to do about it, one of our torpedo boats steamed along the canal. It fired a couple of three-pound shells into each boat—and that seemed to be that, except that there might be more of them behind the bank where we couldn't see them. The skipper tied his ship to the bank and rowed ashore in a dinghy to find out.

I RECOGNIZED him; it was Lieutenant Commander Palmes. He poked around in the wreckage on the near side of the bank. He found two more rafts and blew them up with guncotton. Then he walked over the bank—and stepped right into a trenchful of Turks. They bounced up all around the commander and started popping off with everything from hand grenades to machine guns.

I never knew a sailor could run so fast. He was nicked by a bullet but he regained his dinghy.

Now the Hardinge was in a bad way. The Turkish artillery had her range exactly; shells knocked off her radio masts and both funnels; another burst on the forward gun turret and mangled a dozen sailors. I had a ringside seat for the show—and, Lowell, it was the queerest sensation I ever had.

There I was sitting on dry land watching our ship being sunk—almost at arm's length—and absolutely powerless to do anything about it. I guess I went a bit crazy; I jumped up and down and waved my arms.

" Carew! " I screamed at the pilot. " George Carew! For God's sake, move your ship! Take her away, boy, before it's too late! " As if he could have heard me in that mad tumult of sound and destruction!

The Hardinge did start to move, and just as she got under way a last shell landed fair and square on her pilothouse. It almost tore George in half; it clipped off one of his legs clean, and broke a rib for good measure. Some brave things were done that day but he capped them all; he stayed on her bridge until he had saved his ship—*and he was only a civilian.*

They gave Carew the Legion of Honor for that. If you ask me, Lowell, they should have given him Paris.

The canal was saved—for the time being. But it had been too close. The post-mortems around G.H.Q.—and London—were just starting. If the British army had been the least bit mobile it could have pursued the beaten Turks into the desert and perhaps have destroyed them completely. We weren't mobile: we were stuck in the sand of that canal bank. We couldn't pursue, and the Turks got completely away. Under present arrangements, all we could do was sit and wait for another attack.

How the British piped the Nile across an inferno to Judea, paying with a soldier's life for every section of pipe they laid; how a mysterious countess appeared, haunting Port Said with cutthroats in her shadow; how Von Kressenstein struck and struck from the dark at the Suez Canal and its defenders; how Gilney and his daredevil comrades bombed the Turks' planes at El Arish—these high-voltage thrills are in store for you in next week's installment of Hell in the Holy Land!

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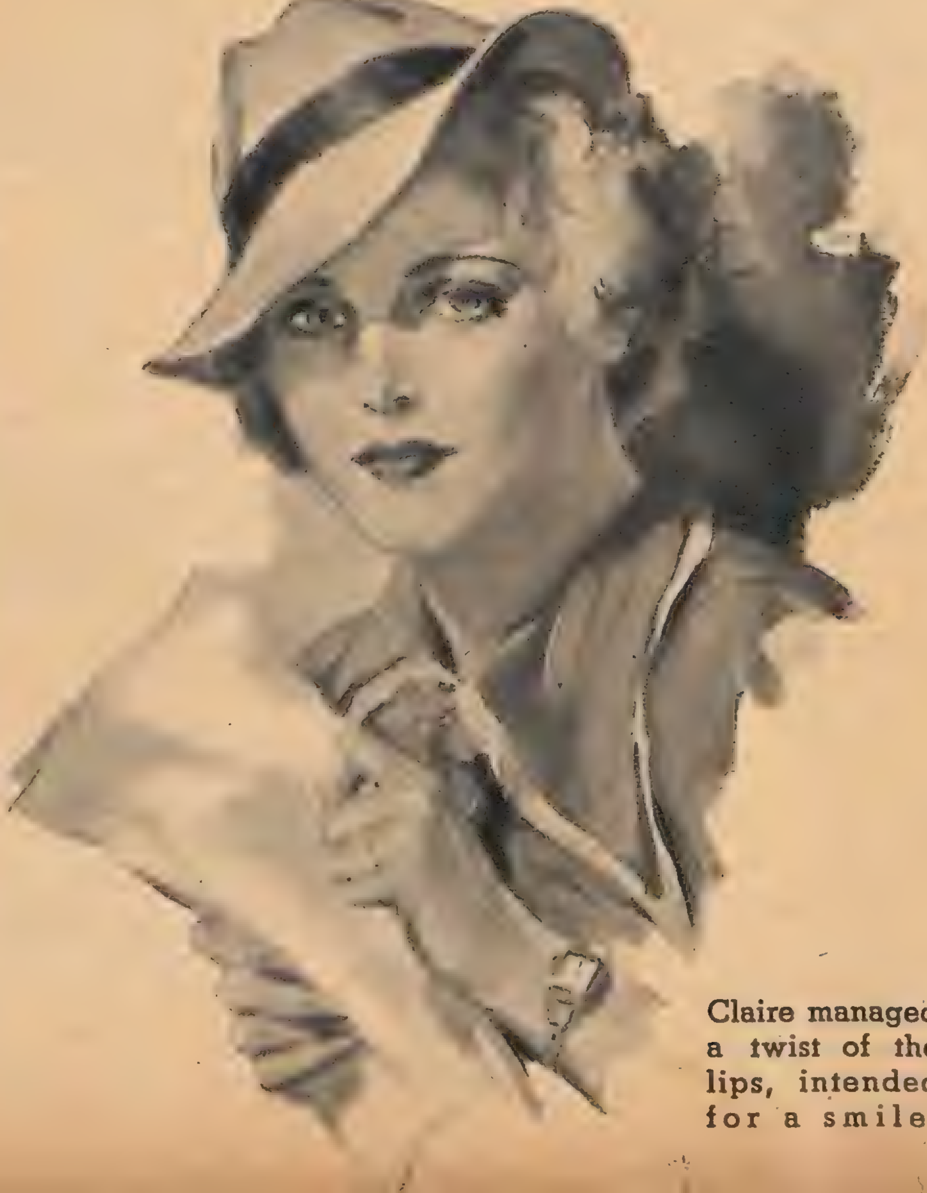
Love Isn't Always Blind. Sometimes Its Eyes Are Strangely Opened . . . There's Searching Drama in This Story of One Girl and What Happened to Her Heart

by RITA WEIMAN

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



Claire managed a twist of the lips, intended for a smile.

MOONLIGHT was a floodlight on the clubhouse terrace. It transformed the dance floor into a shining pool and the dancers into fireflies skimming over the surface. Trees formed a regimental guard about this spot of magic. A stone wall, closing in the sloping lawns, closing in the golf course, closing in the private beach, closing in the tennis courts, shut out the proletariat; let all who passed know that this was the playground of American autocracy whose eligibility for membership was weighed in a bank balance.

The tallest man on the floor bent his head and whispered:

“Tired?”

“Never.”

“Happy?”

The girl looked up and smiled. The smile fitted strangely into the saturated scene. Something of Undine in its wistfulness, something unsatisfied and a little afraid. Light as a breeze, as though any minute she might drift out of his arms; they drew her closer and his lips rested on her fragrant hair. He moved toward the shadow, lifted his hand to the mass of curls that crept around his fingers like tendrils.

“Loveliest — loveliest —loveliest.”

The girl gave a sigh. It was almost a sob.

“If only this could last,” came sadly.

“It must last.”

“No. No—not any more than the moonlight can. You and I know better.”

“I know it rests with you.”

“That's not fair.”

“Only with you,” he insisted. The fingers caught in her curls pressed her head against his shoulder. “Darling—I love you. Always—always. Why do you let me hold you only when we have an audience like this to watch every move? Are you afraid of life—afraid of living?”

“Afraid of you—of me—of us.”

They were sheltered by interlacing branches. His arms tightened, lifted her, crushed her.

“Nothing to fear except losing each other.”

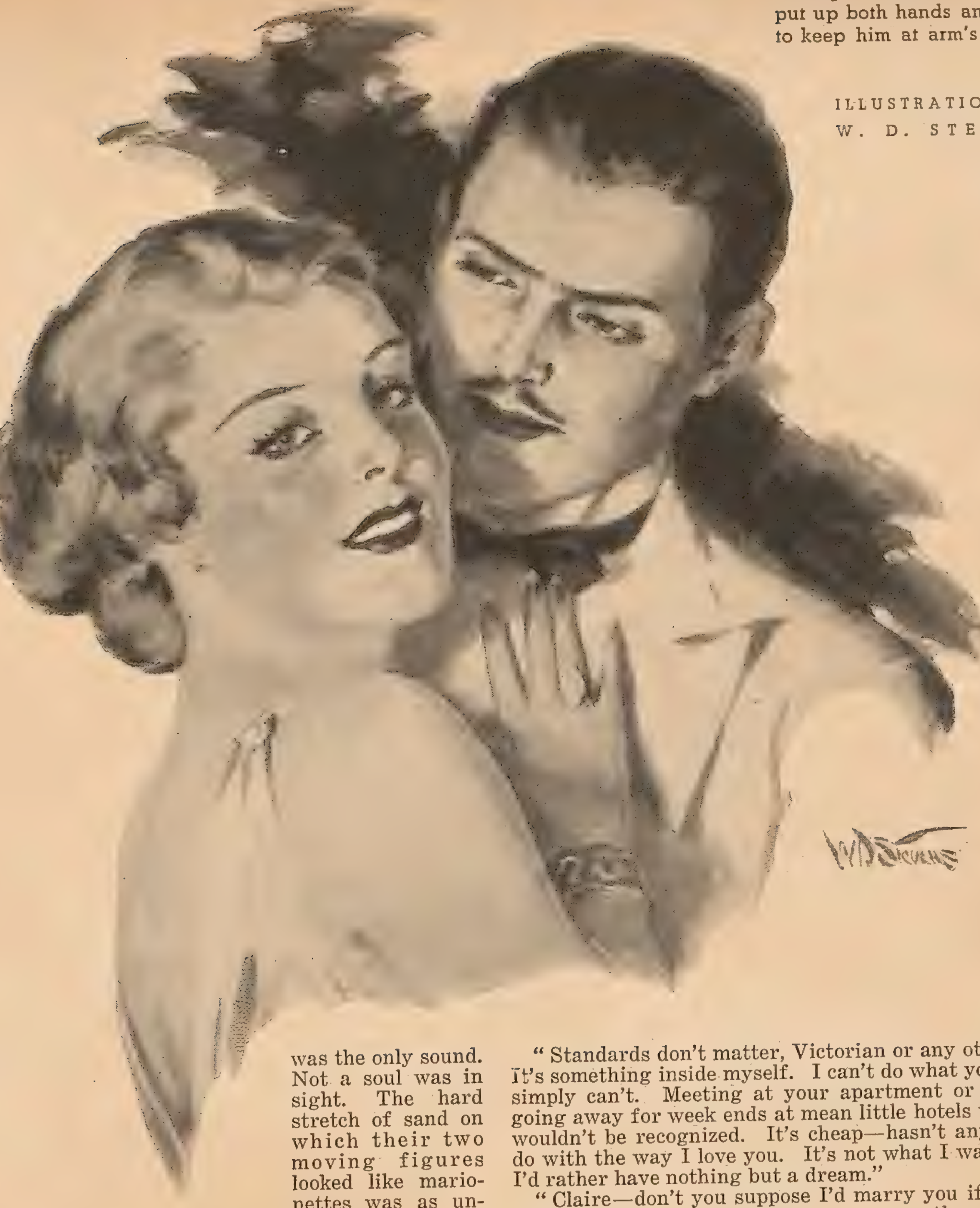
His lips went to meet hers, but just then another couple passed. Instantly they were dancing again with the slow impersonal ease of which he was master. They neared the floor edge. His hands slipped away and he said softly: “Let's get out of this. I must talk to you.”

Sidelong glances followed them.

Hand under her elbow, he guided her along the slightly moist path, under an arbor draped in pale June roses. The scent merged with the lazy strains of music.

“Why the clubhouse?” he suggested as they approached the lighted veranda. “Why not the beach?”

They went down a short flight of steps. The click of her high heels



Finally she pulled away. She put up both hands and tried to keep him at arm's length.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. STEVENS

was the only sound. Not a soul was in sight. The hard stretch of sand on which their two moving figures looked like marionettes was as unmarked as new-fallen snow.

The girl paused and her lips parted. But the man caught her to him and took them. He held them for a long time. Finally she pulled away. She put up both hands and tried to keep him at arm's length. As well try to control the tide that surged in and sucked back the resisting sand.

"Darling—"

"No! No, Matt, you mustn't. You've got to listen. This can't go on."

"You think I don't know it. Haven't I told you a dozen times it can't go on—not this way?"

"Not your way either, Matt. I've thought it all over. I've lain awake nights thinking. Please let me talk sanely."

He sat down and lighted a cigarette. She braced her slim body against a sand dune. She was still shaking.

"I can't believe," he said, after a slight pause—"it doesn't seem possible you'd let Victorian standards ditch our happiness."

"Standards don't matter, Victorian or any other kind. It's something inside myself. I can't do what you ask. I simply can't. Meeting at your apartment or mine, or going away for week ends at mean little hotels where we wouldn't be recognized. It's cheap—hasn't anything to do with the way I love you. It's not what I want, Matt. I'd rather have nothing but a dream."

"Claire—don't you suppose I'd marry you if I could? Don't you know I want to marry you more than anything in the world?"

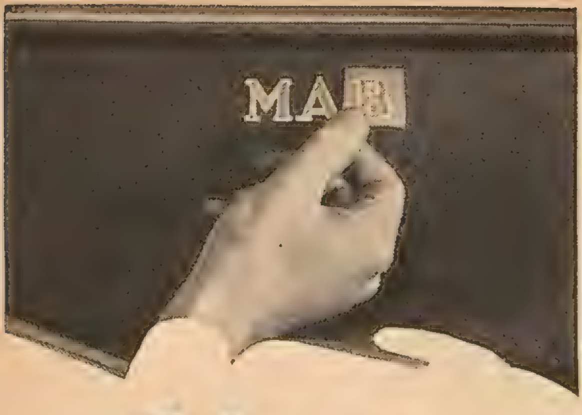
"Yes, I know. And if that's what we want—to be together, share things, the good and the bad—don't let's spoil it. Don't let's fool ourselves that something sneaking and—and third-rate can take its place."

His smile was tender and tolerant.

"My sweet, even though you don't acknowledge it, you are Victorian. You make moral rules: This must be a straight line; this must be a circle. But there are no absolutely straight lines of conduct, any more than there are complete circles. Life is a clutter of compromises. Even the perfect marriage, so-called, can turn out to be as sordid and disillusioning as any third-rate affair. It happened to mine. And, Lord knows, not because we didn't try to make a go of it."

"Then why doesn't she let you off? Why isn't she good sport enough to admit you failed because you don't belong together?"

"How little you know your own sex! Security is the answer."



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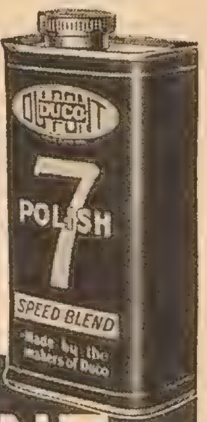

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"But you'd give her money, wouldn't you?"

"All her lawyers might bleed me for, and more. That's not the security she demands. To be Mrs. Matthew Wheelock, divorced? Let a second Mrs. Wheelock supplant her? Risk losing the position she values above everything? What does the fact of my loving another woman weigh against such odds? Not much." A curt laugh broke off the tirade. "Not while she can keep me chained."

"But in the six years you've been separated, hasn't she ever cared enough for anybody else?"

"Only one person she cares about—Edna Wheelock. The world will tell you otherwise. She's devoted to her children." He laughed again. "Devoted! She holds them like a pair of clubs over my head. The role of mother suits her down to the ground—lines up society on her side. She can be silent and give people the impression she's sticking it, sacrificing herself, for our two boys. She can look pathetic and hint that her life doesn't belong to herself. What a fable! Not only her life but all the others who get tangled up with her."

He flipped his cigarette between thumb and forefinger. It stared, an inflamed eye from the pale sand, at Matthew Wheelock. Brows meeting in a heavy line, handsome features tense, his mouth, under the thin black mustache, a straight gash, he looked a man who had done battle, been beaten, yet still faced the enemy.

The girl beside him kept her gaze on the rigid set of his jaw, his hands gripped together. What right had the wife who was through with him to rob him—to rob them both—of something she did not want? How selfish, ruthless, evil! Worse than women who sold their favors and robbed the man who bought them. Worse, far worse, than she would be if she went to him even as he asked, secretly, in the way she hated. She loved him. What difference, for the matter of that, if the whole world knew? She was not ashamed of loving him. She had built her whole life on honesty.

"MATT, let me come to you openly. Live with you."

He propped an elbow on the sand and turned on his side. Even in the luminous deception of moonlight she could read his expression of startled amazement.

"Are you crazy? Involve yourself in scandal? Put yourself in a place where old friends can cut you and get a kick out of doing it? In heaven's name, Claire, what for?"

"I'd rather have them know that I'm living with you because you can't get your freedom. It's better than ugly whispers and the feeling that we're ashamed of something we should be proud of."

"What a baby you are! I said so. Those histrionics are grand between book covers or on the stage, but do you think I'd let you chuck your reputation, your whole future for me?"

"My future is yours anyway. I'll never love any one else. Who could, once having really loved you?"

He lifted her hand and brushed his mouth across the palm.

"Claire, my darling, beyond words I need you. But not at such a cost."

"If I don't count the cost—"

"Later you will, and hate me. At first we'd live in a dizzy world of our own, and the rest of the world well lost. That's the viewpoint of all lovers. Reckless, courageous, but not workable. Not against the pressure of everyday life reminding us in a thousand ways that we made the fatal mistake of being found out."

"I HAVEN'T anything to lose. There isn't a soul who cares what happens to me."

"I care. I can stand the gaff. I'm a man. But you're just a girl. I love you too much to let you take it on the chin. Romantic defiance looks beautiful at a distance. At close range it's an ugly business."

"My father was the only person whose opinion mattered. We were such pals. I sort of felt he'd always be here to guide me. And then—he wasn't any more." Her voice halted as though caught in a trap. "He went so suddenly," she added after a moment; "he left me so—alone."

"For that very reason," was the quick reply, "I must protect you."

"But I haven't anybody to answer to. I'm what so many envious women call independent. Twenty-two, with enough income to travel when I please—to come home when I please—" She broke off and her head went down to her hunched knees. "I wish I could talk to him now—just for a little while—"

Matt Wheelock gathered her to him without show of passion but as though she had been a child. His embrace was gentle and tender as he kissed her wet eyes.

"Darling, it breaks my heart to see you torn like this. Claire, listen. Listen to me. You've got to let me decide. I know what's best. You're coming with me, understand, next week on Vin Garrison's yacht. His sister, Mrs. Conning, will be along and half a dozen others. Nothing of the cheap or sordid you're afraid of and nothing that can possibly involve us. Happiness for us—"

He stopped short, releasing her. In a flash he was completely absorbed in the task of cupping the flame of a gold briquet against the faint sea breeze. The transition from lover to casual friendliness was accomplished like a feat of magic. Suddenly Matthew Wheelock was chatting in pleasant sotto voce about nothing in particular. It bewildered Claire, and then she saw the reason—an elongated shadow across the white sand.

The shadow merged into a young man who, before he reached them, called:

"Oh, here you are! That makes two dances due me at compound interest."

The girl's hands went quickly to her rumpled hair. She found it impossible to assume the careless ease of the man beside her. She gave an apologetic little laugh and stumbled on an explanation that the heat had driven her from the dance floor.

"Peter, I'm so sorry. Have you been looking for me?"

"All over the place."

"Do sit down."

"Not with a rumba calling. Come on, try it. If you get tired, we can quit. Mr. Wheelock'll let you off."

Gruff determination underlying the words, and the way he planted himself, feet apart, hands extended to help Claire, had an element of challenge. But Matt Wheelock rose at once.

"Of course. I had no right to take Miss Townsend from all you young fellows. My only excuse is that it's hard to keep time in mind with a woman who makes you forget there is such a thing."

He paid the compliment with graceful impersonality and strolled down the beach.

Peter Flinn mumbled something unintelligible. His hands knotted into fists and his head thrust forward like a steer about to charge. At the moment his eyes glared.

"Don't look so ferocious," Claire said, shaking the sand from her skirt. "It's not his fault. I didn't have to stay out here, you know."

"Didn't you?" was all the boy answered.

He made no further comment. Throughout the dance and two encores he maintained the same silence. As Matt Wheelock passed with one of the pretty debutantes, Claire thought she heard her partner mutter: "Wants to get your goat." But she could not be sure.

SHE had known Peter when his hair was carrot, before continuous dousing in tonics and water had mercifully accomplished its present rough brown. She was thoroughly familiar with his habit of keeping quiet under stress of fury, with occasional rumblings. She knew what the working of his jaws indicated. It meant that presently he would not be able to do the correct thing and mind his own business.

"Drink?" he inquired as the music stopped.

"Not a bad idea."

"You look like the lady dropped out of the moon," he remarked, studying her across the table. "All silver. How about champagne cocktails?"

"Would they be the choice of the lady in the moon?"

"They'd be Mr. Matthew Wheelock's choice," he flashed at her. "Epicurean."

"Then, by all means, champagne cocktails," Claire flashed back.

The pop of a cork. Champagne poured over the sugar soaked in bitters. Peter cracked down the little wooden masher until a fountain of bubbles spun to the surface. He kept on grinding as he kept on humming off key. Then, glass in hand:

"I'd do in a minstrel show. B'm—b'm—strut your stuff! Great-lover stuff for the ladies. Make 'em fall for

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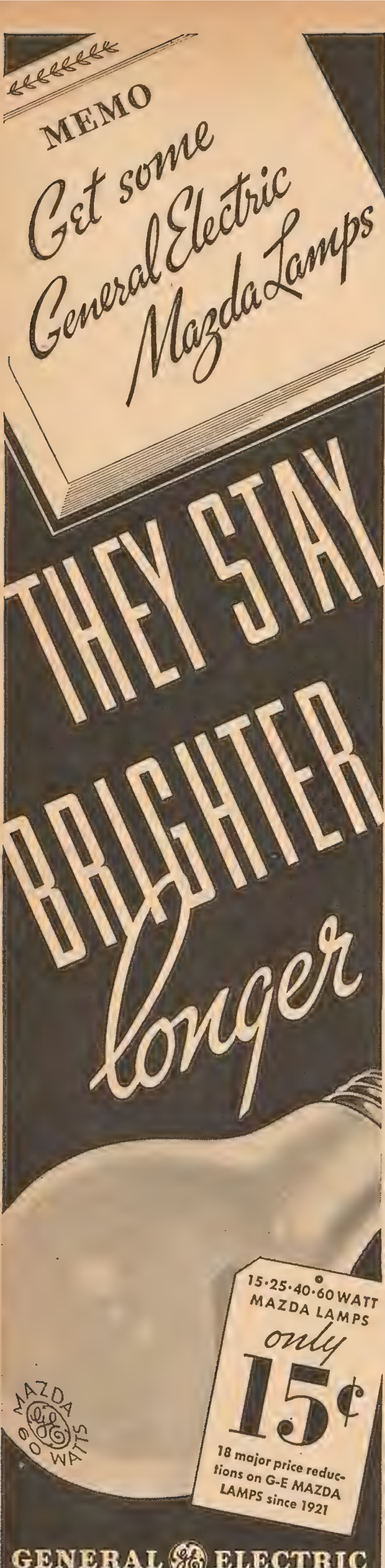
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you. Make ’em bawl for you.” He struck a high note: “To the guy—” Bang went the glass on the table. “Damn it, Claire, why?”

“Why—what?”

“Play around with a married man?”

“Look here, Peter, just because I forgot your dance, don’t forget your manners.”

“T’hell with manners. I’ll chuck mine in his favor.”

“Generous of you.”

“Full of generous impulses, I am.”

“You’re giving me a piece of your mind now that I don’t want.”

“Just the same, you’re going to take it. And like it.”

“I don’t have to—”

“If you don’t, I’ll go out there and punch his nose.”

Claire knew he meant it. In this fighting mood, Peter wouldn’t reason. He would be in the dust for the embarrassment caused her, but not until afterward.

“No need for histrionics,” she laughed, and memory clicked to Matt’s recent use of the word. “Say your say, reformer, and let’s go on to something pleasant.”

“Funny, eh? Biggest laugh of the day to hear the boys in the bar laying bets on how far Wheelock’ll get with you.”

“If you’re thinking of a crusade to clean up bar wit, you’ve got the work of a lifetime.”

“I’m thinking of you, Claire. It won’t do. Not good enough.”

“Is Matt Wheelock the only married man I dance with and drive with and—”

“Dancing and driving with him for months. Giving him all your time.”

“Besides, he’s not a married man. Technically, yes, but actually he’s as free as you are.”

“Sure! I too have a wife, couple of kids, and the happy habit of forgetting all three.”

“Cut it, Peter. You know as well as I do they’ve been separated ages and she won’t let him off. Everybody knows.”

“Everybody meaning all the women who roll over and play dead for him.”

“Don’t be vulgar.”

PETER emptied his glass at one gulp. He ordered another split of champagne.

“Thought you had more sense. Always a levelheaded kid, even though you were pretty as the devil.” He leaned across the table. “What would your dad say, Claire? He was a swell guy. What would he say?”

The hurt in his voice cut into her heart deep as a knife thrust; not because she had any concern for Peter but because his question was one she had put from her so often during the past weeks.

“He’d know that I have to live my own life,” she said, without meeting the troubled eyes focused on her. “He wouldn’t interfere—”

“The way I do. I haven’t the right. I get you.”

“And, since you insist on bringing my dad into this, he’d realize that Mr. Wheelock is a gentleman. He’d accept him as being in the unfortunate position of a man tied hand and foot while he’s unattached. Since you’re interested in what my dad would say, he was the most tolerant man in the world. He’d know why I enjoy being with Matt Wheelock. He’d appreciate his brains, give him credit for courtesy and consideration.”

“He wouldn’t give a damn for Wheelock, any more than I do. It’s you he’d worry about. You’ll get messed up in something you won’t be able to pull out of.”

“I’m free, white, and twenty-two. Perfectly capable of taking care of myself. I’m my own mistress.”

“Good! As long as you’re nobody else’s.”

“That’s filthy taste, Peter.”

“That’s what he gives me.”

“Humorous.” Claire choked. “Brilliant repartee. Due to champagne cocktails, I dare say. But next time try whisky straight. It’s more in your line.”

SHE pushed back her chair and stood for a second holding to it, sorry instantly that she had let Peter bait her into rage matching his. Then she whisked out of sight, swift as one of the infusoria in the sea below vanishing under the waves.

In the cloakroom mirror that covered an entire wall she got the blurred impression of a drawn white face with abnormally wide and burning eyes under pale-gold hair, without at once taking in the fact that it was her own. She saw other women reflected in the same glass and wondered if they noticed that she looked as though she were seeing ghosts. She forced herself to light a cigarette, to chat with them before she went out again, this time to the main entrance, and ordered a taxi.

Matt Wheelock hurried from the direction of the lounge.

“I’ve been waiting for you. What’s the matter?”

“Nothing.” She knotted the cords of her white satin cape and drew the folds about her. The soft fragrant air felt suddenly chill. “I’m tired, that’s all.”

“You went through the lounge like a tornado. Something must have happened.”

“No—no, really.” A shining black limousine supplied by the club taxi service slid under the porte-cochere. “Please don’t ask any questions. I’m so tired. Good night.”

Matt ignored her outstretched hand.

“Claire, where are you going?”

“Home.”

“Didn’t you drive out with Flinn?”

“I’m not driving back with him.”

“Here.” Matt put a bill in the doorman’s hand. “Dismiss the taxi and call my car.”

“No!” Claire said hastily. “I’d rather be alone.”

“I won’t let you.” He sent a boy for his hat, then turned to her with a curt, "I knew that young ass was letting you in for something unpleasant."

As on the beach, Claire could not control the trembling of her body. She leaned back against the wall and closed her eyes. She felt gone and weak and unable to cope with Matt Wheelock's calm determination.

"Matt," came finally in a low voice, "I beg you not to come along. I tell you I don't want you. Let your chauffeur drive me in, if you insist—if you think I won't be safe in a taxi. But I'll be safer—" She halted as she saw Peter Flinn coming from the veranda. Head hunched forward, eyes bloodshot, he made straight for Wheelock. "Peter! Peter—for heaven's sake, go away!"

"An' leave you to him?" He swayed close to Wheelock and stood threatening though unsteady. "Try an' take her away. I brought her. I take her back."

"You're in no condition to drive a car," Wheelock told him quietly. "Better stay here tonight, old man. Better not trust yourself."

"Trust myself drunk more'n trust you sober."

"Don't make a scene," Claire pleaded, trying to think of some move that would place her between him and the man he threatened. She stepped up, straightened the tie askew under his chin, and whispered: "Peter, for my sake."

He caught her nervous hand in an iron grip. "Coming with *me*."

The doorman announced Mr. Wheelock's car. Peter did not release her.

TEARS of pain and mortification rushed to Claire's eyes.

"You must let me go. He's not taking me to town. I'm going alone."

"Without him?"

"Yes, certainly. He doesn't want to leave yet. I'm just borrowing his car. Don't make any fuss."

The grip on her hand relaxed. But Peter stood close by while Wheelock helped Claire into the car.

She did not hear Matt's instructions to his man. The latter jumped to his place at the wheel. Then Matt Wheelock quickly stepped inside.

Before he could slam the door, a fist shot out. The whole thing happened in the wink of an eye. Matt sprawled against the cushions.

"Hurt, sir?" The chauffeur turned anxiously.

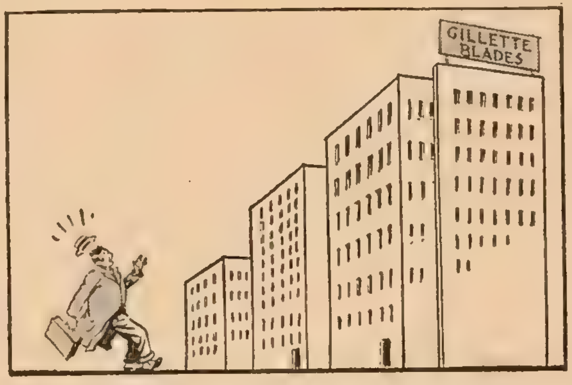
"No. Go ahead. Beat it!" Matt lay back, one hand pressed to his face, the other holding the door against Peter's wild efforts to tear it open. The boy was like a snarling animal bent on destruction.

The doorman and an attendant were down the steps before he could do more than claw at the knob. They caught his arms and held him struggling between them as the car shot down the driveway.

Claire bent terrified over Wheelock. She slipped an arm under his head. She had heard the nasty impact of Peter's blow but in the dark could not see the extent of the injury.

Tony Sarg in Whisker Land

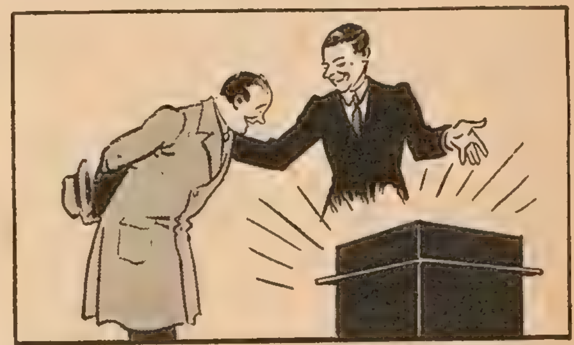
Famous Marionette King's Word and Picture Story of Machine Age Magic . . . .



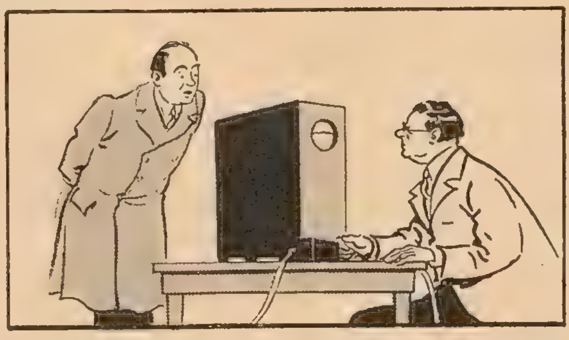
1. Gillette Blades may be small—but look at the factory where they are made. Eight stories high and covering two city blocks. Imagine my surprise when I approached this tremendous plant!

2. I met my guide, the walking encyclopedia of the Gillette factory. Said he, "Mr. Sarg, I'm going to show you things that will amaze you." "Lead on," said I, "amazement is my long suit."

3. We entered a modern laboratory that would have delighted an Edison. Here graduate chemists and engineers check and re-check every batch of steel for quality—and they're hard men to please.

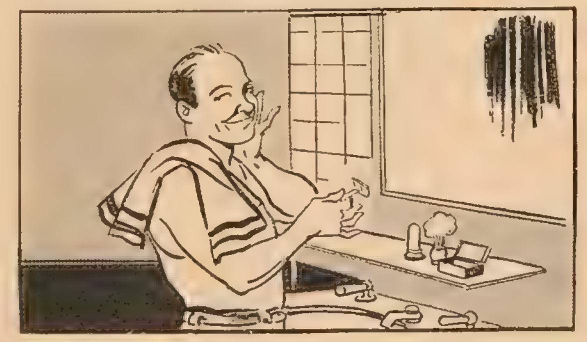


4. Next came sheer mechanical magic—a little black box attached to each electric hardening furnace that automatically orders more heat or less heat as required for perfect tempering of razor blade steel.



5. Just warming to his task, my guide said, "Here is the electro-magnetic tester that 'sees' through steel. It reveals hidden flaws in steel, much as the X-ray reveals broken bones in the human body."

6. "Now look at one of our gigantic grinding machines. They weigh 4 tons, yet they're adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch! That's what gives Gillette Blades shaving edges so sharp they're *invisible!*"



7. And from this point right on to final inspection and sanitary wrapping—I was amazed by one marvelous process after another. Do you wonder that I always shave with Gillette Blades?

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Don't be a carrier! Examine your toes tonight. At the slightest symptom douse on Absorbine Jr. Once the fungus is able to dig deep, painful soreness is the penalty. The skin turns white, gets moist and blistered, peels, cracks open with distressing soreness.

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"Dearest, are you hurt? Tell me." She pressed her hand to his hot face and brought it away with the curious feeling of blood. "You are! He's—"

Matt Wheelock ruefully reached for the handkerchief in his breast pocket.

"Probably nothing more romantic than a nosebleed. Thank heaven nobody saw the idiot go after me."

"You shouldn't have come. I begged you not to."

"On the contrary, I proved conclusively that you need protection. You need me. You were afraid of making yourself cheap. Could anything be cheaper than the brawl your good friend started?"

Tears were streaming down Claire's cheeks. She could only sob, too desperately tired to check them. In the moment of Peter's drunken attack, her barriers of resistance had toppled. She didn't want to fight any more.

"Baby," urged Matt gently, "don't cry. Don't try to talk or even think now. I'll leave you at your door. Go to sleep and forget responsibility. Tomorrow afternoon I'll come to see you. By that time the plans for our holiday together will be made."

Claire laid her face against his.

"Whatever you say. Whatever you want."

"I want to make you happy," he assured her, "that's all I want."

. . . . .

The train stopped at a small station in an exclusive rather than fashionable section of Long Island. It was that part of the island distinguished by Revolutionary legend: old houses whose remodeling had not in any way imposed on their austere simplicity, and families whose traditions equaled the age of their homes.

Only a few cars waited. At the end stood a lone sedan. The driver approached Claire as she stood glancing up and down the platform.

"Taxi, lady?"

She asked if he knew the way to Mrs. Matthew Wheelock's, and was told emphatically that he did. They jogged out of the station through the business quarter of the quiet little village and went into an avenue under massive elms. It was a cool pleasant respite after the hot dirty ride from town.

Claire wiped the cinders from her eyes and filled them with the beauty of low hills against fleckless summer sky. The pungent smell of the invisible sea came to her; the peace of open green country, spotted here and there by houses; a sense of tranquillity untouched by petty human problems.

A mad thing she was doing. But, stupid as it was, she could no more help doing it than she could stop her acceptance of the plans which in these few days Matt had so carefully completed. Tomorrow they were sailing.

She saw how cautiously he was guarding her against gossip. He had brought Vin Garrison's sister, Mrs. Conning, to call—a woman of fifty whose manners were as smooth as her evenly marcelled hair and whose invitation to join them on the cruise had been delivered as though Claire's answer were not a foregone conclusion.

Vin Garrison had been helped innumerable times from the pitfalls of his extravagances by Matt, who was his boon companion. What more innocent than a trip on his yacht, always at Matt's disposal; the chaperonage of Mrs. Conning, who would see no more than she was supposed to see; the several other guests chosen with an eye to their respectability? Oh, it was very discreet, airtight, efficient, safe.

Something in Claire had flared in revolt against the very patness of the arrangements, demanding that she face issues with the woman who forced her and Matt into this anomalous position. Insane as the idea might be, she had to go through with it.

The car turned in between stone posts and past a tennis court where two lanky lads were hard at the game. Undoubtedly Matt's boys. It gave her something of a shock, seeing them in the flesh so much taller than she had imagined.

The two-storied house was colonial, with a doorway flanked by columns and vines covering the white paint. It had an immaculate well-cared-for appearance. One wing was of wood; the other, probably the original building, of cobbled stone.

Claire paid the driver, hurried up the brick path, lifted the brass knocker without giving herself time to hesitate.

An elderly Scotchman, stamped instantly as family retainer, ushered her through the wide beamed hall to the opposite entrance. Here a screen door led to a stone terrace above the gardens.

They were not formal gardens but rather a tapestry of bloom without definite design. Several gardeners were at work, as well as a woman on her knees. It was to this woman the butler made his way. Mrs. Wheelock got up quickly and followed him.

IN the same way that she had been startled at the height of Matt's sons, Claire was amazed at the short stature and supple slenderness of his wife. For no reason in particular, except the preconceived picture one carries of an unknown enemy, Claire had expected a regal type.

In her blue overalls and farmer's hat, Mrs. Wheelock looked absurdly young. She looked deceivingly young until she stood beside Claire and pulled off the garden gloves and hat. Then Claire saw the tiny fans of wrinkles at the corners of her deep-set blue eyes; the lines crossing her forehead as if drawn there with a fine knife; the patches of gray that dulled the soft tan of her short wavy hair. Her mouth drooped slightly though not unpleasantly, and her skin, without rouge or powder, had a bronze glow. Examined separately, her features were almost perfect, yet one doubted that she had ever laid claim to actual beauty. Rather was the impression that of a woman whose forebears had supplied her with breeding and reserve which, even in these clothes, gave her distinction.

She greeted Claire graciously and suggested that after the long ride a glass of iced tea might be welcome. Or perhaps something stronger? Claire said the tea would be perfect. She noticed at once the cool well modulated quality of voice. Mrs. Wheelock stretched on the porch swing, apologetically explaining that she had been bending over rosebushes all afternoon and must give the knots in her back a chance to untie.

Claire admired the gardens. Obviously both were making conversation until the butler reappeared with tea and sandwiches.

WHEN they were alone, Claire leaned forward and abruptly put the question:

"Mrs. Wheelock, did you think me absolutely mad, asking for this interview?"

"No. Reckless, but not mad."

"When I phoned you last night I wasn't sure you'd agree to see me."

"Why not? I know all about you. What made you think I'd be inaccessible?"

"I don't know. I—"

"Did Matt give you that idea?"

"Matt doesn't know I'm here."

"If he knew, you wouldn't be here," came with brief bitter emphasis.

"I had to come. I've got to talk to you."

"I'd rather you would. Though why you're doing it, I can't understand." She paused, her deep eyes searching Claire's. Then, without warning: "You're going to Matt, aren't you?"

"Yes. Nothing can stop me now. You see, Mrs. Wheelock, I love him. I love him beyond the power to reason. You've probably forgotten how terribly stupid it is to love that way."

"No," said Edna Wheelock. "No —I haven't."

"You don't still care for him?"

A faint smile touched the drooping lips.

"Matt? I never cared for him that unreasoning way. I was too young when we married to know what it was all about. My family married me to him—literally."

"Then why do you hold him? Why won't you let us have what we've a right to—home, children? That's why I came to see you, Mrs. Wheelock. I'm going away with Matt tomorrow. When we get back, give him the divorce he's asked for so many times. We want something better than what you're forcing us to take now."

The blue eyes narrowed; the lines in Edna Wheelock's forehead were furrows.

"He didn't tell you that, did he? He didn't urge you to ask me for his freedom?"

"I tell you, he hasn't the least hint that I'm seeing you. I've come of my own accord to beg you for something you don't want. Won't you give it to me?"

As the suggestion of a smile

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touched Edna Wheelock's lips, lifting the drooped corners, Claire wished fervently that she had spared herself this ordeal. Matt's wife laughing at her, laughing at him, glorying in the fact that they were nothing but puppets, the strings of whose fate she held.

Mrs. Wheelock was silent for a space. When she spoke, Claire was struck by the sadness her voice held.

"My dear, Matt Wheelock can have a divorce from me any time he wants it. But he doesn't want it. He never will."

There came to Claire instantly the memory of Matt's contention that his wife enjoyed the role of martyr. "She can be silent and give people the impression she's sticking it—" So this same part was to be played for the benefit of the girl Matt loved!

"YOU don't believe me, of course," Edna Wheelock continued without a trace of resentment. "I knew you wouldn't. But it's the truth. From the minute we separated, I begged him for a divorce. He refused definitely. I thought—I hoped perhaps in time he might want to marry. He doesn't. He doesn't want any woman to have a hold on him, and being married is his most reliable alibi."

Lies! Shrewd clever lies, all part of a shrewd clever game! Claire clung to the memory of what Matt had told her that night on the beach. That was the truth. That was all she would believe. What a fool she had been to come!

"I'm sorry I've got to hurt you this way," she heard as if through the roar of engines. "I wouldn't if I could help it. I've been through so much myself, so much suffering, that I hate to see a girl, young and lovely as you are—"

"Mrs. Wheelock"—Claire found her voice at last and it was hard and brisk—"you've just said a dreadful thing. You tell me that Matt is the worst kind of hypocrite. I don't believe you."

The other woman corrected her gently:

"Not a deliberate hypocrite, but at heart the most conventional man in the world. He'd never do the slightest thing that might lose him the respect of the community." She looked into Claire's white face and added: "You can't know that side of him. I do—I lived with him eight years."

"If you wanted your freedom," Claire drove on mercilessly, "why didn't you take it? Surely you don't fool yourself he's been faithful to you all the years that you've been apart."

Mrs. Wheelock smiled again, that tolerant smile tinged with sadness.

"No," she said, "I don't fool myself—ever. But tradition is an odd influence. I come of a conservative family. So many generations have lived in this house, I sometimes think our principles come to us in its walls. I can't bring myself to endure the ugly mess of trapping my husband with a woman. But even if I wanted to, he's far too clever to let me catch him."

A light like a torch flared in Claire's eyes. Again the martyr pose, put on like a graceful cloak. Well, she'd tear it away. She'd prove that she couldn't be hoodwinked. She was fighting for happiness, for life. She too could be ruthless.

"You ask me to believe that in six years there's never been a man you cared for enough—"

"No," the other woman interrupted quickly. "No, I don't ask you to. Because I have loved some one. That was when I first begged Matt to let me go. That was when he made it quite clear that he never would. The man I loved was an Englishman. He went back to England. I stayed here. People do sometimes have to part, you know, even when life without each other seems impossible."

Something in the way she said it made Claire's heart contract. And suddenly, with the strange inexplicable sense called instinct, she knew Edna Wheelock was speaking the truth. Still, dry-eyed and desperate, fighting conviction, she challenged:

"Would you face Matt with me and tell him all this?"

"I did tell him," came unexpectedly, "ten days ago, when he was here to see the boys. As a rule, I leave during his visits. This time I stayed on. You see, I'd heard rumors—they have a way of drifting even out here. Most of the women he's played about with are strangers to me. But not you. I knew who you were. I felt sure he'd want to make you his wife. He laughed at me. He said you were a modern girl; you didn't give a hang for the conventions that were my law. He said I was out of touch with your sort, that the language you spoke was Sanskrit to me. But the thing worried me. I thought, if one of my boys were a girl? Wait." She got up, hesitating an instant before she turned and went into the house.

Claire sat staring down at the riotous tapestry of the gardens, wondering if she had not walked herself into a hideous dream that must end with awakening.

MRS. WHEELOCK reappeared almost immediately.

"After Matt went back to town, the thing haunted me. I couldn't forget it, so I wrote him. I asked him to reconsider. I tried to appeal to his sense of responsibility. I said for his sake, if not for yours. I offered to go to France, settle the whole thing quickly and quietly, without any reflection on him. Here's his answer."

She handed Claire a typewritten sheet bearing the letterhead of a prominent firm of attorneys. Mr. Wheelock's lawyer informed Mrs. Wheelock, with all the if-and-but-whereas phraseology of a legal document, that Mr. Wheelock did not now or at any other time desire a divorce. He added that Mr. Wheelock generously offered to increase her allowance should the present amount fail to meet her needs.

"You see, he's bribing me not to interfere. He's playing safe, ready to pay for my silence."

The date was identical with the night at the country club.

Claire looked up from the sheet and managed a twist of the lips, intended for a smile.

"Does it—does it always feel like this when your world crashes? Sort of numb—and—and futile?"

"I didn't want to show you that letter," Mrs. Wheelock answered anxiously. "I hoped I wouldn't have to."

"Of course you had to. Otherwise there'd always have been a doubt. I won't see him again." Claire rose. "I suppose I should say thank you."

"No, not now," Matt Wheelock's wife answered gently. "You won't for a long time."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The early photograph at the reader's left is of a New York newsboy who earned fame by taking a chance in 1886. He later operated a saloon, but is best remembered as "America's first bridge champion." Can you name him?

2—Where in the Bible is it said that a man should be ashamed to have long hair?

3—What did Elias Howe invent?

4—Is Columbus in Ohio, Georgia, Indiana, Nebraska, or Mississippi?

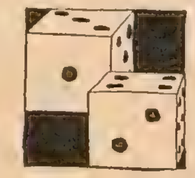
5—What are two chief causes of insomnia?

6—Which two Presidents (born in Charles City County, Virginia) had the most children?

7—What is considered the most easily tainted of all foods?

8—Who else is John F. Sullivan?

9—Which unit of numeration is this: 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000?



10—What numbers constitute "the field" in a dice game?

11—Is Buenos Aires, Argentina, larger in population than Philadelphia, Pennsylvania?

12—What grasses grow 50 to 60 feet high?

13—Who, born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1820, sang in the streets in girlhood, and became a famed prima donna?

14—Which is the largest borough in the City of New York?

15—What do the English and the French call a table napkin?

16—Which jockey rode the winners of the Kentucky Derby in 1923, 1925, and 1930?

17—What is the legal rate of interest in Illinois, Louisiana, and Michigan?

18—Will either of the sun's eclipses in 1936 be visible in the United States?

19—An East Indian professional dancing girl is called what?

20—Who was the Wizard of Menlo Park?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

HERE'S HOW TO GET A REAL USED CAR BARGAIN

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DODGE

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Is President Roosevelt A Well Man Today?

Liberty Repeats—and Answers—a Question Which This Magazine First Asked and Answered in '32

by

STANLEY HIGH

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT rounds out his first term of office and swings into his campaign for a second in better trim for the job than when he was inaugurated. Mr. Roosevelt was fifty-one years, one month, and four days old when he took the oath of office on that dour 4th of March, 1933. He looks older today. Perhaps he looks more than three and a half years older. His hair is thinner and grayer. The lines in his face have deepened. But he is fit.

You can take that on the word of Dr. Ross McIntire, the White House physician. Dr. McIntire is one of Washington's ablest medical men. For the last three and a half years it has been his business to keep a medical eye on the President. Several days a week he gets at least a glimpse of Mr. Roosevelt. He carries none of the instruments of his trade save a practiced eye and an intimate knowledge of the President. He does not ask any medical questions. But before he leaves, the President has had a professional once-over. This is occasionally supplemented by a more thorough examination.

And Dr. McIntire tells me that "Franklin Roosevelt has a constitution considerably better than most men of forty-five. More than that, he is in even sounder health today than he was three years ago." Every now and then some newspaper reporter gets hold of Dr. McIntire. And the doctor's answer is always the same: "There's no medical news in a well man. And President Roosevelt is a perfectly well man."

I asked Dr. McIntire a few more specific questions.

"How about the President's blood pressure?"

"You can say," said the doctor, "that it is well inside of normal. His heart and circulatory system, like his condition generally, are fully as good, perhaps even better, than they were in 1932. His reaction time is far better than that of the average man of his age."

In the last three and a half years the President has not missed a single day's work because of illness. On two or three occasions he has stayed in his White House bedroom because of a cold. But at those times when he did not "go to work" the work has come to him: a steady stream of callers, secretaries, and mail; and the little telephone by the head of his bed does double duty. But not once has he been obliged to cancel a speaking engagement or a public appearance because of illness.

When the occasion calls for it, he rides in an open car in the coldest weather or stands bareheaded in the rain. He refuses to wear a heavy overcoat and laughs at those who want to bundle him up.

A good look at his Presidential schedule for one average twenty-four-hour period would be enough to put the ordinary person completely out of the running. I have gone through that schedule. The average day has—I should say—a minimum of thirty official appointments. They run in ten- and fifteen-minute intervals from ten thirty in the morning until six or six thirty, with an hour out for lunch. The President lunches at his office desk, and business is not suspended. On the contrary, the hour is usually reserved for some appointment of more than ordinary importance.

All of these engagements, of course, are important. All are high-pressure. And if they are strenuous for the caller, it is obvious that they must be more strenuous for the President. His yes or no at the end of such a conference is likely to affect the welfare of millions at home or the standing of the United States abroad. There is high pressure about this of a sort that very few men ever experience.

On one occasion, and at the proper distance, I followed through the schedule of one of these "average" days. It began shortly after nine in the President's bedroom, where, with an old gray sweater pulled over his pajamas, Mr. Roosevelt goes over plans for the day with two of his secretaries, Stephen Early and Marvin McIntire.

When, at something after midnight, the last of the dinner guests had left, he turned to me and smiled:

"Well, how do you like it?"

"Mr. President," I said, "I'm ready for a rest cure."

Then he showed me the little slip of white paper on which the next day's engagements were already typed. It was another schedule like the one we had just gone through. I got the impression that he was actually looking forward to it! That is, he was looking forward to everything but the dinner. The President is on record on that point. He does not like the large, stiff-front, long-tail dinners which every week, at certain times of the year, are the required social diet of the President of the United States. Normally, the average day of the President cannot be broken up into enough periods to allow time for those things which simply have to be done. An acquaintance of mine who dined at the White House at the end of one of those subdivided days told me that the afternoon papers of the next day carried the President's message in which he vetoed the bonus—a message which for conciseness and clarity is among his best.

My friend saw one of the President's secretaries. "When," he asked, "did Mr. Roosevelt write that?"

"Last night," replied the secretary.

"No, he didn't. I was there until midnight."

"That's right, but he wrote it after you left."

Mr. Roosevelt goes at that pace, and yet thrives on it. How does he do it? I have put that question to a number of people who ought to know, including Dr. McIntire. There are several answers—all of them important.

For one thing—and this is Dr. McIntire's testimony—he has, naturally, an unusually strong constitution. That is, in part, a family heritage. In his youth he was an above-the-average athlete. Ever since, he has made it a point to keep in condition. He still does. For example, he swims almost daily. At the end of his "working day" at the executive offices and before the rigors of the evening, he goes to the pool for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Then there is the matter of diet. He eats very lightly. I once had lunch with him on a corner of his desk in the office. Our menu was clam broth, gingerbread and whipped cream, and coffee. Four mornings a week the

Grilling hot dogs as host to the press.

He does love his job, huge though it is.

As skipper of the schooner Amberjack II.

President has a "regulation" breakfast: orange juice, an egg, a piece of bacon, buttered toast, and coffee. Three mornings he has only orange juice and a glass of milk. Dinners, state or otherwise, are naturally somewhat elaborate affairs; but the President eats very lightly even then.

But there are other perhaps more fundamental reasons why the President is fit. Dr. McIntire lumps all these reasons as "the President's outlook on life." It is a part of this outlook that he should love his job. He does love it. Big jobs have always appealed to him. And his is the biggest job on earth.

It is not that the problems he must face and the decisions he must make do not weigh upon him. They do. But something in him responds to their size and significance. And that gives him added stamina.

Then, too, the President likes people. Nothing appeals to him quite so much as good lively conversation about things that matter with people whom he respects. In fact, Marvin McIntire—who sits outside the President's door and keeps everybody happy while he attempts to keep the President to schedule—spends a large part of his time trying to break into discussions which, with callers waiting, ought to be terminated.

But this has a very definite bearing on the President's fitness. He is able to carry off an enormous number of conferences every day because, in most instances, he enjoys meeting the people with whom he confers.

A further contribution to the President's fitness is his sense of humor. Perhaps no other President since Lincoln has got so many hearty laughs in the course of a day as Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is not a storyteller; but his ability to see the funny side of things has served him in the same way.

And it is probably because he has a sense of humor that he is not subject to wearing moods. He does have what some of his staff call "executive days," when everything is business. But those days are infrequent. The sense of humor comes to the rescue and the strain is relieved.

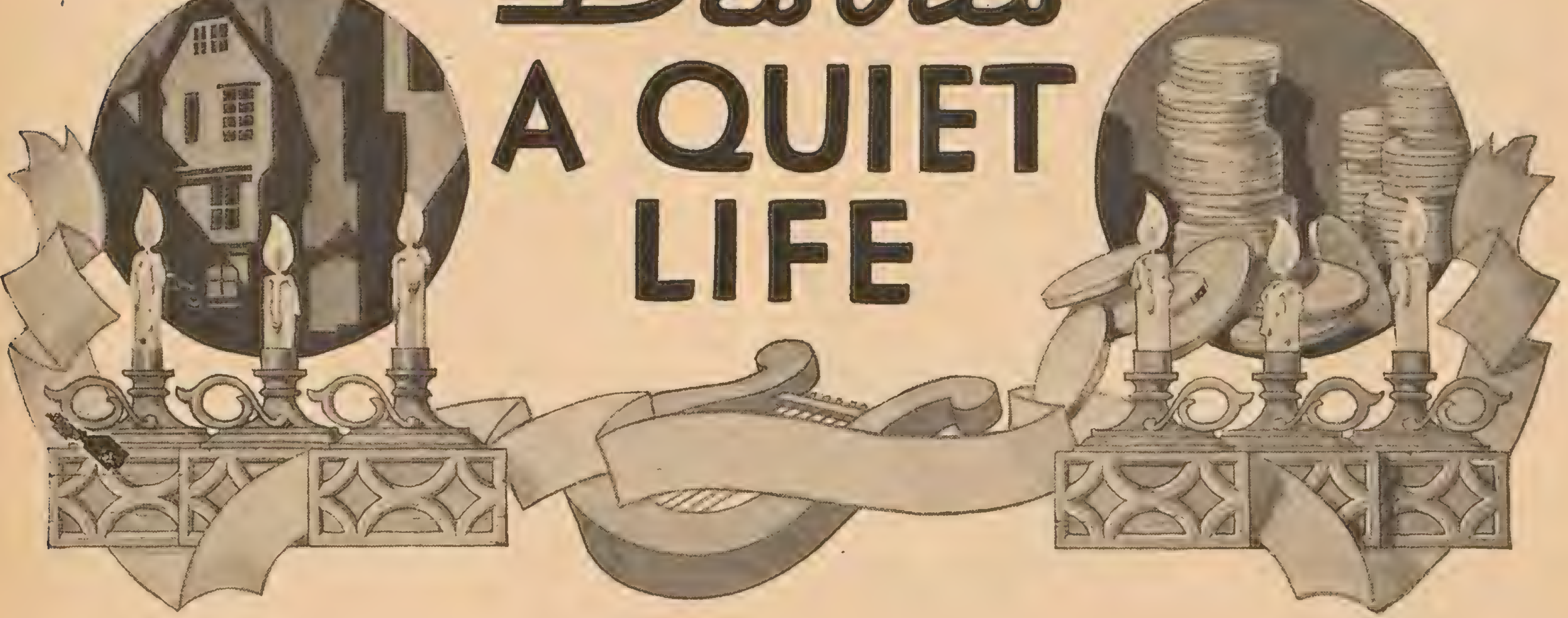
He looks forward to the campaign not with foreboding but with pleasure. The suggestion of front-porch campaigning has never got to first base with him. It would not suit either the physical or the mental vigor of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

And the President's mental vigor is even more remarkable than his physical vigor. The best testimony on that point comes from the White House correspondents. Twice each week, and occasionally oftener, he receives these men—usually some seventy-five of them—in his office. Presidential press conferences are not new. But Mr. Roosevelt's kind of a press conference is. No questions are barred and very few go unanswered, though some of the answers may be "off the record." And the questions cover the whole field of governmental affairs. Two or three of the White House staff generally stand back of the President's desk during these conferences. But I have never yet seen him call on them for information. He didn't need any.

It is likely that the coming campaign will be the liveliest in a generation. This will be due not only to the importance of the issues but also to the vitality of the Democratic candidate. Franklin D. Roosevelt could not conduct a dull campaign if he tried. He has far too much strength of body and far too much keenness of mind, and his campaign will be energetic because he is energetic. The President himself is the best proof of his own fitness. Now and in the months ahead it is not what other people say but what the President does that will confirm the testimony of those who know him best. Whatever the result of the election, the campaigners in both parties will know, when they are through, that they have been in a fight. They will know it because, physically and mentally, the Democratic candidate is so well supplied with fighting equipment.

THE END

MASTER VILLON Desires A QUIET LIFE



. . . and if Wishes Were Women, He'd Hide—A New, Joyous Tale of a Famous Artist in Larceny, Lies, and Love

by

JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

MASTER FRANCOIS VILLON, poet by nature, sinner by impulse, and fugitive by necessity, lifted his eyes from the dusty road, midway through the autumn afternoon, and saw the spires of Chartres rising from the island-hill in the plain. If there was one thing he needed more than another—more than food—it was an hour of meditation. His pursuers would never look for him in church.

The cookshops which lined the winding street up the hill sent forth savors to detain pilgrims who, like Master Villon, were hungry; but his pocket was as empty as his stomach, and the smell of roast meat was an agony.

All the worse because his conscience was for once essentially clear. How was he to know, when his friend Montigny borrowed his cap, that Montigny planned a singlehanded burglary—no accomplices and also no sharing of the loot? And was it not reprehensible of Montigny, or at least careless, to leave the hat behind, on the very scene of the crime? Montigny should have known that the police would misinterpret this evidence. Master Villon had not stayed to argue with them. He had preferred to visit the south, as far as weary feet would stagger, favoring the byroads, since traffic on main arteries makes walking unpleasant.

Now here he was under the tall uneven spires, beneath the portal, with a bit of the great door open to let the worshipers slip in. A handful of people hurried across the wide square. He would be safe. None but the pious worship on a weekday, and the pious shut their eyes or cover their faces with their fingers.

So, with a taste of peace in his soul, he walked up the south aisle, through the echoing dampness of the majestic church, and sat down on a bench near the transept. Of course he should have knelt at once in prayer; but there was such an ache in his legs, it seemed pardonable to let them too taste a minute's peace.

Even so early the light indoors was fading, and the fabulous windows began to stand out from the dark walls as though there were no walls at all but only detached self-suspended glass. Candles burned before the high altar and in the chapels along the nave.

Master Villon, having rested his knees, now rubbed them with his hands and got down cautiously on the hard stone.

Not, in the ordinary sense, to pray. Facing toward the altar, he merely sank back on his heels to save his kneecaps, and with bowed head and limp arms permitted his thoughts to wander.

He was thinking that if he had a quieter life he'd be a better man. To be so busily involved with Montigny and the others was more than sinful; it was inconvenient. If once you entangle yourself with your fellows, you owe them loyalty, and they'll collect the debt by stealing your time.

For example. The heavenly powers had intended him, François Villon, to write poetry. Yet for the making of verses, as God must know, a man needs a stretch of unbroken leisure. Also, the divine beneficence had endowed him with charm for women. In spite of his small black eyes, his bald head, and his long nose, if he but looked at them they returned his gaze. Yet, when he was on the very threshold of ecstasy or halfway through a new poem, Montigny might decide to rob an innkeeper or stop a lonely traveler. How can you get on with the good life if you are interrupted?

Across the church another worshiper finished his devotions, got up rheumatically with audible scrapings of his feet, paid a final reverence to the altar, and went out. An oldish man but substantial, wearing the lengthy robes of the learned. Master Villon, having a practiced eye for costume as for character, recognized a notary.

Reflecting on the incident, he found a salve for his con-

ILLUSTRATION BY KAROLY SZANTO

science. Even a notary must have a moment to himself. Though you cultivate the society of the virtuous, avoiding roisterers, pickpockets, and other fodder for the noose, yet you cannot on that account be certain of happiness. The error is to embrace the world on any terms, good or evil. He saw that he should have chosen the monastic life—a bare cell, a few steps each day inside the cloister wall, a narrow window looking to the sky. At the very thought of such beatitude, once within his grasp but now hardly practicable, he was inclined to weep.

Yet a near-substitute might be contrived. If that notary should by miraculous chance be disposed to employ a clerk, and if Master Villon could pass himself off as a humble but earnest student of the law, and if the notary, whose lips were thin and thrifty, could be made to see the special advantage of an assistant who asked no salary beyond lodging and food and a few clear hours for meditation—why, then Master Villon might slip out of his awkward past into a shelter from his friends and from the police, and attend to women only in so far as the memory of them would enrich the poems he would compose till death stopped the pen, in the dreamlike town of Chartres, under the towers of the cathedral.

He got off his knees with such a start that one or two old women glanced up from their beads, not wishing to miss anything, and it cost him an effort to move down the aisle at a decorous pace. Outside the door the twilight air chilled his ardor. He didn't know where the notary lived, and it would be dangerous to ask. Also, there might be more than one notary.

Perplexed but still determined, he sauntered down the hill, heading away from the open shops to explore the dark winding streets where doubtless the well-to-do lived.

Almost in the center, a minute's walk from the courts of justice, he stopped to stare at a house which wasn't dark—which in fact seemed on fire. Two men were there before him, planted in the gutter, gazing up at the gleaming windows—a stout man and a thin, each carrying on a shoulder a long pike. They, rather than the lighted house, detained him. He knew the mind of the city watch in any city. To hurry by would be a sign of guilt; to rub elbows would be innocence itself.

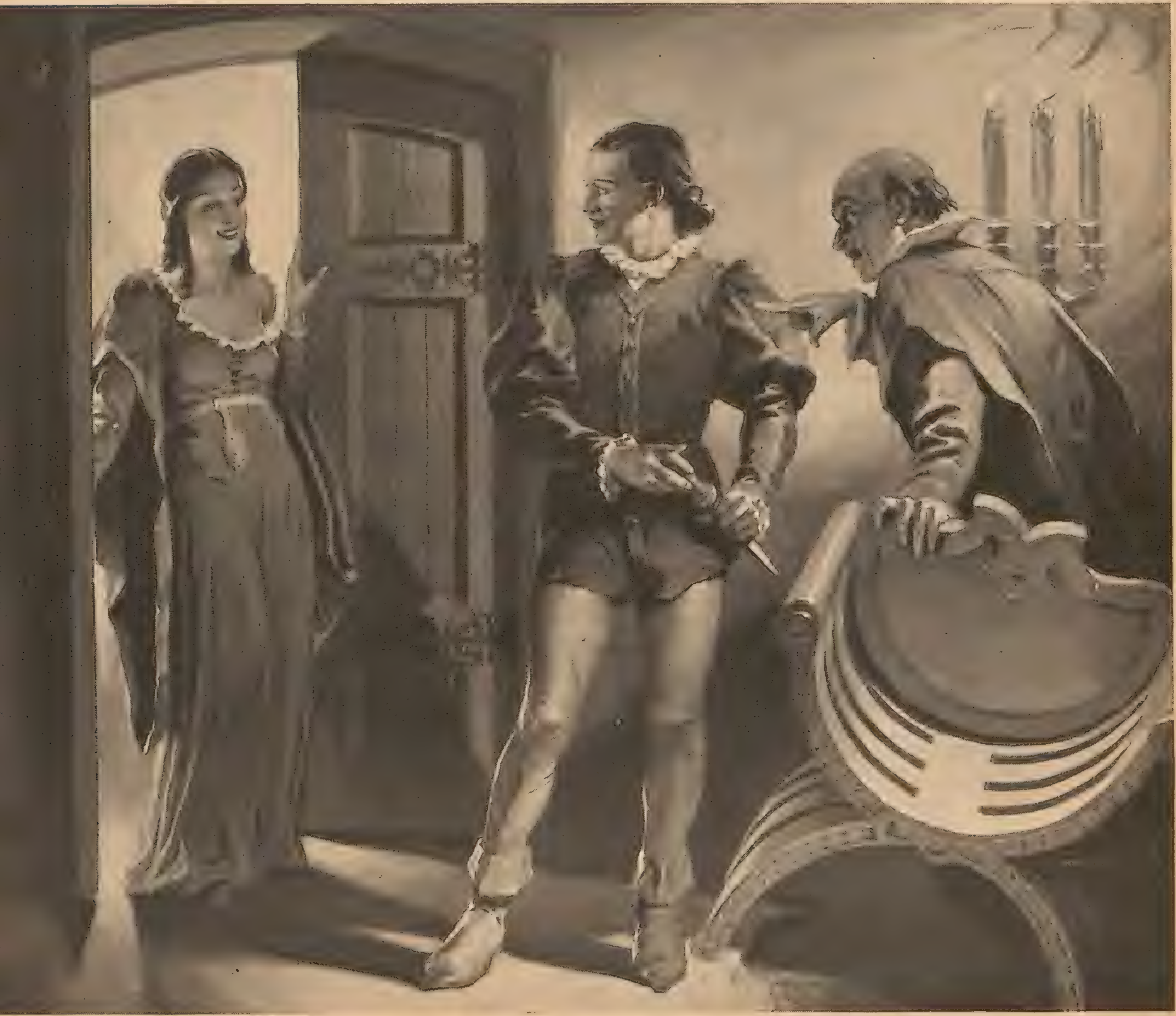
Master Villon slapped the stout watchman on the shoulder.

“It's burning, man! Where's the well?”

The stout watchman took the salute in good humor, without looking around.

“The notary wastes his candles tonight. A taper in every room.”

The thin watchman chuckled. “Re-



Master Villon gave her a long look and put the dagger away.

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member what he did the last time he made up with his wife?"

Master Villon joined them in a guffaw, assuming that the joke must have been rich if you knew what it was; and when they moved off on their rounds he followed a little distance, then fell behind, then turned back thoughtfully to the notary's door.

A candle in every room! And he quarreled with his wife! Master Villon raised his hand to knock. But then, there *was* a wife! Master Villon held his knuckles suspended. Then again, she might be old and toothless, and if she confined her annoying disposition to her husband—Master Villon knocked.

With his ear to the heavy wood he thought he heard voices—he was almost certain of a woman's voice and a man's. This might be one of their quarrels.

Suddenly the door swung inward, catching him there sideways, with his ear down. Before he could turn, nervous fingers around his throat cut off his wind, drew him within the house, pushed him backward over the furniture till he was spread helpless on the floor.

"Quick, Ysabel!" gasped the notary. "Bring the long rope! I'll stand on him while you tie his legs and arms!"

Master Villon could hear Ysabel bolting the door again. Apparently these people contemplated murder. This churchgoing notary and the old hag his wife—

But she wasn't an old hag. Not at all. Master Villon, by a supreme effort, had just reached his dagger and got the point in play against the notary's ribs, and the notary with a most unheroic yelp had just taken his fingers from the victim's gullet, and the victim had just leaped to his feet, when a handsome girl came back from her door-closing—a tall pleasant creature with big brown eyes and full lips, and elsewhere the sort of beauty that made you think that it would bloom still more if it were encouraged a bit.

Master Villon gave her a long look, and put the dagger away in his belt. From some perils you fight your way out; in other cases you let providence unfold its plans.

"Pierre," said the girl, "this isn't the right man."

Master Villon noticed her voice had a leaning to the contralto.

"How do you know it isn't?"

"Would a thief knock at the front door?"

"He is armed," said the notary, keeping his distance.

"But why would he return so soon?"

"It's a plot," said the notary. "He's one of a gang, and they're sorry they didn't take all."

Master Villon cleared his throat to find if he still could speak.

"There's dust on his shoes," said the girl. "Maybe he's a pilgrim, pausing on his way to God."

"You're an intelligent woman," said Master Villon hoarsely, "and it's a relief to find but one lunatic here."

"There!" said she. "I told you! He didn't steal the gold!"

"You're a fool, Ysabel, as usual! No pilgrim ever had that face."

"My errand," said Master Villon, "was, I admit, secular, but it also was innocent. I'm a poor student of the civil law, and if the breath hadn't been squeezed out of me I would have inquired whether the notary needs a clerk."

"You look hungry," said the girl.

Master Villon in an impulse of self-pity rubbed his stomach where the notary had been kneeling.

"If you'll sit at the table here, my husband and you can talk while I bring food."

"Not so fast, Ysabel, not so fast! We won't feed him. I've nothing to say to him. I don't need a clerk."

"I have not applied for the position," said Master Villon. "It was

'Tisn't So

by R. E. DOAN

NEITHER THE DEER nor the antelope is the fastest animal. The cheetah, or hunting leopard, of Africa and India is faster than the deer or antelope. It is believed to be the fastest large mammal, at least as far as short distances are concerned. It does not, however, have a great deal of endurance for long continued speed.

HONG KONG is not a Chinese city. It is an island off the southeast coast of China, and is part of a British crown colony and naval station. The island is approximately thirty-two square miles in area, and is separated from the mainland by the Ly-e-Mun Strait. It was ceded to Great Britain by China in 1841.

GENERAL JOFFRE did not say "They shall not pass." Although popularly credited to General Joffre, this was said by General Pétain when Joffre was not present. Joffre had sent General de Castelnau to consult with Pétain regarding the defense of Verdun. De Castelnau said: "They [meaning, of course, the Germans] must not pass."

LEAD PENCILS contain no lead. The name "lead pencil" evidently arose from the fact that lead was used for writing before graphite became generally known. Graphite, which is used in practically all pencils today, is approximately 90 per cent carbon, and contains no lead.

BOA CONSTRICTORS are not the largest snakes. This name has been incorrectly applied to various exceptionally long snakes. The real boa constrictor is seldom over eleven feet long, and is the technical name of a South American species of snake.

my intention to do so before you tried to choke me, but I shall now lay the case before the city magistrates."

The notary opened his eyes wide. "You'll accuse *me?*"

"Of assault and battery," said Master Villon. "Also, you assumed judicial functions which are not provided for in your license. Without examination or other due process, you decided I was a thief and ordered me bound hand and foot."

"He would make a good clerk," said the girl. "He knows the law."

The notary wiped his brow with his hand. "Some one stole a bag of my gold. I thought it might be you."

"That's more sensible," said the girl. "Sit down and tell the young man about it while I fetch the soup."

Her husband sank into a chair by the table; and Master Villon, not to be churlish, drew up beside him.

"A bag of gold," repeated the notary.

"Was it your complete fortune?" asked Master Villon. "Or only part of it?"

"What's that to you?"

"If you still have some money left," said Master Villon, "I shall find it harder to forgive your insanity. Also, I shall conclude the thief was a novice, or else you interrupted him at his work."

The notary leaned forward. "Precisely what I did! There was a slight noise in the house, like a sneeze. I called, 'Who's there?' Immediate silence! My wife and I lighted candles in all the rooms. Not a vestige of the rascal! We had just come down from our search when you knocked."

"Where," said Master Villon, "did you keep the gold?"

THE notary frowned. "I don't see the bearing of that question."

"Since the gold is gone," said Master Villon, "the worst is over and you needn't be nervous. I wondered if the thief had to go upstairs."

"He surely did," said the girl, coming in with the soup bowl. "The gold was in the chest at the foot of our bed."

Her husband went purple. "Will you never hold your tongue?"

"Begin on the broth while it's hot," she said, pulling up a chair for herself.

"So far as I've studied the subject," said Master Villon, blowing gently on his first spoonful, "the thief usually gets out through a window, however he may have got in. We should therefore see which window has been disturbed, whether there's a print of his heels where he jumped, or a rope still hanging where he let himself down."

"If you hope to work for me," said the notary, "you'll be more sparing of your words and less theoretical in your subject matter. You scholars fresh from the schools!"

"But we *did* look at the windows!" said the girl. "They were all tight shut."

"In that case," said Master Villon, "the thief is still in the house."

"Then why are we clacking like washwomen?" said the notary, dropping his spoon in the soup and pushing back his chair.

"You might as well eat," said the girl. "You won't enjoy finding him. He'll probably be desperate."

"I'll call the watch," said the notary.

"They passed a quarter-hour ago," said Master Villon. "If you step fast you'll come up with them."

"On the other hand," said the notary, giving him a mean glance, "I don't care to leave my wife unprotected."

"Then *I'll* call the watch," said Master Villon, looking around for his hat.

"Whether or not you are harmless," said the notary, "I'm not at all sure you would come back. On second thoughts, you may stay here. You and my wife will deafen each other with your talk, and the thief will think there's a numerous company downstairs."

With that he unfastened the door and dashed into the street.

Master Villon walked over, shut the door and pushed in the bolts.

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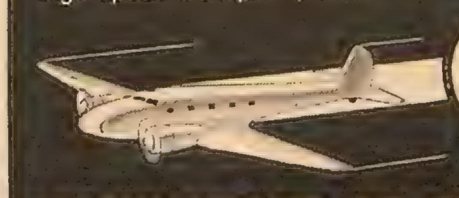

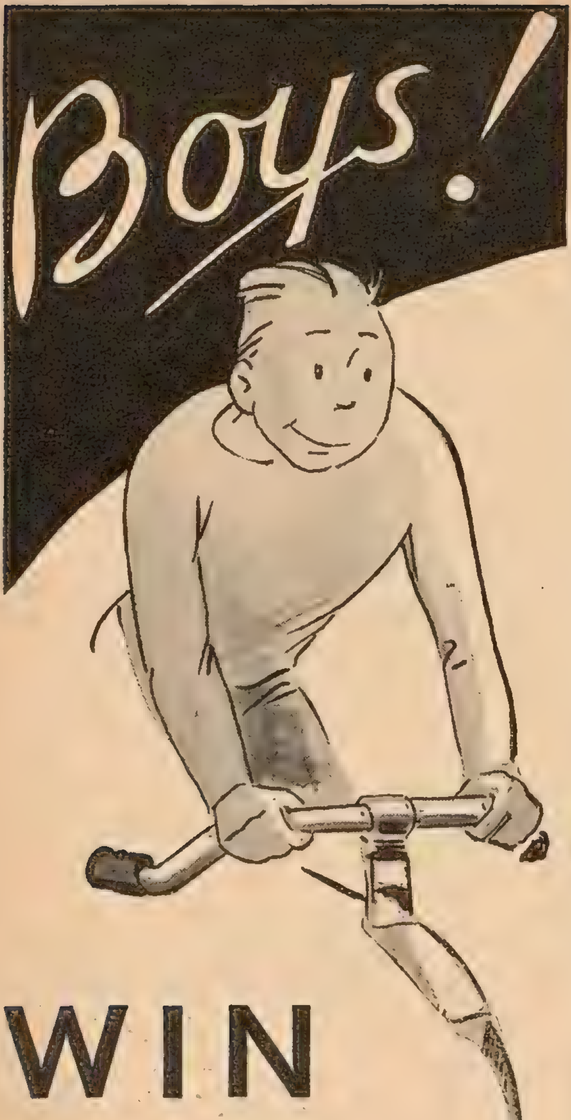

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"Thank you," said the girl, who had gone back to her soup. "He left it open when he came home from church. That's why we have a thief."

Master Villon did not sit down. He was thinking.

"Did he take the key with him?"

"He did not," said she, pulling it from her apron pocket.

"Then he's locked out!"

"He is. And he won't find the watch, not for a good hour. They're never where you want them."

When Master Villon remained standing, she seemed a bit annoyed. "Don't you like your soup?"

"I am wondering," said he, "if I ought to stay. Your husband doesn't want a clerk, and this house is less quiet than I hoped."

"Quiet?" She laughed. "We're never quiet—but what home is?"

"My dream," said he, "was of a tranquil, retired life, where by a minimum of toil I could earn leisure to cultivate my mind and write poems. Food, lodging, and peace—that's all I ask."

"It's a good deal," said she; "yet within reason we might supply it. There's a room in the attic with a decent bed and a table. Have a look at it now, and if it satisfies—"

She was on her way to the stairs to show him up.

"Your husband," said he, "is sensitive, and the exertion of stair climbing is taxing. Rest yourself here while I go alone."

"It's the narrow door at the top," said she, "to the right."

He wanted a chance to examine not the room but his own mind. The attic was well enough—he was sure it would be. A clean bed, a strong chair, a table to write on, a closet to hang your clothes in, if you had a superfluous suit. He sat on the edge of the bed and thought.

The girl and her husband were clearly on each other's nerves. She was a willful creature, awkward if she didn't like you, and worse perhaps if she did. To accept shelter in such a household would be a slap in the face of fortune.

ON the other hand, the notary was somewhat in his power because of that first mistake at the door, and employment in so respectable a home would be, for a tarnished reputation, much like a screen or a sponge. The old François Villon, rascal extraordinary, would cease to exist. The notary's clerk would be called—let's see—why not Jacques Thibaut? That would do. Jacques Thibaut, faithful servant, diligent student, regular churchgoer, enemy of all disorder—if he played his cards wisely he might in time become one of the town fathers, or even mayor. No, that wasn't what he wanted. If he were truly wise he would remain obscure, unemcumbered, free.

The girl came tiptoeing up the stairs and stood in the doorway, and one glimpse at her eyes told him what would happen next. To do him justice, his heart sank.

She stepped over to the foot of the bed. "Will you stay?"

"Your husband hasn't asked me."

"It's not for him to decide," said the girl. "I've the right to choose who lives under my roof, and if this hadn't been my father's house it wouldn't be over our heads now."

"Aren't you rather severe with your husband?" said Master Villon. "If you'll pardon a plain word, your method of handling him makes me think I ought to move on. It would ruffle my best moods, the way you and he go at each other."

"It sounds worse than it is," said she. "He's perfect in his place, and I shan't let him stir out of it."

WHEN she sat on the bed, the double weight made the mattress sink, so they slid together.

"If you could try a month of us," said she, "I'd keep my voice low when I spoke to him."

Against his judgment, Master Villon's hand went out, for a better balance on the bed, and, touching her well molded back, stole around the side.

"The moment you came in," said she, leaning on his shoulder, "I asked myself, What's a bag of gold?"

He knew this wasn't the quiet life and he was a fool; but when she lifted her lips and her swimming eyes, he couldn't disappoint her, and when his other hand sought the fastening of her gown at the throat, her fingers helped him, and you might say that the cloth was rather more than off her shoulders when a loud sneeze echoed from the closet.

Master Villon got his knife ready in his right hand and with the left wrenched the door open. Huddled against the wall inside was his friend Montigny, with the bag of gold.

"For the love of heaven!" said Master Villon, forgetting himself.

"Who'd have thought it!" said Montigny, with a broad grin.

Master Villon, with finger to lips, signaled discretion.

"Here's your thief," said he, stepping aside so that the girl might have a look. When she felt Montigny's admiring eyes on her, she hastened to pull up the gown.

"Fetch me that long rope your husband spoke of," said Master Villon. "I'll keep him quiet with my dagger."

No sooner were they alone than Montigny came out of the closet, on easy terms with the world.

"Not so fast!" said Master Villon. "Hand over the blade."

Montigny drew back. "What's got into you?"

"You'll play the part as I tell you," said Master Villon, "or you'll go downstairs a corpse."

Montigny's lips put on a mean curl. "When I tell them who *you* are," said he, "there'll be room for two of us on the gallows."

"That very thought," said Master Villon, "occurred to me, and if I were a prudent man instead of an old friend, I'd now run this knife through your neck."

Montigny studied this argument, which had obvious merits. “What do you want me to do?”

“I'll remove this dagger from your waist,” said Master Villon, using his left hand and dropping the weapon on the top of the bed. “When she returns you'll be sullen. Not a word, no matter what happens.”

“I wish I could trust you!”

“Oddly enough,” said Master Villon, “you can, though your presence happens to be unwelcome.”

“Let me go,” said Montigny, smiling, “and you and she can finish what you began.”

“That too is probably beyond your understanding,” said Master Villon. “She was as inconvenient as yourself.”

“Liar!” said Montigny. “I saw no reluctance whatever.”

“Who mentioned reluctance?” said Master Villon. “You have no eye whatever for my inner spiritual state.”

Montigny had something on his tongue; but the girl came running up the stairs with the rope, and in a minute they had their prisoner fast in a web of knots.

“There we are!” said Master Villon. “By this time your husband must have found the watch. We shan't wait long.”

Montigny's face clouded.

“If your husband,” continued Master Villon, “follows his habit and dispenses with the formal processes of the law, we can hang the fellow from this window.”

Montigny seemed in danger of exploding.

“Meanwhile,” Master Villon went on, “it might save time if you, being a notary's wife, made a deposition as to what occurred—where we discovered the criminal, what he was doing, what excuses, if any, he made. I'll sketch out the statement and you can sign it.”

With that he took from his pocket, from the inside of his jacket, a crumpled sheet or two, stored there for poetic uses. Reaching his hand in again, he pulled out a pen, which he held up against the window to examine the nib. Then he pulled the table over to the bedside, settled himself on the edge, and squared off his elbows.

“Is there ink in the house?”

“I'll fetch some,” said the girl eagerly.

“Since you're going down anyway,” said Master Villon, “you might replace this bag of gold in your husband's chest. There will be a statement in the deposition that the thief took it and you yourself put it back.”

They listened to her descending with heavy steps, weighed down by the bag.

“You might have had half for your share,” said Montigny.

“Many of your ideas,” said Master Villon, “come to you slowly.”

Montigny lost his temper. “Play me false and see what you get!”

“Quiet!” said Master Villon. “We're supposed to be hating each other in silence.”

They waited till she ran up the stairs with the inkhorn.

“NOW, then,” said Master Villon. He scratched a paragraph and held it up at arm's length. “‘I, Ysabel, lawful wife of the notary of Chartres, do here depose that on this day, October the thirtieth, a little past eight o'clock in the evening, I was seated on the bed in our attic room with Jacques Thibaut, my husband's clerk.’”

“That has nothing to do with the crime!” said the girl.

“In cases like this,” said Master Villon, “it is best to tell at the beginning what is sure to come out later, and I saw the fellow looking at the part of you which was uncovered. He may mention it in the torture chamber. We'll just state it boldly and get it out of the way.”

“You will, will you?” said the girl. “I'll never sign my name to that!”

Master Villon began to enjoy himself. “My dear lady, if the thief confesses it, and if my testimony is asked for, I shall be compelled to admit the truth. Not compelled—proud. You were about to confer upon me one of the great privileges of my life, and if I can im-

HEAD POUNDING LIKE A STEAM ENGINE!

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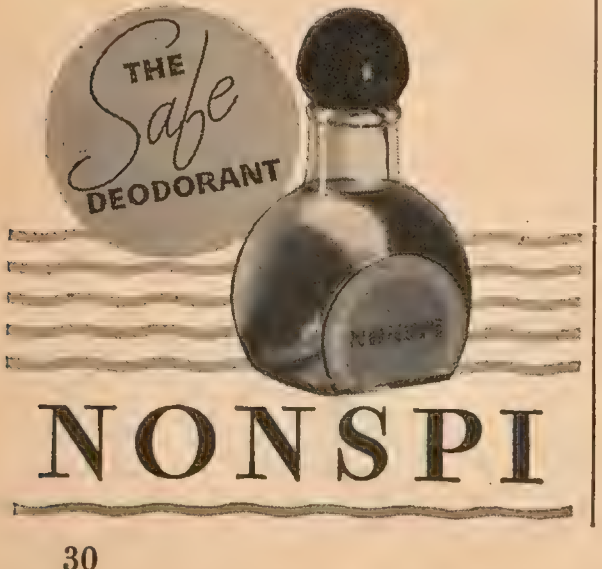


NONSPI

mortalize the moment in an official document—"

"My husband will kill you!"

"The terrors of death," said Master Villon, "are exaggerated. We may, in fact, die together, but I have frequently looked forward to a less happy end."

"You should begin where he sneezed," said the girl.

"But you saw him," said Master Villon, "and you must explain how you came to be here. Especially since he, on his part, saw you. Perhaps the report should explain that you insisted on following me up here, though, as you will recall, I wished to come alone."

The girl seized Montigny's dagger from where it was lying on the bed blanket. "You'll say that, will you?"

"You might, of course, write the deposition yourself," said Master Villon; "but I fear you don't know the legal form."

"You are two of a kind," said the girl, her wrath increasing. "He's a thief and you're worse, and when I tell my husband the treatment I had from you—"

A loud thundering from below brought her to a pause.

"There's your husband now," said Master Villon, "with the watch. Go tell him what you like. Don't forget to fasten that button at your throat."

The knocking continued. The girl was in no hurry to go. Her anger had evaporated. "I meant nothing rude," said she, "but I still see no point—"

"If you don't let him in soon," said Master Villon, "he may smash the door."

The girl still hesitated. "Give me that paper," she said.

Master Villon put the parchment back in his pocket, with the pen.

"It will do you no good," said she. "I didn't sign it."

The noise at the door was furious.

"If I let him in," said the girl, "what will you tell him?"

Master Villon smiled at her till the shouts from the street broke her will. Even then, she went slowly.

Master Villon accompanied her to the head of the steps, put his hand around her neck, and lifted her chin for a kiss.

"Should the occasion arise," said he, "I'd tell your husband to be thankful for what he has."

Yet he made another speech, back in the attic room: "Had it not been for her—and you—"

When the notary raced up with the stout watchman and the thin, one end of the long rope was anchored around the foot of the bed. The other end hung out the window, and the window was wide open.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ **GONE WITH THE WIND** by Margaret Mitchell. The Macmillan Company.
A skillful and sensitive novel of Civil War days. Scarlett O'Hara, belle of a Georgia county, daughter of a gentle mother and an Irish peasant father, is spoiled and selfish but shrewd. This rugged novel shows the effect of the Reconstruction period on her—how she hardens and by her shrewdness is able to save her plantation. A rich picture of Southern life.

★★★ **THE FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE** by Naomi Jacob. The Macmillan Company.
A sagalike tale of a family and the charming era and places in which they live.

★★★ **ROCKETS THROUGH SPACE** by P. E. Cleator. Simon & Schuster.
When will man plant the banners of humanity on the cold soil of Mars and in the unknown darkness of Venus? The author claims that a trip to the moon is actually possible today, but would cost a hundred million dollars.

★★★ **CRIME AND JUSTICE** by Sheldon Glueck. Little, Brown & Company.
Professor Glueck in this book displays a rare combination, scholar and practical criminologist. His book will be interesting to any one concerned with the war on crime both within and without.

★★★ **THE SIGNIFICANT MODERNS AND THEIR PICTURES** by C. J. Bulliet. Covici, Friede.
This distinguished critic evaluates the movement in art known as Modernism. This volume contains 276 reproductions of famous modern paintings, with brief and illuminating text about the artists.

★★ **INVINCIBLE SURMISE** by Granville Paul Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Tribulations during the formative years of a man's life are colored interestingly with luck and love. In this first novel rare gems of emotional writing shine on a familiar theme.

★★ **PICTURE MAP OF THE HOLY LAND**
PICTURE MAP OF MASSACHUSETTS. Published by the R. R. Bowker Co.
Beautiful, colorful, and interesting examples of cartography that will appeal to all who love maps.

★★ **MEXICAN INTERLUDE** by Joseph Henry Jackson. The Macmillan Company.
An intimate account of a trip by automobile from Laredo, Texas, to Mexico City over the new Pan-American highway. It is not a guidebook, but is full of descriptive information.

ANNIVERSARY

Liberty's Short Short

by RENA TERRINGTON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MOLLIE ran lightly down the wide stairs. At the bend she stopped to admire the graceful sweep of the wooden rail, one of the beauties of her home she most admired.

Below her the hall was a place of dim shadows, a pool of yellow light from a carved jade lamp shining on a bowl of pale flowers. Dim portraits in heavy gold frames seemed to smile on her, soft rugs swam in a shiny sea of polished wood.

"Darling house!" she whispered, and threw a kiss to the paneled walls.

Stepping softly, she crossed the hall and opened the library door. Solid comfort lay here, the faint smell of good tobacco mingling with the perfume of spring flowers. A bowl of blue hyacinths banked her picture, and through the uncurtained windows came the pale gleam of the dying day.

David, her husband, sat in a low chair before the blazing log fire. His face was sunk in his hands.

"Not dressed yet, darling, and on my birthday!"

The man did not answer. He moved restlessly in his chair.

"Poor boy!" She moved softly across the room and gently kissed his forehead.

He shuddered and sighed.

For a few moments she remained beside him, stroking his hair and talking almost below her breath. "Sleep for a little while, David—you are so tired."

David seemed to rest. Quietly she moved away, pausing to touch the paper which lay on the floor; but fearing the rustle might disturb him, she edged away. Womanlike she glanced at his desk, wondering what gift he had brought her, he to whom she owed the happiness that was hers. She looked at him again. He seemed so tired, so worn and sad. What could be ailing him? Then, gathering her full silken skirts, she walked into the hall.

She passed the bronze gates of the elevator, and remembered the day David had suggested it, so that she should not be tired before Mary was born. Dear David, how he had surrounded her with love and tenderness!

She passed on upstairs. Softly she opened the nursery door. David Junior, his curly golden hair like a halo, slept quietly. She bent and kissed his closed eyes. "Mummie," he murmured, and slept again.

Mary, her baby, lay in a white cot, the dark little head so like her father's pressed into the pillow. She did not stir at the mother's touch. Mollie stood for a few seconds, her heart raised in prayer and thankfulness for her adored babies, then she passed through the connecting door into John's room.

The six-year-old had kicked off his covers, as usual. Mollie smiled as she put out her hand to straighten them. At that moment Mary awoke and cried. Nannie, who had been her own nurse, ran through from her sitting room. She passed Mollie without seeing her in the dim light. John started up in spite of his mother's restraining hand.

"Nannie," he wailed, "Nannie, I want mummie!" He did not heed his mother's soothing "Hush!"

"Go to sleep, Johnny boy," the nurse called. "Hush, darling, I'm coming."

With a little puzzled frown Mollie soothed her eldest son; she tucked the covers round him, and almost immediately he dropped to sleep. Quietly she left the room. Her own bedroom door stood ajar, and as she reached it her maid came out, eyes red with weeping. The girl hurried away down the passage as Mollie came toward her.

Mollie went in. A wood fire blazed on the hearth, but the chaise longue on which she loved to rest had been moved away. Her toilet set lay tidily on the table, but the flowers she so loved were gone. Only a vase of white carnations stood by the framed photograph of herself.

"It must be some surprise David has planned," she said with the confidence of years of love.

Mollie looked around. Such a beautiful room it was. The wide silk-covered bed, the dainty hangings, the costly appointments—a room that knew happiness, the sacred room of a woman beloved.

For a while she gazed into the fire. She saw herself again, a silver-clad bride; saw David, his dark eyes alight, awaiting her in the dim church. Remembered the happiness of that day, the breathless rush of leave-taking, then those first hours alone with her bridegroom; the ship, the sunlit seas, white-walled towns, and over all the enfolding glory of his love.

Other visions came to her: The pride in David's eyes as he bent over their first child, cradled in her arms; then David Junior; and the joy of Mary's coming, the daughter for whom she had so longed. There was some other memory there, something she could not quite recall, something tinged with sadness. She thought a while, then looked at the clock.

It had stopped, its jeweled hands at half past five. She loved that little clock; David had bought it for her on their honeymoon. She put out her hand to it, but as she did so, the whine of a dog interrupted her.

THE door opened and Pal, her Sealyham terrier, ran in. He came toward her, his tail wagging. Then he paused and, throwing back his head, let out a piteous howl. Alarmed, she went to him, her hand outstretched. He cringed, lay quiet on the floor; then gradually, timidly, he nuzzled against the fingers he loved. She stroked his soft head and petted him, but from time to time he let out the worried cry of a dog who has something he must tell.

The deep-toned note of a clock striking eight recalled Mollie, and with a final kiss on the dog's head she ran out of the room. The house seemed strangely silent. None of the usual bustle of dinnertime, none of the home noises she knew and loved.

David was sitting just where she had left him, his eyes closed. She went over and put her hands on them.

"Guess who!" she said. Then she paused. Her fingers were wet with tears.

She bent over him. "Darling—my darling, what is the matter?" He did not speak; only the tick of a clock and the crackle of the fire broke the heavy silence.

"David!" She waited. Then his arms came up—they reached for her—those dear arms that had never failed her. She bent down to him. His arms closed over empty space.

"Oh, Mollie, Mollie!" The man's voice was anguished.

Mollie clasped her hands, fear growing. David, her David! Then she looked down. The newspaper lay where she had left it on the floor beside his chair. A few lines stood out in bold type.

The type danced before her eyes—danced a cruel saraband:

> In memory of Mollie, beloved wife and mother, who died on her birthday, one year ago today. Rest in peace.

THE END

ARE THE MOVIES

An Amazing Revelation of Hollywood Perplexities and Perils in a World Where Pictures Can Start Wars

by

KIRTLEY BASKETTE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE first time the movies played with fire, flame was fashionable. Today the world is a tinderbox. Flame is not fashionable.

Back in March, 1918, when the same world was a mass of dying but still white-hot embers, a motion-picture called My Four Years in Germany was released. It was filmed from Ambassador Gerard's book and it made out the then enemy Germans to be a pretty villainous lot.

It was a box-office smash. It made a fortune for the men who dared produce it, and it laid the financial base for one of the greatest of today's Hollywood studios—Warner Brothers.

Today rampant militarism, touchy nationalism, racial pride, and jingoistic threat-bristling dictators have set up a giant international powder keg begging for a spark to touch it off into a holocaust.

And today again the movies are playing with fire. They would much rather not. But there is nothing much they can do about it.

This may sound preposterous.

But you wouldn't think so if you could witness at close hand the case of international jitters which grips the motion-picture producers of Hollywood today.

You wouldn't think so if you could see the upraised arms of Hitler and Mussolini and other foreign rulers, censoring and controlling, in effect, the products of America's fourth largest industry.

You wouldn't think so if you could peer into the private fire-engine and hose-cart establishments of the larger Hollywood film factories, labeled Foreign Department, and see experts nervously and with infinite care trying to purge scenarios of anything which might possibly bruise the quick of a hypersensitive foreign people. And failing only too often.

A lot has happened since. The important movies of the world are still American-made. But they are international in significance—and in effect.

Every picture filmed on the studio lots of Hollywood is the concern of every civilized government in the world. And every civilized government in the world is the concern of every Hollywood producer.

The first is because governments recognize the power of the screen in molding public thought, feeling, and action. The second is because big pictures look to the foreign markets to return the profits. A million-dollar picture, or one even less costly, cannot hope to return more than its actual negative cost from the American market alone. That is why Hollywood cannot afford to incur the displeasure of foreign rulers. It would be bankrupt if it did.

Recently the master print of Marlene Dietrich's picture, The Devil Is a Woman, was burned before a representative of the Spanish government. Unless this picture was destroyed and withdrawn from its showings all over the world, Paramount, the producer, was threatened with exclusion from Spain forever.

The film had merely shown a member of the Spanish Guardia-Civil (the government police) drinking and succumbing to the lures of the siren Dietrich. But that small incident was considered a serious insult to Spain.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer planned not long ago to film The Forty Days of Musa Dagh, Turkish protests quickly relegated it to the shelf. The story pictured Turks persecuting Armenians. Turks have persecuted Armenians for centuries. That is a historical fact. Yet American movies dared not even hint at it.

One of the most piercing indictments of war ever written was Paths of Glory. It concerned an ambitious French general's brutal sacrifice of his command for his personal glory. The French government banned the book from France upon publication. Paramount bought it and produced it on the stage, with an eye to the screen. But it never reached the screen, and it never will. France objects.

Thousands of Frenchmen would probably throng to see Paths of Glory, just as thousands of Germans thronged to see All Quiet on the Western Front. They rode jam-packed in special trains across the border to see it, because All Quiet was banned in Germany.

Just the other day Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "postponed indefinitely" the production of Sinclair Lewis's novel, It Can't Happen Here, an imaginary picture of this nation in the clutches of a dictator. Two hundred thousand dollars had been spent in preparing the film. But that and hundreds of thousands more of almost certain profit were abandoned. Why? Because the United States government objected?

Not at all. The definite reasons were that Hitler and Mussolini might consider themselves insulted and foreign governmental feelings be inflamed on all sides.

The United States still guarantees freedom. But the movies cannot. Foreign rulers won't let them.

Charlie Chaplin's new picture, Modern Times, is expected to be taboo in Germany because, believe it or not, his toothbrush mustache resembles Hitler's!

Actually, Americans are the sole remaining people of any international standing whom Hollywood dares to lampoon or cast in the role of heavies without serious consequences. Most drama requires heavies, or villains. And it is the search for harmless heavies which has endowed Hollywood film magnates with mounting nervous headaches. Race, color, political setups, Fascism, Nazism, Communism, a host of other "isms," have made the fear of giving offense a Gargantuan Hollywood nightmare.

But to err is human, and serious slips are bound to creep in. Producers can only pray that they won't.

A few weeks ago Gene Fowler, one of Hollywood's ablest scenarists, engaged in writing a script concerning the Spanish-American War, received a memo from his boss. It suggested that he gloss over carefully the Spanish end of it. "What do you want me to call it?" Fowler scribbled back. "The Graustarkian-American War?"

Amusing as it sounds, however, the producer was right. If Spain were offended, fifty-six other Latin nations would be. And that would be dynamite.

Mexican-American feeling was chafed for years because Hollywood picked Mexicans for the "bad men" of its pictures. The rising tide of Mexican nationalism has blotted out that practice. Viva, Villa! was fashioned according to the dictates of sensitive Mexico City government officials, and when the famous production fiasco occurred, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bent over backward to satisfy any and all wounded Mexican prides.

Only the most remote, unorganized, almost uncivilized tribes can be draped in villains' robes by Hollywood today without treading on tender toes. Paramount picked safely upon the wild Afghan tribes beyond the Khyber to torture Gary Cooper's fingers with burning tapers in Lives of a Bengal Lancer. Had they been Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, or Japanese, Paramount would still be hearing about it.

LAYING WITH FIRE?

The newsreels, too, tread on dangerously explosive ground, often inadvertently—sometimes with a purpose. Their political power and significance were displayed only last year. Upton Sinclair, Socialistic "Epic" candidate for governor, won the Democratic nomination and seemed a cinch for the office. The studios, to a man, were against him. Then a newsreel was run off in all the theaters of the state. It showed bums, hoboes, and vagrants pouring by the thousands across California's borders. There were close-ups of shiftless faces, interviews concerning their plans to live on the manna of a share-the-wealth state. No radio address, no newspaper editorial carried the graphic power of that reel. Sinclair lost the election by a narrow margin. But for that newsreel, Socialism might have gained a foothold.

People do not hiss and boo, or cheer and clap, when the radio speaks or when they read their newspaper. But motion pictures take them to the scene of the shouting, make them one of the mob.

A labor strike is far away—until you see the rioting and sabotage, see the fighting and hear the shouts.

Hitler's storm troops are not so menacing—until they flash their iron hats and rifle barrels before your eyes. Mussolini's bombastic defis and his droning air armadas are faint—until they roar in your ears from the screen. Then they are likely to draw hisses and other demonstrations of feeling.

Japanese soldiers driving docile Chinese from their homes at the points of bayonets, European officers flaying Asiatic natives with quirts—and a hundred other world happenings made real by newsreels—are potent fans for the ready flame of world sympathy.

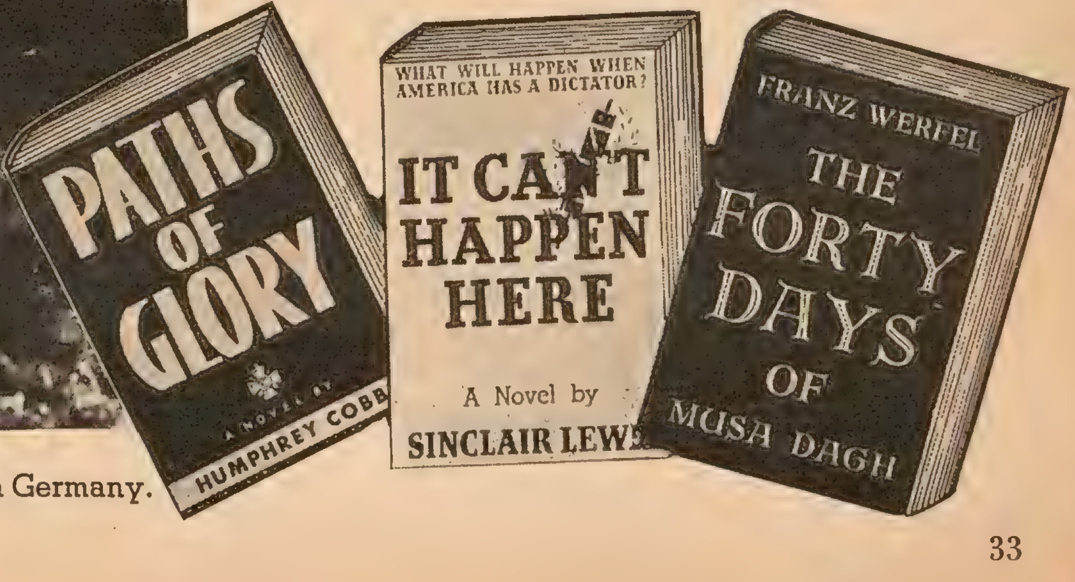
All this is why Hollywood finds itself in an increasingly ticklish spot. This is why Hollywood is playing with fire, whether it likes the idea or not; why the fuse which eventually touches off the international powder keg may some day be traced back to a strip of motion-picture film.

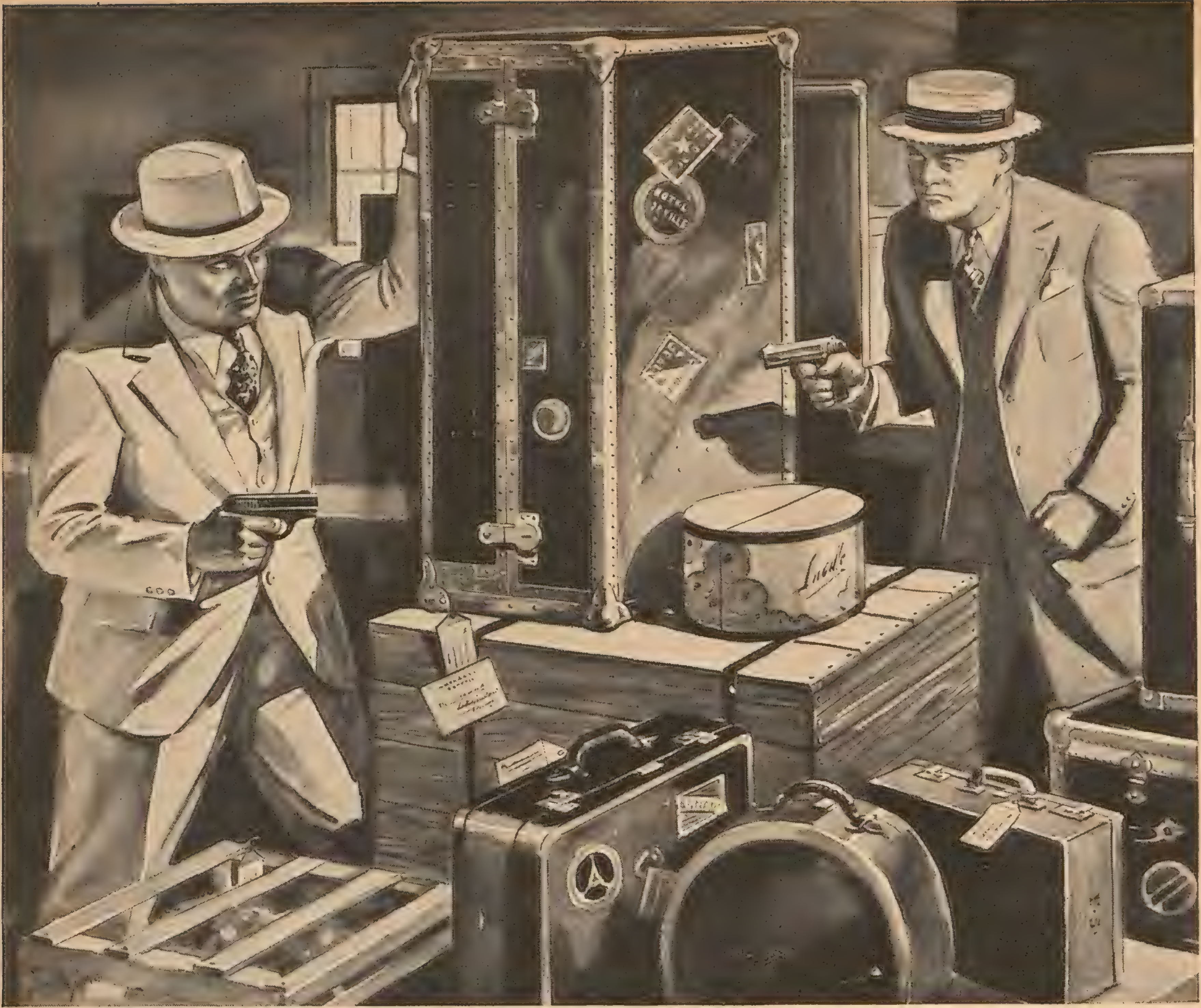
And nothing burns faster than celluloid!

THE END

Above: Dietrich in The Devil Is a Woman, which was destroyed at the demand of Spain. Left: The Nazis are touchy about that mustache of Charlie's—it looks too much like a lack of reverence for Hitler's! Below: These famous books must be withheld from the screen because foreign dictators and even democracies have objected, or might.

From All Quiet on the Western Front, banned in Germany.





They stopped dead still. Then Harry reached up and gave the trunks a terrific shove.

DEATH on the 8.06

Mystery Deepens . . . Murder Strikes Again . . . and Sudden Vengeance, Aided by a Girl, Overtakes the Secret "Five." So Ends a Hair-Raising Novel

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

by

PHILIP
WYLIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GRAVEN

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

I WASN'T taking a bath. I was working faster than a fireman. Randy could go in for goofy disguises. It was up to me to do as much—or let the man with the gun identify me as a rider on the 8.06 and thus link Randy with the crimes.

So I yanked off my dress. I snatched a bath towel to make up for my briefs. I knotted a face towel in turban fashion about my hair. Then I smeared all over my face some cream from a tube on the washstand.

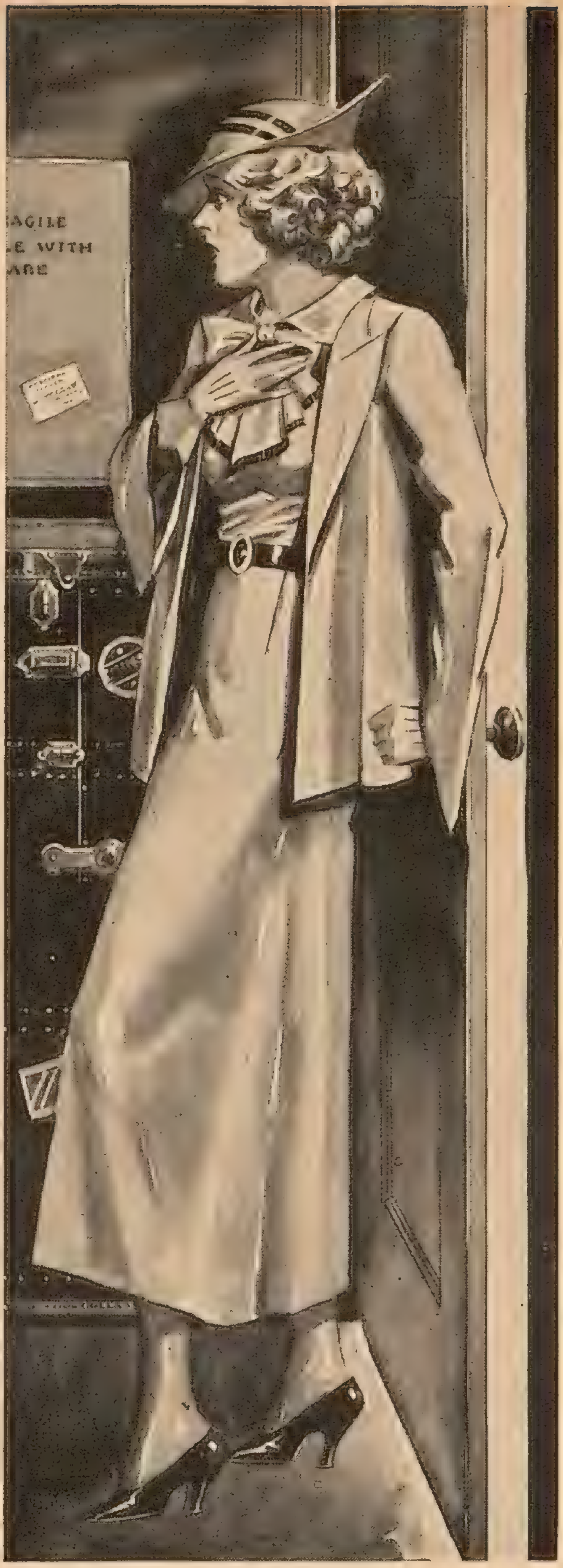
I was bending over the tub, turning faucets, when the door was kicked open.

Randy came in, his face red. In the doorway was a square-faced man with mean brown eyes. The gun in his hand was aimed at Randy's back, but his eyes were on me.

I suppose I may have blushed. I realized then the towel wasn't half big enough.

Randy looked aroused. "My wife—as I said. And I resent this. I'm Williams—Harold Williams—from Buffalo. Paints and hardware. On a vacation."

The man stared. The tub was filling and the hot water was giving off beautiful steam. I suppose I looked very much the wife of a paint-and-hardware merchant—my blonde hair hidden, my face under a thick layer of what anybody would have thought cold cream, and practically undressed.



I rushed in. I saw Randy with a gun in his hand dash around a pile of trunks.

"My mistake," said the man, finally, and backed out.

Randy followed, but was mean enough to wink at me.

I tried to close the door, but it was off one hinge. Randy was getting his orders: "Now listen, you. Sit tight. Don't try to follow me."

The man backed past the telephone and yanked out the wires. Then he waggled his gun.

Randy said, "I get you."

"O. K." He went into the hall, slamming the door.

Randy came to the bathroom door. "You'd better wipe that tooth paste off your face." He stared thoughtfully at me. "Say, do you look like that every morning?"

When I was shipshape again I came into the room. Randy had taken off his wig and was sitting on the bed.

He pulled me down beside him.

"You're a funny kid," he said. "I probably owe my life to you."

"Your life?"

"Sure. The gent who just left would have shot me dead if he had thought I was a passenger on the 8.06. He'd likely have penetrated my disguise if it hadn't been for the presence of Mrs. Williams. That was an inspiration—and a revelation."

I slapped his face.

Randy grinned. "I'd promised not to tell any one about myself. But I owe you the truth, Jan. My name's not McDonald."

That didn't surprise me much. I said nothing.

"It's Weaver. Randy Weaver. Mrs. Weaver is my mother."

I stared at him popeyed. Nobody in Bellefountain had ever guessed that Mrs. Weaver, the handsome solitary and stingy widow, had a son. Yet as I looked at him I suddenly saw a resemblance. His eyes were the same color as hers and he had a man's equivalent of her big frame. At the same instant I recalled that Mrs. Weaver had vanished. He must have seen astonishment turn to fright on my face.

"Mother's all right," he said. "It was my idea for her to disappear for a while. I know where she is, and I'm going to take you there. In fact, it's not safe to stay here longer."

I had scores of questions to ask, but Randy was gently elbowing me down the hall to the elevator.

In the cab he told me hurriedly as much as the ride allowed:

"You may be more surprised to learn that Mr. Francis was my uncle. Mother's brother. Her name is Dorothy Francis Weaver."

I sat up straight. "Then—that's why they saw so much of each other! Mr. Francis and Mrs. Weaver—your mother—brother and sister. And all the time—"

He nodded slowly. "All the time—everybody in Bellefountain thought my uncle was courting a pretty widow. They let the world think that—"

"Why?"

"Uncle didn't want the truth known. It's one of those family things that go back into forgotten years. My grandfather—their father—made a fortune in California in the early days. Stern puritanical bird. But, when he was past fifty, he shocked himself by marrying an actress. Although he was in love with her, he couldn't forget she'd been on the stage all her life. He expected to the day of his death that she'd do something unconventional. She didn't."

"It must have been fun for her," I said.

Randy went on without smiling: "They had two children: Charles and Dorothy. Charles was just like his father. A fuddy-duddy and goody-goody—even when he was twenty-one. My grandfather approved of him. Turned the management of the fortune and the estate over to him. Left my mother in his charge. Mother fell in love with an engineer named Randolph Weaver—"

"Then you're a 'Junior'—"

"I was. My Uncle Charles wouldn't let them marry. Weaver drank cocktails and swore and didn't go to church. So mother eloped. And her brother cut her off. That was almost thirty years ago. Mother and father never communicated with her brother. They went all over the world together—taking me along. I was their only child. My father built dams in China and bridges in Chile and we had a wonderful life. Only—he was the kind of person who never thinks of the future. And when he died of fever in Australia twelve years ago he left mother without a cent. She worked. So did I. Worked and went to school.

"We came back to California about ten years ago. I got a chance to put myself through school and college in Canada. She made me go. Then, one day, my uncle found out that she was in California. He sent for her. She came to Bellefountain—and he acted in his usual self-righteous manner. He didn't know about me—and told her he was glad she was childless. He said that he would furnish her with a home and an ample income as long as she was willing to keep their relationship secret. He didn't want his name sullied by connection with what he called a worthless drunken engineer. My father wasn't either drunken or worthless. He was an extraordinary guy. But Uncle Charles hated him. Mother did what he suggested—for one reason. Uncle Charles's fortune—half of it—was rightly hers. She didn't want it herself—but she wanted me to have it by all means.”

I said, “Golly!”

Randy sighed. “She's swell. It was her plan to win my uncle's confidence and affection by just being decent to him. She spent years at it. He thawed. He began to like her. From being a frozen, friendless old bird, he commenced to spend a lot of time with her. And he actually made her presents of part of the original family estate.”

I felt excited. Here, among the commonplaces of my own daily life, was a tremendous human drama, unknown, unsuspected.

“Here we are,” said Randy. The driver braked before a brownstone house—chipped, battered, shoddy. “She wouldn't go to a hotel for fear of being recognized. They won't find her here, and in the meantime I can go on trying to get at The Five.”

The front door of the house wasn't locked. There were half a dozen bells. We went up a musty-carpeted staircase without ringing. On the top floor, in the front, Randy knocked at a door. Knocking opened it.

That scared us. The door wasn't locked.

We hurried in. A large, high-ceilinged, faded room.

Mrs. Weaver lay on a day bed, her face chalky white and relaxed, a horrible wound in the back of her head. She was dead. No longer was the black bag shackled to her wrist. . . .

Randy stood looking at her, turning white. Then he unfolded a quilt made of colored patches and gently spread it over her, and whispered: “The blood—you can tell she hasn't been dead long.”

After that he walked to my side and put an arm around me. For a minute he wasn't thinking about murder and robbery. He was thinking only of his mother. “I left her when I was young,” he said slowly. “I didn't know her very well. Nobody did. Now—she's gone. And it was my idea that she disappear!”

The rest of his sorrow he buried in himself. I could never understand how men can do that.

“Maybe I'd better talk,” he said.

I nodded dumbly.

“I graduated last February from a university in Canada. Mother wanted me to win over my uncle as she had. Slowly. She thought that if he got to know me without knowing who I was, he might like me. Then we could all be reconciled.

“I'd been away from mother for ten years. School. Working summers. She hardly knew me when I arrived in New York last winter. I'd grown up. I took an apartment in Eumoria; that was the closest I dared come. I didn't like what I learned.

“Mother had been alone all those years, harboring one blazing ambition: to get for me her share of my grandfather's estate. To get it not by lawsuit—she was afraid of trying that—but by kindness. It was like her. Simple, if you wish, but sincere and damned sweet. Makes me feel something like a slacker.”

I PRESSED Randy's hand. That seemed to help him. “You know that black bag, Janet? She wanted what she considered my estate to be liquid. Property here and there, stocks—part of the estate transferred by my uncle as he became friendly with her—she'd turned everything into cash. It was all in the black bag. Day and night, year in and out. Shackled to her wrist. A hundred-odd thousand dollars. For me.” His voice dropped. “People thought she kept her handbag chained to her because she was stingy! Well, she did save—every penny she could—for me.”

He sat without speaking for a long time. I felt as if I wanted to cry; I'd been feeling that way for some time. Randy's mother had done an irrational thing—out of love for him and out of an enduring fear. Peculiar, eccentric—but what small faults compared with the wealth of her love!

“She'd seen too many banks fail,” Randy went on mechanically. Then abruptly he raised his head and looked around him. He seemed suddenly conscious of where we were, and of the physical reminder that crime had been enacted in that room.

“It might have been any one after that wealth—” he said.

I heard my voice, hollow and far away: “Yes.”

“But I think it was The Five. They must have followed her. Though they couldn't know what was in the bag. We'd better call the police.”

I nodded. I could feel my head move but not myself moving it.

“Still,” he went on, “to make mother's story public right now—”

New fear pricked through my rigid nerves. “They might think—”

“I see what you mean. I'm my mother's heir—and my uncle's. I was in Eumoria when those notes began to come through the mail. I was in that car in the dark when my uncle was strangled. I was in the baggage car when Hartman was tackled—though they don't know that. And I was—as far as I know—the only person on earth who knew my mother”—he glanced toward the form under the quilt—“was at this place.”

I shook my head. “No police until you've gone. I'll stay.”

“NO!” Randy was emphatic. “I'm not leaving you holding the bag. But I've an idea I'm the one who will catch The Five. The police would mess it up; they'd be too busy proving me guilty. We'll—”

“I could phone—”

He agreed. He had to be at liberty. He could find an answer where no one else could. We would separate. I promised to disguise my voice.

I didn't, though.

Randy had gone. I stepped into a booth at the drugstore on the corner and phoned headquarters. “Come down and see us,” invited the captain.

A little later I was telling him I'd seen Mrs. Weaver walking near Grand Central. I lied—I had to. They had to think I alone had found Mrs. Weaver's body.

“It was a few minutes of nine. Just after the 8.06 came in. She was walking fast, with that handbag I told you about. Going along Forty-second Street toward the East River. I knew, of course, she was missing. So I followed her.”

“Why, precisely?” asked the police captain.

“Because I've already been mixed up in so many of the things that have happened that I thought it the only thing to do.”

“Why didn't you call an officer?”

“She was going fast. I was afraid to lose her. She walked to Second Avenue—then down to Thirtieth—then up to Third—and finally to the brownstone house.”

“She went in?”

“She went in. I—I was pretty excited. I suppose I should have called a co—a policeman. Well, I seldom do the things I ought to. So I just waited outside for her to come out.”

“For two hours?” His voice sounded scornful.

“I didn't know it was going to be two hours. She might come out any minute—for all I knew. So I waited and watched.”

“Watched—what?”

That nearly caught me. I had a moment of panic. “Because,” I said, and just in time, “as soon as she got upstairs she put up one of the blinds. The top-floor front. I could see her pretty plain from across the street.”

He grunted. Other questions were fired at me. All the rest of my life I shall remember the agony of those hours. I lied steadily. I took dangerous chances. I told how I finally lost patience and decided to go up and speak to Mrs. Weaver. And found her dead.

The police captain and the others must have believed me, for finally they let me go. They must have thought me and my actions pretty dumb, but that was all right with me.

It was after five when I got shakily into a taxi and started for the station. I hoped the office wouldn't fire me. I was glad to have missed the 5.11. I was all in. It was enough to read about the discovery of Mrs. Weaver's body in the newspapers without trying to answer a lot of questions.

Nothing happened that night. If it had, I would have been too doggoned tired to pay much attention.

I went to the office in the morning. Saturday is a holiday for some, a half-holiday for most. I worked all day—badly. Fortunately, much of the work was filing—which is pretty automatic. Because thoughts kept popping into my head. Like what would the police say if they knew the handbag stolen from Mrs. Weaver contained a fortune.

Besides that, I was waiting for an extra that would say the body of Randolph McDonald had been discovered in a hotel room or a vacant lot or on the street somewhere.

The day lasted a thousand years.

The 5.11 was almost empty. On Saturday it stopped everywhere. Hot, stuffy, sun-warmed. I sat alone.

A gray-haired man was in front of me, slumped in his seat, reading a paper. I could just see the back of his head.

I was astonished when the old man turned around and his eyes met mine. Randy said quietly, "Walk into the vestibule for a smoke, Janet. I'll join you."

My heart was hammering. I went down the car, fumbling in my bag for a cigarette. I stood looking out the vestibule window. The gray-haired man joined me.

I said, "You shouldn't have boarded the train. They'll catch you sooner or later if you stick to me. They probably keep tabs on me."

He nodded. "I had to see—how you looked."

We were both wretched. There we were, side by side, and a million miles apart—with no better chance of getting together for an unknowable length of time. With unspeakable danger hanging over Randy. Death—the penitentiary—nobody could tell—and every hour he hid made his danger worse.

I tried to be funny: "Why in the name of sense do you wear those ridiculous disguises?"

"Suppose I do look foolish," he said. "It has to be done. One night, while I was watching my uncle's house, The Five grabbed me from behind, blindfolded me, and started to tie me up. I broke loose. I got shot in the arm and blackjacked on the nose. The shot made them abandon taking me for a ride, if that's what they planned.

"That's why I appeared on the train bandaged. After that, local police and private detectives worked steadily and secretly in an effort to track The Five. They had no luck. At times I wondered if they believed me or just thought I'd had a nightmare. I began to think the way to solve a mystery is to solve it yourself. Every man his own detective. At college I was the white-headed boy in theatricals. I suppose the kid in me liked making up."

HE grinned, then asked, "Anything else?"

"Plenty," I said. "What were you doing watching your uncle's house?"

"Duty. One evening, while my uncle was calling on mother, he told her about the threats he was getting from The Five. That was the chance mother had been waiting for. She told him she knew an ideal man for bodyguard and watchman. I'd been looking for a job in New York without luck. The idea of spending a summer guarding him against gangsters appealed to me, and it would be pleasing mother."

"Then Mr. Francis knew you were on the 8.06 that morning?" I was beginning to put one and one together.

"He wasn't easily scared, but the police had had no luck. He was leery enough to get me to ride into town in the same car with him."

I took a long deep breath. "Then—he was killed."

"I figured the gang did that because he hadn't come across after their extortion notes. I had an idea that at least one member of The Five lived in Bellefountain. Maybe I could spot him if I kept on riding the 8.06, especially if I was disguised so I wouldn't be spotted myself.

"Mother, of course, was badly frightened. She'd been standing in front of you through that tunnel—and she was sure that if the truth got out about her and my uncle and me, they'd believe she had murdered him. That was another reason for hiding. It was my only chance of finding who really did it."

I nodded. "Then the attack on Harry Hartman—"

"He'd been very kind to mother—one of her few friends in Bellefountain, in fact. And he told her The Five sent him notes too. Trying to shake him down. They're pretty cocksure. They undoubtedly figure their next victim will pay, and pay quickly. And—unless they're caught—they figure right. I wouldn't be surprised if several wealthy citizens haven't already come across and said nothing about it to any one."

I SHUDDERED a little. The thing was clear. An extortion gang. Killing Mr. Francis. Trying to kill Harry Hartman. Killing and robbing Randy's mother. Very likely they already had Randy picked to be next.

My cigarette tasted bitter. I threw it down. Randy followed suit and started to say good-by. He was going out to Bellefountain just so as to be near me, he told me, but he'd have to return immediately to New York.

"Why not take a drive with me?" I asked. Randy might be safer with me. "I feel—well, nervous."

He thought that over. "All right, Janet. I'll meet you on Maple Street near the picture house in a few minutes."

We went back to our seats.

The train finally got around to Bellefountain. I got out. So did he—at the opposite end of the car. We paid no attention to each other. He went over to the cab stand. I walked to my ramshackle roadster. Harry Hartman drove up. We chatted a moment. He was catching the 6.15 for New York. Business, he said. Not monkey business, he added. I didn't laugh.

I drove away. I picked up Randy on Maple Street. We drove along for a few blocks. He told me that he loved me and that he always would. I was tired. He took the wheel.

Then, quite suddenly, after a long pause, he spun the wheel around.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Back to the station."

His face, under his whitened hair, was alive. His blue eyes burned.

The car was gathering speed.

We raced toward the station. But, just before the last corner, he parked. He jumped out.

"Wait here," he said.

I didn't wait. Because, almost before he was out of sight, I knew what he was doing. I jumped out and ran.

The 6.15 was standing on the tracks. A few people going into town for the evening were boarding it. I saw Randy hurrying into the train. I went through it—from the rear clear to the front. But he kept ahead of me. I was puzzled as I jumped off.

The conductor was calling, "All aboard!"

Randy had beat me out of the train, and he hurried to the parking yard and stood there behind a car. The train pulled out.

Then Randy went into the station. I followed.

The waiting room was empty. The ticket windows were closed. If you didn't have a ticket for evening trains, you bought one on board. Randy had crossed the room when I came in. He didn't see me. He went to the baggage-room door.

It was apparently unlocked—because he pushed it open. As he did so I saw splintered wood along its edge—and I saw him pull a revolver from his pocket.

Somebody had jimmied open the door, and Randy was going into the baggage room after that person.

The door closed behind Randy automatically. In the baggage room there was a shot. Another—instantly. Then four or five. Then running feet. All that in a couple of seconds! I rushed in.

I saw Randy, with a gun in his hand, dash around a pile of trunks. Behind him—on the other side of the pile—was Harry Hartman. Harry also had a gun.

They stopped dead still. Neither of them saw me. Then Harry reached up and gave the trunks a terrific shove. They toppled toward Randy.

I screamed. He ducked. Harry fired.

Randy came around the falling pile of trunks, shooting. Harry ran, firing back.

There were hundreds of trunks and crates and cases. The two men ran through the labyrinth made by the freight. Harry fired again—and then, quite suddenly, Randy jumped up on a box in plain sight. He must have known that Harry had spent his last shot.

Randy came down on him before Harry could reload. They really fought then. They wrestled for the gun. They rolled on the floor. Then Randy fought clear and socked Harry proper.

Randy was standing there, staring at me and panting, when a fat cop broke through the door, yelling idiotically, "What's going on here?"

But Randy paid no attention. He kicked open Harry's coat. Under it, chained around Harry's arm, was Mrs. Weaver's black handbag.

"He was stealing it out of the checkroom," said Randy. "Without gloves." . . .

The police had been ready to pounce on henpecked Paul Simley. They found he'd done time in another state under another name. He had reformed and settled in Bellefountain.

But Harry's confession changed their plans.

The newspapers got some of it right; but Randy talked it over with Detective Johnson, and here's what I got from him.

"The whole thing," said Randy, "started as a joke. One of Harry's practical jokes. That's the worst of practical jokers—they never know where to stop. He wrote the first crude letters of extortion from The Five in that spirit. Thought he'd have some fun at the townsfolks' expense.

"In searching around for material to make the letters more impressive, he stumbled on the fact that Mr. Francis and mother were related. How? An accident, or perhaps a letter from some friend in California.

"Then the joke got out of hand—when, through chance again, one day in the bank, Harry got an idea of what was in mother's handbag. He needed money—that much, anyway.

"His first idea was to marry mother. First he'd have to get her brother out of the way. That seemed a good idea, for the Francis fortune would go to mother."

I COULD figure out most of that which followed, the papers aiding.

Harry had made one attempt on Mr. Francis's life—which Randy frustrated.

His second attempt was successful—and very clever. He sat beside Mr. Francis on Monday morning in the station restaurant and drugged his coffee. Mr. Francis fell asleep on the train.

Harry came and stood by me, telling jokes. While he talked, he pretended to lean back on his hands. Actually—in broad daylight—he tied Mr. Francis's tie around his neck and strangled him. Harry always had nerve.

Then, later, he switched off the lights and stood by the switch. Every one, of course, assumed the strangling had been done in the dark. And Harry had a dandy alibi.

He wasn't satisfied with that. The Five were blamed and hunted. He reasoned that if an attempt were made on his life also, and if he said he too had received extortion notes, it would forever clear him of all possible suspicion.

Harry was a good swimmer and diver. So he slugged himself with a monkey wrench, the next day, and plunged out the vestibule door of the 8.06.

He was safe. Mrs. Weaver was rich, would ultimately collect a fortune, and he could go to work at his leisure to collect it. Maybe she wouldn't marry him—but there were other ways: theft, con games, blackmail. He had her confidence already.

The obstacle was Randy. He knew who Randy was. Only, Randy had chased after the murderer—and disappeared.

Then he saw through Randy's disguise, spotting him as the man in the baggage car. Toughs had been hired by Harry on a *per diem* basis once before to take Randy for a ride. He set one of them on Randy's trail—which had been lost in the hotel room. Harry didn't dare go himself—the police were shadowing him, on and off.

"That wasn't the only time Randy was on the spot," Detective Johnson told me. "Twice pot shots singed his hair. He didn't tell you, because he didn't want you worrying. He took plenty of chances. And shrinks like a violet!"

I had my own opinion of Randy and the quality of his courage.

Anyway, the fact that Randy escaped death and was still hot on the trail—it worried Harry. He grew desperate. He decided to take what he could. He followed Mrs. Weaver. After killing her, he went out to Bellefountain and checked the handbag. He told his servant he was going on a business trip.

He had forgotten the baggage room would be locked on Saturday evening. But he forced the door.

His practical jokes had carried him too far.

AND that was the end of the week in which I ate excitement.

On Monday we buried Randy's mother. I said I wanted to wait a year or so before Randy and I married. He wouldn't hear of it. He said his mother wouldn't have wanted it. Besides, as he had said before, he hadn't known her very well. She was his mother—but the grief wasn't sharp. It was more like what would have been aroused by the passing of a more distant relative.

We went to Europe for a little while, after a quiet ceremony—and then came back to live in New York. Right in town. There's one thing I won't let Randy do: commute.

I let my hair grow longer, because Randy likes it that way, and I quit wearing tailored clothes, because Randy likes dresses—and expensive ones, at that. He thinks my lips are red enough without a great deal of rouge.

So—my name is different, and so is the way I look and dress, and I've changed my address—and it all happened in a few weeks, really. In a way, I still eat excitement steadily—though it's a different sort. Randy's a pretty exciting person.

That's all—except for one thing.

When the ship came in from Europe and the ship-news reporters found us, one of them asked a question that hadn't occurred to me—ever. He said, "Mr. Weaver—how did you happen to settle upon Hartman as the murderer of your mother and uncle? I can't find any mention of your reasoning in any accounts of the crime."

I was startled. I'd always taken Harry's capture for granted. I thought Randy had seen him that evening—and just guessed.

Randy grinned and pointed to me. "She told me."

I looked back at the reporters, as blank as the stupid boy's examination papers.

"Janet said," Randy explained, "that when Hartman fell into the river he was wearing gloves. It was a hot day. Nobody had gloves on. But whoever swung that wrench would have worn gloves so his fingerprints wouldn't be on it. Therefore—Hartman had hit himself. Why? To cast suspicion from himself. When the notion popped into my head, I guessed Hartman would be thinking of catching a train. So I went after him."

The reporter looked pleased. A cameraman came up and asked us to pose with our arms around each other.

That was easy!

THE END

43
SHEET METAL

Lining up for the start of last year's Soap Box Derby at Akron. Left: Maurice Bale, Jr., winner.

Kids, Here's the Soap Box Derby!— The Stirring Story of an Idea from Ohio That Is Spreading Round the World

YOUNG AMERICA ON WHEELS

by EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

On a sizzling summer day in 1933, Myron E. Scott, photographer for the Dayton Daily News, saw a number of boys racing downhill in homemade automobiles. Their faces and hands were dirty. Sweat was pouring out of them. But they were having a grand time. They didn't mind the heat. They didn't mind anything but the race; seeing which of them could pilot his machine first to the bottom of the hill.

The cars were made of orange crates, soapboxes, wash boilers, barrels, wires, string, and pieces of tin and burlap. But each had wheels, a steering apparatus, and some kind of brake. None had any pretense of an engine in it; but you don't need an engine to go downhill.

Scott was entranced. He took a lot of pictures. And he wondered why all the boys in Dayton couldn't interest themselves in this kind of sport. It would not only occupy their idle hours with something useful: it would also give them a lot of fun, acquaint them with competition, with sportsmanship, with the pride of achievement. The making of these cars, and the racing of them, might influence the boys' lives.

The editors of the News raved about the pictures; but Scott wasn't satisfied with that. He suggested to James Cox, owner of the paper and former Governor of Ohio, that the News hold a "Soap Box Derby" for the boys of Dayton, and give prizes to the winners. Cox was enthusiastic. The Derby was held. A crowd of more than 40,000 came to see the races, and cheered itself hoarse.

And so a new sport was discovered, a purely amateur sport, a modern tournament of knights for American boys, a sport of kinglets. It must not be allowed to die. The parents of the boys said that.

"Willie's got an ambition for the first time in his life," one mother told Scott. "He didn't win, but he'll win next year."

"I never saw a boy so absorbed in anything as my Jim in getting his car ready for the race," another mother said. "It was fascinating to watch him. Why, he got an education out of it! And healthy! Good lands, that boy worked hard all day, ate like a horse, and slept like a log!"

Scott was pleased but not yet satisfied. Why couldn't every boy in the United States have the same opportunities as the lads in Dayton? he asked himself. He visioned millions of boys spending their vacation hours in designing and making autos, fitting them with brakes, wheels, and all the gadgets they needed, streamlining them, painting them, decorating them, driving them in keen competition. He saw Young America learning something of automobiles, of mechanics; and enjoying itself in a wholesome way.

But how could he bring it about? He didn't know. It would take money to stage a Derby in every city and town and village in the country—a lot of money. And it would require a tremendous organization. Where could he obtain the organization and the money? Big business? What industry would be interested in mere boys, in homemade autos?

It seemed silly even to approach big business. And what could business get out of amateur sport in return for its money? Nothing at all. Business was interested only in production, sales, dividends, profits.

But Scott was determined to try anyway. The boys must have backing, and he knew a man who might possibly get it for them—his old friend C. P. Fisken of Detroit.

It was possible, he thought, he could sell him the idea of advertising products by means of the "Soap Box Derby." He went to see Fisken.

"It's a grand thing," Fisken said, "a magnificent thing, but not as an advertising medium. It would cost more money than the publicity would be worth. But don't despair. If a thing is good in itself, it sells itself. And don't let 'em kid you about big business men. You'll find them just as human as any other kind—just kids grown up. If they were motivated only by selfishness—by greed—how long would they stay in business?"

M. E. Coyle, president of a motorcar company, and W. E. Holler, vice-president, listened patiently while Scott talked. Coyle was frowning. Holler had two boys who had spent all one summer making a boat. He knew exactly what work had gone into the making of the craft, what happy dreams, what hopes. He knew the triumph his sons experienced when they took their boat for the first time on the water. He knew what it would mean to millions of boys if they had the chance to make and run a soapbox auto.

"We owe it to the boys to help them," Holler said. "We of this generation owe it to the coming generation to give it of our wisdom and our experience. It is our duty and our privilege to tie up their idle hours with the golden cord of purpose; for, before we realize it, we must pass over to them our duties, our obligations, our worries, and our responsibilities. The more we do for boys, the more we do for the United States. And what better way can we find to help boys than by giving them this Soap Box Derby?"

Coyle shook his head. "I don't like it," he said.

Scott looked crestfallen.

"This idea of advertising and publicity sickens me," the president went on. "It cheapens the whole thing. We can't capitalize in any way out of the efforts, the ambitions, the thrills, and the hopes of little boys. This is too big, too wonderful a project to commercialize."

Scott reached for his hat, but Coyle was not through talking. He turned to Holler.

"All right," he said. "Go ahead with it. Promote a Derby in every city you can. Encourage the boys. Make rules for them. Give them all the benefit of our technical knowledge. Spend as much money as you must to do the thing right, but keep our name out of it as much as you can."

So, with Holler at the head of it and Fisken in active charge, an organization was formed to do nothing but promote the Soap Box Derby.

"We'll get the newspapers to back it," Fisken said. "It'll be their Derby, not ours."

In 1934 more than thirty newspapers took over the Derby. They gave it thousands of columns of space. They enrolled more than 25,000 boys. A Derby was held in each city, and the winners were taken to Dayton for the finals. But in 1935 the final races were staged in Akron, Ohio. The Akron Beacon Journal had worked so diligently in promoting its local race, and had fought so hard for the privilege of staging the finals, that the committee in charge had to give in.

THE winners in the local Derbys were taken to the finals in special cars and in airplanes. They were treated like champions. No girl aspiring to be Miss America ever received so much attention. Nor did any high-priced racing cars ever get more care than the crude little cracker-box autos they brought with them. There is at least one instance of two boys staying awake all night to guard the auto one of them had built. They were afraid some one might steal its wheels.

Millions of people saw the local Derbys in 1934. More than 50,000 people witnessed the finals in Dayton. Last year local races were held in more than fifty cities, and the crowd at the "track" in Akron was estimated at more than 100,000.

Bob Turner, eleven years old, of Muncie, Indiana, piloting a car made of scraps, and with no bearings in the wheels—the whole thing cost him eighty-six cents—won the 1934 race with ease. He was awarded a four-year course in any college he elects to enter. He'll have to wait a long time before he's old enough to take advantage of his prize. But do you think he minds?

There were all kinds of prizes, including automobiles, cups, medals, wrist watches, baseballs, and other things. There were prizes for the fastest car, the best looking car, the best balanced car, the best upholstery, the best brakes. There were hundreds of other prizes. This year there will be one for sportsmanship.

Another Indiana boy, Maurice Bale, Jr., thirteen, won the scholarship last year—but he had a fight on his hands.

This year the finals again will be held in Akron, and it is expected there will be entrants from more than one hundred cities. Fifty thousand boys took part in elimination races last year. This year there may be more than a hundred thousand participating—if they can all find wheels. There seems to be a shortage of wheels. Even last year it was difficult to find enough of them, which explains why some boys took the wheels off the baby carriage, and others used those taken from their sisters' roller skates.

EACH boy is given a steel helmet—to protect his head in case of accident. He is made to take a pledge that he will not spend more than ten dollars on his car, and that he will do at least three fourths of the work on it. Each boy is given a set of rules by which he must abide. Each car must conform to certain maximum weights and measurements. It may be made to any design, may be fashioned of any material, may be an open or closed "job," but it must have four wheels, a capable steering rig, and adequate brakes.

Every boy has a chance to win—since it is impossible to foretell what type of car is fastest. Bob Turner's eighty-six-cent masterpiece beat many better-looking cars. And each boy can obtain from headquarters all the expert advice he wants on car building.

"We who are close to the Derby," Fisken says, "get more fun out of it than the spectators or the boys themselves, more real warm human enjoyment. If you've ever attended one of these races and seen the determination in the faces of the boys, the pride in the eyes of their parents, and the good will in the countenances of the onlookers, you'll know what I mean. And the stories we hear!

"Here's a boy who takes the rubber heel off his father's shoe and uses it for a brake. His daddy goes to work minus one heel, but he's rather pleased about it. The boy's an ingenious little cuss.

"Here's a boy who wins fifty dollars some chamber of commerce or auto dealers' association or newspaper—I forget which—put up as one of the lesser prizes. His mother is on the judges' platform when the prize is given the boy. He turns to her and shouts so fifty thousand people can hear him: 'Mom, you can buy those store teeth now!'

"Here's a boy who didn't want to take a silver cup he had won. He didn't want it because his family was starving. He couldn't bear to have that beautiful cup when they had nothing. There are so many human stories popping up every day, they keep a man young.

"But it isn't all fun. There's a very serious side to it. You see those boys lining up, waiting for the start, each one with the name of his home town painted on the hood of his car, and the name of the newspaper that is backing him, and you say to yourself, 'Young America on wheels! Rolling right!'

"The youth of today, given the right opportunities, the right training, the proper enjoyment of life, is going to prevent the spread of Communism. It is going to be as American as its forefathers.

"It's the Soap Box Derby against the soapbox orators. How can you have soapbox orators when thousands and thousands of boys are looking for soapboxes?

"The idea is so good, other countries are copying it—other democracies, that is. South Africa and Spain have had several Derbys. Canada may have a few this year.

"Some day the Soap Box Derby may reach every kid in the world. If it does, it'll be a different world from what it is now. That's something to shoot at."

They asked me in Detroit to soft-pedal the part big business has played in the Derby. But to me that's as good a story as the Derby itself.

THE END

The Prizefight That Almost Started a War

A Veteran Sports-Scribe's Colorful Memories of a One-Punch Contest Which Two Nations Couldn't Stop

by

"JIM NASIUM"

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Peter Maher

Bob Fitzsimmons

I RODE the rods into El Paso back in 1896 and picked up a temporary job on the El Paso Herald—and the world's wildest sporting orgy dropped right into my lap. It had been scheduled as a heavyweight fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher, but instead of a small fight I found myself in the middle of the makings of a fine young war.

For a period of two weeks El Paso had more thrills than the Battle of Bull Run and more color than the Grand Canyon.

The ink was scarcely dry on the signature of Dan Stuart, the promoter, when the governor of Texas issued an edict that he would not permit the fight to be held within the borders of the State of Texas. Stuart retaliated with a manifesto to the effect that the fights would be surely held " in or near El Paso "—there was Juarez, just across the river in Mexico, and there were the then Territories of New Mexico and Arizona within easy reach.

Ten days before the fight the wild and lawless camp followers of the ring in those days began to drift into El Paso. Promoters opened up new gambling halls and variety shows and staged rodeos and bullfights. Gamblers and gunmen held high carnival, and even if you won in one of these games you lost—for the wild orgies of the night were punctuated by the crash of gunfire and the dull thud of lead pipes as they descended on the noggin of some luckless individual who happened to walk out with a roll.

Peter Maher began training at Las Cruces, New Mexico. Fitzsimmons established his training quarters in Juarez, where he gave exhibitions wrestling with his pet lion, Nero. Edison's kinetoscope, the first moving-picture machine ever manufactured, was rushed through to completion especially to photograph this fight in the first motion picture ever recorded of a ring contest. This machine, it had been announced, could make " the astounding number of forty pictures a minute."

Texas Rangers were then ordered to El Paso to prevent the fight from being held. The Arizona National Guard mobilized to stop it from being held in Arizona. Mexican troops were dispatched to Juarez to prevent the fight from being moved over the border. Federal and state officials gathered in Las Cruces, New Mexico, and Delegate Tom Catron of New Mexico rushed a bill through the United States Congress barring prizefights in the territories.

Press headquarters in El Paso hummed with excitement when we received an Associated Press report that Bat Masterson was bringing one hundred Pinkerton detectives to El Paso to aid Dan Stuart in pulling off the fight in defiance of the law. It looked like civil war in the offing, and by this time we had lost all interest in the fight itself in the bigger story that surrounded it.

On February 10 Adjutant General Mabry slipped into El Paso with ten grim and well armed Texas Rangers. During the next few days others arrived under Captain McDonald. General Mabry conferred with the governor of New Mexico and then announced: " The Rangers will act on all soil in dispute between Texas and New Mexico and the United States and Mexico."

This covered the situation created by a rumor that the fight would be held on disputed territory as a means of evading the authorities.

About this time Bat Masterson arrived from Denver with his Pinkertons and a United States marshal with twelve deputies came from Santa Fe. Governor Ahumada of Chihuahua, Mexico, reached Juarez on February 12 with a detachment of Mexican cavalry. These were stationed in troops along the south shore of the Rio Grande. Colonel Parker, in command of United States troops at Fort Bliss, issued orders that no officers should leave the post after 6 P. M.

The governor of Arizona ordered companies of the Arizona National Guard to San Simon, Arizona, where one report said the fight would be held. The Tucson Citizen protested in the following language: "Of all the continental tomfoolery the Territory of Arizona has ever been guilty of, the worst is sending the Arizona militia to stop a couple of windy pugs from pummeling each other."

The town seethed with newspapermen from all over the country and with all manner of sports celebrities. One night in a saloon I met John L. Sullivan, who had been dethroned from his championship four years previously. This fight was to decide which one of the men involved would meet Jim Corbett, Sullivan's conqueror, and Sullivan was there to see it. I wanted to get a statement from him for my paper, and I asked him who he thought would win.

"Listen, son," he said. "I'm for Ireland every time. Maher'll kill that monkey with one punch—an' I kin lick 'em both with one hand tied behind me!"

Edison's kinetoscope and the lumber and canvas for the arena were loaded in boxcars that stood on a siding. The fight crowd hung around expectantly in hotels, saloons, and gambling halls until past midnight on February 13, thinking the fight might be held ahead of the scheduled date.

On the morning of February 14 it was announced that Maher had developed eye trouble, having got some alkali dust mixed up with his orbs, and the fight would be postponed for three or four days. The five preliminary bouts were canceled—but this was one fight that had its preliminaries without prearrangement. They were fought on every street corner, in the gambling halls and saloons.

In the late hours of a riotous night I grew inquisitive about a man who had been shot in the rear room of a saloon, and a fellow with hawklike features fixed me with a cold gray eye that sent a chill down into my shoes and said: "You'd better forget this, kid, if you want to keep healthy." It was Wyatt Earp, notorious gunman and Western gangster, who was there with his gun toters trying to muscle in on the fight racket and its side lines.

Texas Rangers followed Fitzsimmons in El Paso and Maher was shadowed by deputy marshals in Las Cruces. Bat Masterson and his men hung around, ready for any emergency. The town was boiling. In one faction resentment grew over the presence of the Rangers without a request from the sheriff. The El Paso city council passed a resolution condemning the governor for having sent the Rangers. El Paso was not then far enough removed from the turbulent border days to feel that it couldn't conduct its orgy to suit its own civic mind.

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On Thursday, February 20, we received a report from Galveston, Texas, that Maher and Fitzsimmons would take a steam tug with a barge in tow and go three or four miles out into the Gulf of Mexico to fight. The kinetoscope interests, it was said, were willing to pay the purse and all the expenses.

Then the following day this notice was posted at Dan Stuart's office: "Persons who desire to attend the fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher will report at these headquarters tonight at 9.45. Railroad fare for the trip will not exceed $12.00."

That night a great crowd milled around the railroad station, many carrying baskets of food and blankets. It looked like the start of a gold rush. A train stood on a siding with steam up. General Mabry with two captains and half the Ranger force boarded the train. We all feared it was a decoy that was being staged until the fighters themselves appeared. Then there was a wild scramble. And what a ride!

THE fight special reached Langtry, Texas, after a night of sleepless and riotous travel. Here it stopped, and we were directed to the Rio Grande, about one third of a mile from the town. We followed a path for about two hundred feet down the side of a cliff to a pontoon bridge.

On a sand flat on the Mexican side of the river, with high cliffs towering on either side, an arena had been hurriedly thrown up. The high cliffs proved a financial barrier to the promoter, as most of the crowd scrambled to the top of the cliffs and found free seats that overlooked the ring. But this was Mexican soil and the Texas Rangers were powerless to interfere, while we had left the Mexican soldiers miles away. This proved a soft assignment for the Rangers, who became the most enthusiastic of the spectators. Then, after all the publicity given to the "marvelous invention," Edison's kinetoscope refused to function!

And I didn't even see the fight. I had settled into a press seat at the ringside and lighted a big cigar, prepared to cover my first big assignment on the new job. Just as the gong rang to start the fight and Fitzsimmons and Maher were leaving their corners, a man sitting on a board seat directly behind me tapped me on the shoulder and asked for a light. I turned and held the lighted end of my cigar to the cheroot he had in his face, and then he engaged me in conversation—and when I turned back toward the ring again the fight was over.

Fitzsimmons had just shuffled out, feinted and ducked as Maher swung a right for his jaw, then stepped inside and sent a short right crashing to the point of the Irish Giant's chin. Maher went down as though he had been hit with an ax, rolled over once, and was counted out. All I saw was the referee counting.

The fight that the troops of a great state, two territories, and a detachment of the Mexican army had failed to stop, that had aroused a whole nation and had been the means of creating special legislation at Washington and had threatened a civil war that might have had the gutters of El Paso running red with blood, lasted just one minute and twenty-five seconds.

We had sent out reams and reams of copy describing the exciting scenes attending the prelude to the fight, but the fight itself was covered by a single paragraph.

The sports scribbler doesn't get that "color" to play with since they've streamlined and air-conditioned all sporting events. Now you cover a heavyweight championship fight in an overnight hop, and if you get one good story outside of what happens inside the ropes you're lucky.

THE END

Anthony Adverse and a Singing Princess

But Not in the Same Picture—A Famous Book Is Handsomely Screened and Miss Moore Has Adventures in a Musical-Comedy Kingdom

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ ANTHONY ADVERSE

THE PLAYERS: Fredric March, Olivia de Havilland, Donald Woods, Anita Louise, Edmund Gwenn, Claude Rains, Louis Hayward, Gale Sondergaard, Steffi Duna, Billy Mauch, Akim Tamiroff, Ralph Morgan, Henry O'Neill, Pedro de Cordoba, George E. Stone, Fritz Leiber, Luis Alberni, and others. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Story by Hervey Allen.

OUT of the almost overwhelming mountain of incidents and characters that comprise Anthony Adverse, Warners have fashioned a handsome theatric film. Selecting shrewdly and compressing the scenes, scenarist Sheridan Gibney has hewed a surprisingly lucid screen play from the mass of material at hand. And with Mervyn Le Roy's fluent direction tying the episodes into a flowing narrative, the Hervey Allen word monument comes vigorously and colorfully to the screen.

Running about twice the length of the average film, Anthony Adverse hits inevitable lapses. These, however, come not so much from any fault in the film as they do from inability of an audience to assimilate, at one long sitting, all that this intriguing full-blown tale has to offer.

Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland in a scene from Anthony Adverse.

Beautifully photographed throughout, Anthony Adverse opens with a brief dramatic sketch of the illicit love of Adverse's mother (Anita Louise) and her impetuous paramour (Louis Hayward). From there on the handsomely mounted film traces the turbulent career of Adverse and of those who crowd his way.

Fredric March in the title role, and Olivia de Havilland as Angela, his wife, give this tale depth of feeling. Their playing is pointed, fresh, and lively, and their final scenes truly poignant. Of the long cast, George E. Stone, Edmund Gwenn, Steffi Duna, Billy Mauch, Akim Tamiroff, and Luis Alberni manage to stand out. And, all in all, Anthony Adverse comes as a rich treat for the hardy moviegoer.

VITAL STATISTICS: Tony Adverse's jumbo journeys cover 495,000 words, 1,224 pages, took busted author Allen four years to confect in Bermuda squalor, have been translated into most every language. . . . Film takes Tony to America, no farther; but he may go on in a sequel, should this half tinkle the till merrily at box office. . . . Allen unconditionally O. K.'d Sheridan Gibney's scenario, which took jumbo months to fashion, came out with over half gross speaking parts, over 1,000 scenes, used 1,600 extras, required 22 people working 8 weeks in advance on Freddie March's 29 costumes. . . . Director Le Roy read A. A. three times, considered a record. . . . Six years ago Anita Louise played a kid in a F. Marcherino. Today, in this, at nineteen, she plays Freddie's maw. Tsk, tsk, how time flies! . . . Freddie March was once a bank clerk, just like Leslie Howard, except that Howard was a "clark." The Marches have become Hollywood tops in both social and intellectual life, Freddie going in for the liberal with a bang these days. . . . Useless information *par excellence:* Alma Lloyd collects auto hub caps—has 150. . . . George E. Stone, who plays Sancho, the cat man, had to spend four hours putting on the make-up that made him look feline. . . . Hank O'Neill claims to own the ninth wonder of the world—a rabbit that barks like a dog. . . . Marjorie Gateson plays 113th dowager role in pic. . . . March used three tailors, two seamstresses, four wardrobe men on set to keep pants from splitting, etc. . . . Five different countries on three different continents represented. . . . All original music done by Erich Wolfgang Korngold, who did Midsumnightdream flop. . . . Luis Alberni, who plays only excitable Italians, is really Spanish born, Barcelona Universitied. . . . Great secrecy as to pic's cost. H'm! Let's say $1,500,000 (Freddie March at $100,000) and see what happens!

★ ★ ★ THE KING STEPS OUT

THE PLAYERS: Grace Moore, Franchot Tone, Walter Connolly, Raymond Walburn, Elizabeth Risdon, Nana Bryant, Victor Jory, Frieda Inescort, Thurston Hall, Herman Bing. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. Screen play by Sidney Buchman.

AFTER the heights she touched in One Night of Love, almost any Grace Moore picture is bound to be a trifle disappointing. Still, if The King Steps Out is no cinema jewel, it remains a pleasant little excursion to one of those mythical musical-comedy kingdoms. The plot of this foamy affair—all about a young prince who steps out incognito on the night before his wedding—is hardly worth repeating. But the familiar routine is agreeably enacted and its very familiarity gives the picture a rather enjoyably placid air.

As the somewhat hoydenish Bavarian princess, Grace Moore does little but have fun. She goes to a neighboring kingdom to save her sister from a loveless marriage, and stays to snatch a prince for herself. Bouncing about with strained-for but effective cuteness, she has herself a high old time making dates with the palace guards, teasing the prince, wrecking shooting galleries, and singing with marching soldiers.

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(Continued from June 13 issue)

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(Continued on Page 45)

While Miss Moore is so happily occupied, Franchot Tone, as the becurled prince, steals the picture right from under her high C. His performance is intelligently light and admirably suited to the frivolous background that Director von Sternberg maintains throughout the picture. With Walter Connolly and Herman Bing giving generous help, The King Steps Out easily succeeds as a pretty comedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: When asked to make several retakes on a musical cow-milking scene, Grace (Toots) Moore nip-upped she could be either beautiful, sing, or milk the cow by turns, but not all in a hunk. After much fussing, sequence was relegated to cutting-room floor, and all that remains is Grace's spent emotion and a scene showing her walking out of barn with a pail of milk on her sopranic arm. Grace herself picked picture as a vehicle, having seen and loved it, when it was the light op. Cissy, on Central Europe's light-op. stage. She sings directly into mike for first time in movie history, supplanting old-time synchronized playback method, in which singer makes original recording on a disk, then fakes lip movement during action take. New device known as floating room, at $50,000 cost to build, used; product of Hollywood skillful sound engineers, and absolutely soundproof—a swell gadget for the fighting home but not for the neighbors. . . . Director von Sternberg will now take his gray sets, his flowing handle bars, his dead pan, his leather puttees, his camera-consciousness elsewhere, having washed up with Columbia. His Crime and Punishment was not too successful, folk preferring the French picture verzh. . . . Franchot Tone's not allowed to sing in this one (nor is anybody else), but he's studying opera along with Joan Tone, gal by name of Crawford, I believe. . . . Walter Connolly has a weakness for draw poker. Wanted to be a jockey when young, but rumor says a race horse peeked over his shoulder when Walter was being weighed in and fainted. "Get Connolly!" is favorite cry of Hollywood studio casters, and $3,000 a week can have him. . . . Grace Moore-ers cost about $800,000—the moore spent the merrier.

★ ★ ★ FURY

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Frank Albertson, George Walcott, Carlos Martin, Walter Brennan, Walter Abel, Edward Ellis, Belle Donovan, Victor Potel, Bruce Cabot, Howard Hickman. Directed by Fritz Lang. Story by Norman Krasna.

FURY is a serious consideration of the lynching problem. And those gripping scenes in which Director Fritz Lang shows how human beings cease to be individuals and become part of a mad mob display a frightening power. That the film slips off to an ending that loses much of its earlier punch does not prevent this courageously unvarnished document from being a compelling blast against mob rule.

In Fury, Spencer Tracy is seen as an innocent citizen who, enmeshed in a set of circumstances, is arrested as a kidnaper. Kindled by poolroom gossips and whipped to a flame when the whole town storms the jail, public feeling mounts until an attempt is made to drag Tracy from his cell. When this fails, the mob sets fire to the jail. This furious-crowd feeling is smartly captured and built to a terrific crescendo.

After this peak, which occurs early in the film, the story concerns Tracy's plan for revenge. Assumed to be dead, Tracy, working through his younger brothers, has the lynchers charged with murder. Though Fury rolls downhill for its last half, Bartlett Cormack's screen play is as lifelike an etching as the screen has yet given of America's most unsavory communal activity.

Tracy's portrait is nicely shaded, while Sylvia Sidney, opposite him, does little more than sit around and wait for the belated happy ending. Full of brilliantly played minor roles, Fury finds Frank Albertson and Walter Abel helping to make this a forceful study of group hysteria.

VITAL STATISTICS: With Fury, Producer Mankiewicz will try to elevate M-G-M's more cultural standards, sadly lacking, what with such low-brow financial successes as B'way Melody, Great Ziegfeld, Anna Karenina. . . . Most difficult feat in writing was to settle on number of lives Spencer Tracy could demand in return for his own in court. Original number was 30; later was cut down to 22, so's not to sound ridiculous and make scene sound comic. . . . Original title: Mob Rule. Changed to Fury because latter has more sex appeal. . . . There were two days of rehearsals. Then, when Director Lang said, "Cut looz!" the mob got itself infuriated and really smashed windows, furniture, and set fire. Lang has the realistic urge and can transfer it. . . . For a time Spencer Tracy was Hollywood's hottest man. Had to sit in an asbestos suit while the mob fired the prison around him and the cameras ground the flames from all angles. He lost nine pounds. Spence's first job was as a robot in the Theatre Guild's R. U. R. He'd rather read a fan letter than a good novel. Finds much helpful analysis of his work therein. He's tough but likable; not too gabby; never overdressed. . . . Sylvia Sidney's a New York girl. Independence is her strong point, yet her weakest when it comes to love and marriage. Her hardest scene in the picture was to thread a needle in one try and sew a rip in Tracy's coat. She did it perfectly, Tracy having helped her before she started by kidding her and trying to unnerve her. . . . David Tyrrell, twenty-three, of New York, has small role in this. Was discovered digging foundations for Bel Air home of Oliver Hinsdale, M-G-M talent-scout-trainer. . . . Picture cost around $350,000 and M-G-M hopes for artistic prestige out of it.

★ ★ FATAL LADY

THE PLAYERS: Mary Ellis, Walter Pidgeon, John Halliday, Ruth Donnelly, Alan Mowbray, Guy Bates Post, Samuel B. Hinds, Norman Foster, Edgar Kennedy, Jean Rouverol, Albert Conti. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Story by Harry Segall.

THE title Fatal Lady is certainly no bit of movie overstatement. For in this combination murder play and musical the lovely Mary Ellis is seen as an opera star whose charms lead three men to mystery-shrouded deaths. About this time, curious Walter Pidgeon decides to feign being in love with the lethal Miss Ellis in an attempt to discover just how her other suitors were killed.

The sleuthing side of Fatal Lady is capably assembled and, as it turns out, logically motivated. There are many moments of fair suspense and the denouement should surprise amateur detectives. But the source of the film's appeal is not in its deadlier phases. For it is when the picture is showing such beguiling scenes as the opera company's rehearsal on board train—scenes which have nothing to do with the killings—that Fatal Lady becomes entrancing film fare.

Unfortunately, there aren't a great deal of these lilting interludes.

VITAL STATISTICS: Among atmospherians, Director Ed Ludwig found Gaston Glass, old-time leading man to Sarah Bernhardt, later star of F. Hurst's Humoresque, and assigned him to small uncredited role which will buy butter and maybe help Gas come back—not to romantics but to characterics. . . . Alan Mowbray's been more dukes than you can shake a queen at, and tries hard to live down first screen role he ever played: God's Gift to Women. Otherwise he's normal. . . . Mary Ellis has yet to make a successful picture. Was born in New York, but has gone very English from living in Sussex; has just been exed from husband-actor Basil Sydney; wins tomato prizes at Sussex fairs; raises and serves green corn in England, something not usually "done." She's made eighteen Atlantic crossings; makes a fine beafsteak pie; sang opposite Caruso. . . . Walter Pidgeon might have been a banker when he retired from the stage a few years ago, hadn't he met Fred Astaire at a party and got himself urged to keep miming. He hasn't been flying high since, but this part may help him take off. . . . Russ Powell weighs 300, usually plays excessive sheriffs, pork bankers, waddling innkeepers, but actually started in opera and has preserved the original voice in the fat. . . . There's kin of Valentino hidden in this: brother Alberto. . . . Edgar Kennedy, comedy-teamed with Ruth Donnelly, had to do his slow burn without wiggling his bald head, the slightest movement shimmering the high lights on his billiard top like a calm sea in the sunset and spoiling (blurring) the take. . . . Irene Franklin's the same old redhead your mother listened to doing 1919 hot songs, and she's trying to get along too. . . . Walter Wanger buys screen stories the way you pick parlays: he inserts a fork in a mess of MSS.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Show Boat, The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood.

★★★—The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, Under Two Flags, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, The Great Ziegfeld, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 21

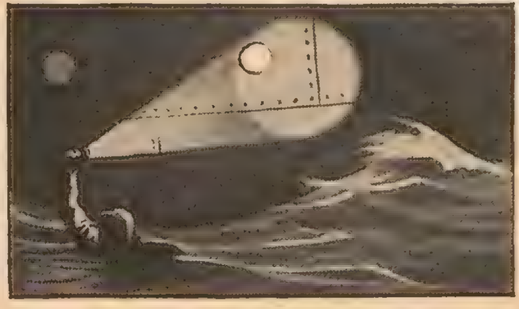
1—Steve Brodie.
2—1 Corinthians 11: 14—" . . . if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him."
3—The sewing machine. Howe was born July 9, 1819.
4—There is a Columbus in each of the states listed.
5—Indigestion and nervous disorders.
6—John Tyler, with fourteen children as the result of two marriages, and William Henry Harrison, with ten children. Both Presidents were born in the same county in Virginia.
7—Butter.
8—Fred Allen, the radio comedian.
9—One nonillion.
10—Numbers 2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12.
11—Yes.
12—Bamboos.
13—Jenny Lind.
14—Brooklyn.
15—A serviette.
16—Earl Sande.
17—Five per cent.
18—No.
19—A nautch girl.
20—

Thos A Edison

30 Minutes with Davy Jones . . . And Back to Life Again

Swept Overboard in Midnight Monsoon, Frank Dryden Cheats the Sea

Frank Dryden, who battled Death, and WON!



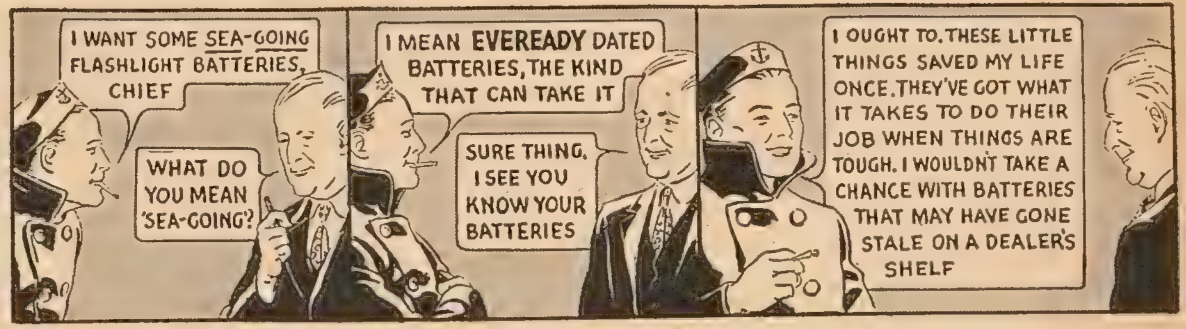
"It's almost midnight," writes Frank Dryden. "A terrific wave comes over and sweeps me with it over the side. I freeze to the flashlight I'm holding, but I'm dressed for heavy weather. Oil-skins and sea-boots are pulling me under. To get out of them I have to hold the light under water. If it goes out, so will I. But I have to take that chance . . . Then the whistle blows . . . They can see my light!

"For 30 minutes I fight to stay afloat . . . Every minute I expect my light to go out . . . a shark to devour me. Then the ship manoeuvres alongside. It's too rough to launch a boat . . . they throw me a line . . . somehow I get it around me. Once on deck I check out, and my shipmates tell me they have to pry that flashlight out of my fingers . . . And by the way, it was still burning. After months of daily shipboard use, those Eveready batteries had the strength to see me through. Because they were *fresh* when the mate bought them, I am able to give you my story today."

No 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO. Inc.
SEPT. 1936
FOR BEST RESULTS PUT IN SERVICE BEFORE

EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

Once More the DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE


I WANT SOME SEA-GOING FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES, CHIEF
WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'SEA-GOING'?
I MEAN EVEREADY DATED BATTERIES, THE KIND THAT CAN TAKE IT
SURE THING. I SEE YOU KNOW YOUR BATTERIES
I OUGHT TO. THESE LITTLE THINGS SAVED MY LIFE ONCE. THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO DO THEIR JOB WHEN THINGS ARE TOUGH. I WOULDN'T TAKE A CHANCE WITH BATTERIES THAT MAY HAVE GONE STALE ON A DEALER'S SHELF

Additional Winners Liberty's $2,000 International Geography Game

(Continued from Page 44)

Edgar M. Murney, Clinton, Iowa; Ella V. Murphy, Utica, N. Y.; Herbert S. Murphy, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

Emma C. Nagy, West Grantwood, N. J.; June L. Nelson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Richard H. Nelson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Ida M. Obmascher, Madison, Wis.; Patrick Henry O'Kea, Sylvester, Tex.; Hazel B. Otto, Madison, Wis.; Walter Paepke, Milwaukee, Wis.; Roy A. Palmquist, Omaha, Neb.; Jane Parker, Alameda, Calif.; Mabel F. Parmenter, Boston, Mass.; E. G. Parmley, St. Louis, Mo.; I. Jolie Patterson, San Francisco, Calif.; Alta R. Peterson, Roseburg, Ore.; Mrs. Anna Pfaff, Bronx, N. Y.; J. Edna Phelps, Norfolk, Va.; Ellen Pinske, Bayard, Neb.; H. R. Preiss, Lansing, Mich.; Constance Purvey, Dearborn, Mich.; E. J. Raftery, Queens Village, N. Y.; Mrs. Florence Rhine, Oak Lawn, Ill.; Bob Robinson, Jr., Lima, Ohio; Opal Robinson, Memphis, Tenn.; John Ross, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; F. C. Sagendorf, Umatilla, Fla.; Ramona M. Santmier, Woonsocket, R. I.; Crystal D. Saxton, Springfield, Mo.; Herbert S. Schenker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. F. M. Scheurell, Manitowoc, Wis.; Albert Schiff, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Wilmer B. Sepp, Independence, Kan.; Grace Serritella, Chicago, Ill.; Helen F. Shafer, Amery, Wis.; Ira B. Shaykin, Lewistown, Pa.; Mrs. M. Sherrod, San Francisco, Calif.; H. J. Simmons, Washington, D. C.; Dean Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.; Evelyn Smith, South Bend, Ind.; Elida Sonstrud, Bemidji, Minn.; Robert E. Spaulding, St. Albans, Vt.; H. A. Stambaugh, Seattle, Wash.; F. E. Steward, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. Lutie J. Stewart, Hinckley, Ill.; Mary Stiner, Houston, Tex.; Richard W. Strahan, Dayton, Ohio; Sue L. Strauss, Manhattan, Kan.; Lucy Sullivan, Washington, D. C.; Mary E. Terrell, Denver, Colo.; C. M. Thomas, San Francisco, Calif.; Rosser Thomas, Jr., Houston, Tex.; Harry Tritt, Cumberland, Md.; Helen L. Vandewater, Hackensack, N. J.; Vance G. Vasbinder, Alliance, Ohio; Mrs. Ruth Vosburg, Detroit, Mich.; Genevieve M. Wagner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas J. Walsh, New York, N. Y.; Harriett B. Weaver, Oak Park, Ill.; Harry White, Nashville, Tenn.; Viola Wildermuth, Washington, D. C.; Ruth A. Willhauck, Baltimore, Md., H. D. Winstead, Jackson, Miss.; Pearl N. Wise, Attica, N. Y.; Jean Wiser, Goldfield, Iowa; M. Witte, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. F. Woitel, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. A. Wolever, Newport News, Va.; Robert Wood, Los Angeles, Calif.; Charles Wootan, New Orleans, La.; Gladys E. Wright, Asbury Park, N. J.; Catherine Zappa, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Marlin Zeigler, Harrisburg, Pa.; Bernice Zumwalt, Eureka, Calif.; John W. Zweifel, Mayville, Wis.

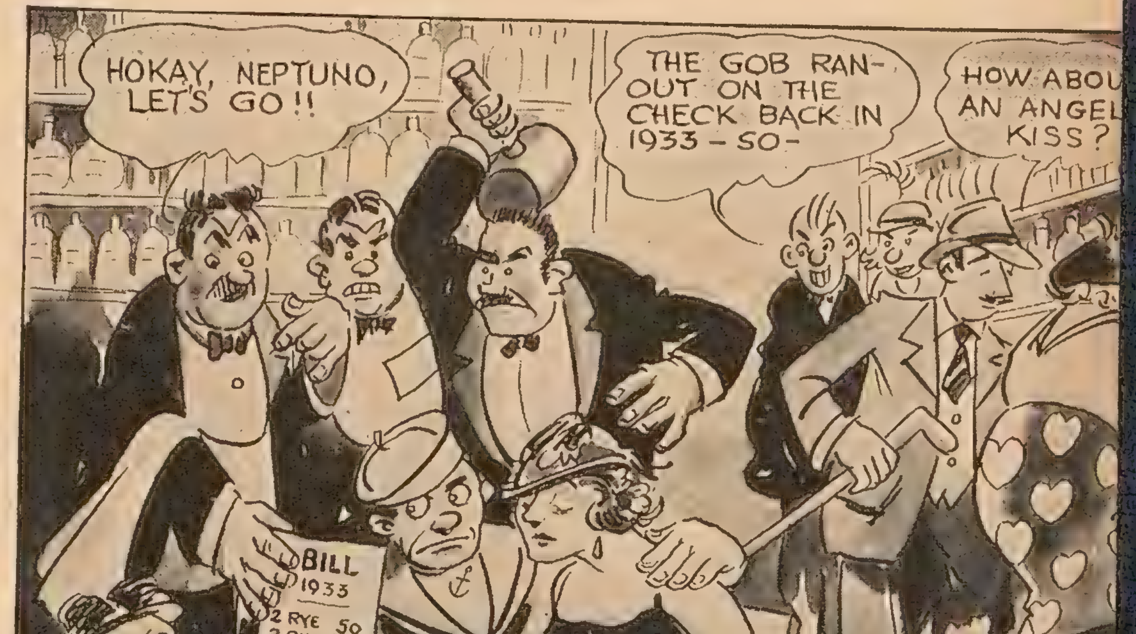
Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

An Evening Royal for Ginger and an Evening Ruined for Socko

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 54 SECONDS



Hollywood, Califilmia.

Socko O'Brien,
The Cuban Sports Club,
Havana, Cuba.

Dear Socko:

While my stockings are drying over the drug store toaster, I'll let you know how things are going in the land of the spree and the home of the rave.

I suppose, by the time this efusion reaches your battered pan, youll be quilted down and grabbing your groceries through a glass tube. I know that guy Suicide Salvidore—the sock pedlar youre slated to mingle with. His *reel* name is One Round Monahan and does that baby spread them on the canvass.

Listen, simple, in my last letter I told you that Jack Dawson and I had gotten our first job hoofing in a Glendale night club, remember? Well, did we go over, or did we go over?

Yes, and heres the yell. When we first got the job the manager requested I appear in some sort of a novel costume. That meant that Jack had to dig up a soup and fish and I had to aquire an ulltra-alluring creation that would knock those Hollywood footlight frails for a row of Minnesota mop-mary's. Swell! And us with a buck-eighty between the two of us!

Well, Jack went to Mr. Watson, our landlord, and unloaded his troubles.

"Do you mean to impart," inquired Mr. Watson, placing his glass-less monicle in his lamp and striking a portly pose, "that such a thing as a *costume* stands between you and grandiose atainment? How prepostrous! My dear sir, when I was barnstorming at your age the matter of arogating a costume was of minor import. We *took* our habilaiments where we found them. The play *had* to go on regardless of discrepensies. And *that* my dear young man is the axiom you should follow during your theatrical career."

"He means," butted in Mr. Twist,—who happens to be Mr. Watsons lawyer—"that in case youre *stuck* for a coat. kelly, or shiversheet, you should give the lunch-hook a work-out and cop a quick sneak with *any eggs* scenery. Savvy?"

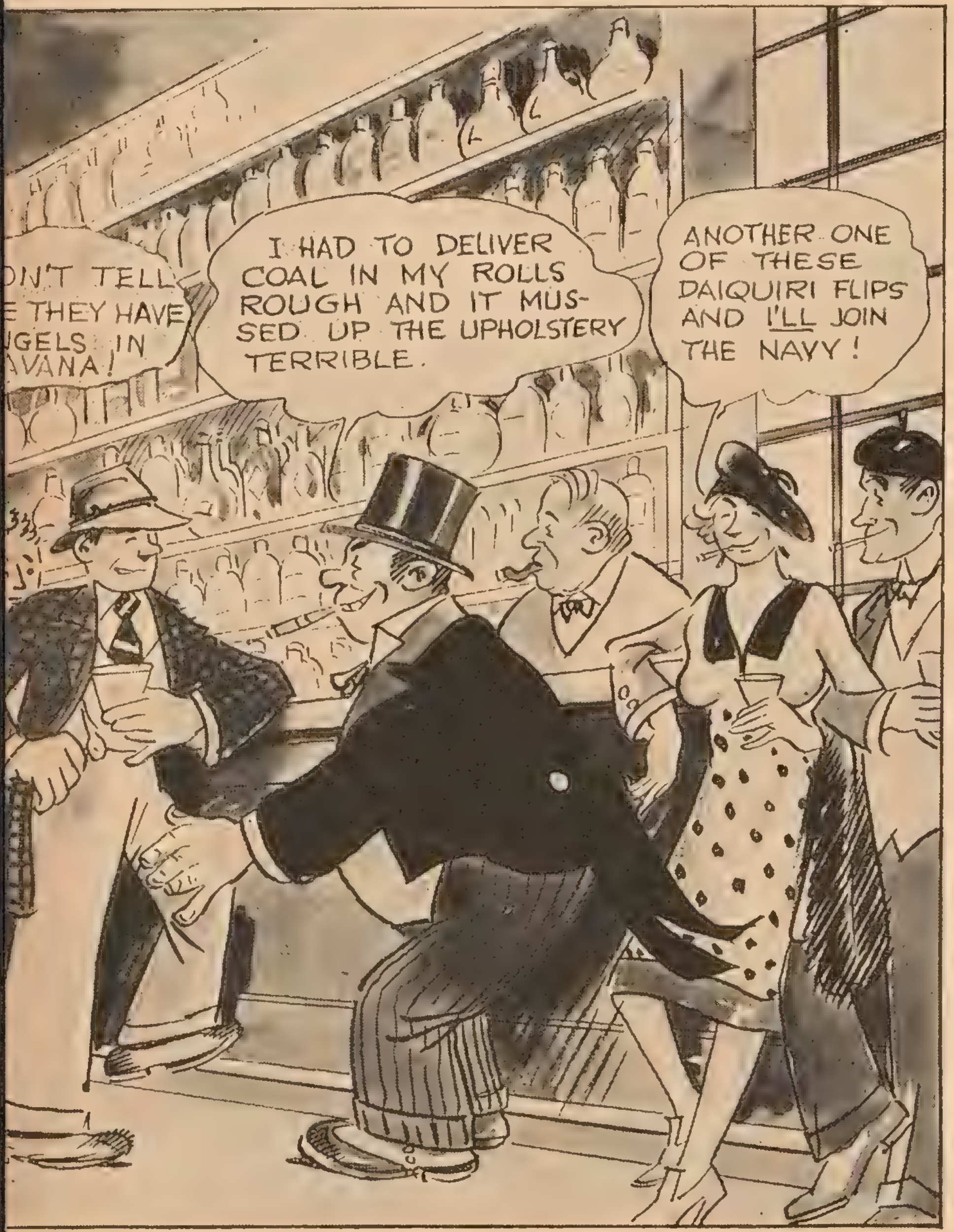
The arguement finally ended by Mr. Watson stashing his wifes onyx ticker in Mr. Ginsbergs camphor. The result was, Mr. Twist caught the ticket and Jack grabbed a swell Park Avenue claw-hammer—from an undertaker.

As for me, I borrow a perfeckly stunning red satin creation trimmed with chrystal beads and a huge fox collar from a pal who runs the prop department of a studio.

After our ballroom number was over, we closed the show with an original skit we called The Dance of the Wet Wash. We zoomed on the floor disgised as *two cellofhane clothes poles*. Tied to our necks was a clothes line with an aray of stockings and niftie nighties pinned to it. The pay-off was, Jack and I *made* our costumes from six rolls of cellofhane we grabbed in the 5 & 10.

To celebrate our unexpected success, Jack took me to The White Spot in Hollywood. And who do you think sat next to us? None other than Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery and the beautiful Maizie Metcalf. Was I thrilled!

Later, after the stars had left, Jack suggested that we hop a bus and take a moonlight ride to Santa Monnica before going home. Well, just as I reached the curb, my foot kicked something soft. On looking down, I picked up a small shammy bag which I recognized as the bag Maizie had wrapped in a lace hankerchief. After opening it, I found it contained a large dimond solitare—the size of a service plate—two dinner rings studded with saphires, a large cresent and two georgeous pendant earrings. Honest, you could of knocked me over with a shovel, I was that surprized. As it was nearly 3:30 ayem, we decided we'd let the matter drop till morning.


N'T TELL
E THEY HAVE
GELS IN
VANA!
I HAD TO DELIVER COAL IN MY ROLLS ROUGH AND IT MUSSED UP THE UPHOLSTERY TERRIBLE.
ANOTHER ONE OF THESE DAIQUIRI FLIPS AND I'LL JOIN THE NAVY!

And that, Socko, is all the glad tidings from this end. In my next letter I'll let you know what happens after I return the ice. Maybe I'll grab a swell reward.

Cheerio, GINGER.

The Havana Hospital,
Havana, Cuba.

Dear Ginger:

They just took the pot roast off my left lamp so I could see to toss you a line. As for the other peeper, thats closed for a weak.

Now listen, theys no use you putting on the squark about my loosing the fight because I did my best! After all, how could you expect me to *win* when my manager teams me up with a mug whats a cross between Franckenstein and Man Mountain Dean. Here, heres the dope on what happened:—

Me, feeling very sure I could slap Suicide over when we got to Havana, I didnt bother doing any training aboard ship. I figured I could wing him off with as little effort as needs be. So, when we docked, instead of me barging over to the fight-club for a workout, I dropped into Sloppy Joes bar to see what the joint looked like. Well, kid, while I was busy pollishing my instep, who blows in but an old pal of mine by the name of Henessy who used to drive an ash truck. Henessy, by-the-way, made a fortune playing the market in 1929 and lost it playing the nags. Anyhoo, he insisted I should have one of Sloppys bac-car-dies for old time sake. Well, one word borreyed another and before long we was kicking the gong around. He told me all about hisself and said how tough it was *stepping down* after having all that sugar. He said things got so bad he had to deliver coal in his Rolls Rough which made him terrible mad because the upholestry got all mussed up.

After that crack, I barged over to the National Sports Club and got ready for the bloodshed. I no sooner stepped in the ring than who blows in but my manager.

"Listen, Socko," he says, with a sourcastical grin, "we'll have seven thousand fish in the old kick after this bout."

"How's that?" I asks, shielding my trap so he wouldnt get a whiff of the boose. "I thought our share of the loot was only two grand?"

"Thats right," he says, "but I laid *another fifteen hundred* slugs at two to one youd knock One Round Monohan for a row of Cuban cabanyas."

"Monahan?" I asks. "I thought I was going to fight some guy by the name of Salvidore?"

"Thats coorect," he hurls back. "He's one and the same thing, but the Boxing Commission made him *change his name* for killing three heavyweights."

Now aint that a lovely load of gargonzula and me sporting a hangover.

I was just about to paste him through the ropes when clang goes the gong and the bloodshed was on.

Without anouncing himself, Monahan flies out of his corner and comes at me with the full intention of broadcasting my pan all over the arena. For some fool reason I met this burst of shivelery with a wickid right to his beak and a short left to his chain store. For a instant he was out to lunch. A moment later, his seconds hollered: "Unhook that haymaker, Monahan, and rock him to sleep!"

They had no sooner got the words out of their trap than the big ulcer lets go a left and a right that must have started two days ago. The left, I very carlessly blocked with my eye and the right caught me on the snoot and floored me.

The next thing I knowed, I'm reclining on the floor inspecting the tacks while the referee is hollering: "Seven—get up you punk!—Eight—whata tramp!—"

At the mention of nine I sprang to my feet for the sole purpose of murdering him. Just when I had his chin measured for my World Famous Right, he let's go a roundhouse that somehow caught me on the noggin and ruined the evening. And thats all I remember.

When I came too, two days later, the nurse hands me a note from my manager what read:—

"As a scrapper, you couldnt fight your way out of bed. You not only *lost* the *fight*, and the *purse*, but you *lost* the *fifteen hundred* I bet on you which was YOUR dough."

So you see, Ginger, it wasnt the bac-car-dies that ruined me, it was the switching of Monahan.

So long, toots, I'll write you all about Havana just as soon as they spring me from this bandage trap.

Your old sell mate,

SOCKO.

P.S.

It seems to me you and that Dawson egg is getting pretty clubby, hey?

Further chatty correspondence between Socko and Ginger will appear in an early issue.

LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur artists and writers. There is a genuine satisfaction in reading in your letters that you appreciate what Liberty Magazine is doing for all of you who have never had a chance. You have said it in so many ways in poems and by a word here and there along with your contributions.

It is gratifying to know that this page is appreciated. We only hope that out of its columns some one will step who will be able to go on from here and carve a career for himself in writing or drawing.

Some of you need only this first bit of encouragement, I know. You will continue to work and to step nearer and nearer to a regular place between magazine covers—or on the covers themselves. Keep trying. The world is yours.

Major Edward Bowes

You not only possess talent, Bruce W. Estabrooke of Hyde Park, Massachusetts—but fine courage. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind but that you will be among the well known authors some day. Good luck!

SHE LOVED A MAN

At six thirty Janet began to set the dinner table, her skillful fingers arranging and rearranging the silver, smoothing the snowy cloth, placing the roses, for everything just had to be perfect tonight—the eve of their first wedding anniversary. Her task ended, she darkened the room, switched on the radio in the living room, and settled down to read.

The clock chimed seven; seven thirty. Janet's pretty forehead creased into an anxious frown. He had never been this late before. Two hours late! What could be the matter? The roast would be ruined. Why didn't he phone? An accident? Perhaps she had better call his office—or the hospital. Visions of auto crashes, broken bones, screaming, smashed bodies. . . .

She walked to the window, stared unseeing into the night. Why, it must be almost nine o'clock!

Just ten minutes had passed!

She turned to the radio, twisted the dial aimlessly, nervously; paled as the stilted voice of an announcer knifed its message into her consciousness:

"News flash! We interrupt this program in order to make an important announcement. Three persons were injured in a Tremont Street bank holdup. Tom Dane, bank clerk, was killed by the two daring bandits who escaped with . . ."

The voice blurred into a meaningless drone. Tom dead! No! Oh, no! There must be some mistake. She dropped into the velvet softness of a huge chair, leaned back, closed her eyes. . . .

She had been just one of the many cheering spectators at the annual Harvard-Yale football classic. Tom was one of the hopeful substitutes. Then his chance had come, and with blazing, admiring eyes Janet had watched him blast his way through the Yale lines and tear down the field to score the winning touchdown.

Meeting him was easy.

Then came dances, parties, moonlit nights, until finally:

"You do love me, don't you, Janet?"

They stood on the lawn in the shadow of the fraternity house. She remembered how the moonlight threw lovely fantastic shadows on the grass; how she had wanted him to take her in his arms.

"I'm going right into the bank after graduation. It's a good job and I'll make you happy, dear." And his strong arms had held her, crushed her; eager lips had fiercely kissed . . . Now he was dead—dead!

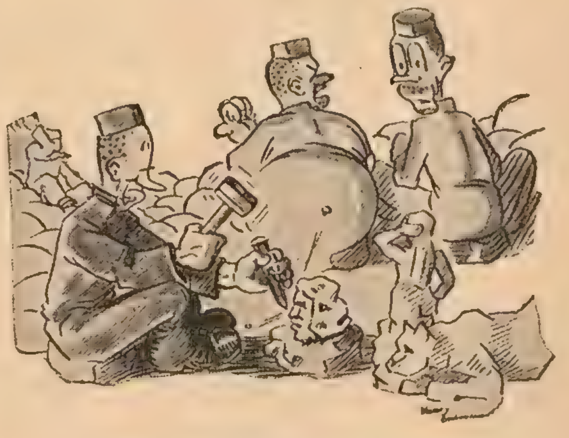
She stifled a sob. Then the slam of the apartment door, the thud of hurrying footsteps aroused her from her reverie, and Janet—who might have been a sorrowing widow—smiled at her husband and said:

"I thought you'd never come, Wendal. Were you on a case?"

How satisfying to be married to Dr. Wendal Farrel! He was never in danger. Poor Tom.

She lifted her lips to Wendal's . . . smiled.

From the pen of a very clever artist, from the brain of a keen mind with an adroit wit, comes this cartoon. Henry Anderson of Omaha, Nebraska, is the artist.



"'E says 'e does it that way to add dignity to 'is woik."

There is a great deal of cynicism in the verses submitted by Lea Lyons of Birmingham, Alabama, but they have rhythm and subtle charm.

TIRED OF ME

The dress that I wore was scarlet
And proudly shiny-new;
But you exclaimed in high disdain,
"Why did you not wear blue?"

My hair was all a-tossing wild
That day we climbed the peak.
You startled me when you inquired,
"Aw, can't you keep it sleek?"

Now your firm step along the path
Where my white roses grow
Is late. But greater horror yet:
It's grown so slow—so slow. . . .

The scarlet dress, my tousled hair
That once your gay heart fir'd,
Tell, without your reluctant step,
My dear, that you've grown tired.

The humorous reaction of an ex-soldier—in three descriptive words—is submitted by Gretchen F. Bremermann of Los Angeles, California.

This is a postwar short short:

The doughboy had just landed in New York from two years' service overseas, and wired his mother:

"Deloused, demobilized, delighted."

"The enclosed is a short poem which I believe applicable in a lot of offices, don't you?" So writes Edward Brill of Montreal, Quebec. And I am inclined to agree—for, you see, I, too, am a "boss."

COME, COME, BOSSY

Every time the boss goes out,
The men I work with play about.
They laugh and loaf and fool and stall,
And don't do any work at all.

I think it is a shame the way
They leave their work and go and play.
The reason that I get so cross
Is this—you see, I am the boss!

Karl Haffner of New York City sends in his second contribution and wants to be a writer, because "you can make a living sitting down."

His style follows the Song of Solomon, and his words are wise, too. Yea, verily!

IT GOES 'ROUND AND AROUND

The Mother said unto her Daughter:

"Verily I say unto thee—Beware of Men—old men, young men, fat men, thin men—all men. Thou art comely. Men will plague thee and pester thee, yea, even flatter thee until they possess thee. Love is a pain —Love is a burden—yea, verily."

The Father said unto his Son:

"Verily I say unto thee—Beware of Women—for thou art well put together and not bad to look upon. Women will pursue thee and waylay thee. They will use all their wiles and whimseys to ensnare and entrap thee. Be on thy guard, for while the cooing may end, the billing will go on forevermore—yea, verily."

The Son and the Daughter met. They fell in love.

Said the Youth to the Maiden:

"Our love is the greatest of all loves. We will wed and be very happy forevermore. What can an old man like my father know of a great love such as ours? Why, he's over forty! Yea, verily."

Said the Maiden to the Youth:

"Oh, my beloved, you are so different from other men—not forever making passes at a girl or mauling or pawing. What can an old woman like my mother know of so divine a love as ours? Why, she's nearly forty! Yea, verily."

They were married—yea, verily.

Years later:

The youth tells his son exactly what his father told him—yea, verily.

The maiden tells her daughter just what her mother told her—yea, verily.

William Dwyer of Trenton, New Jersey, contributes some facetious comments on the ladies.

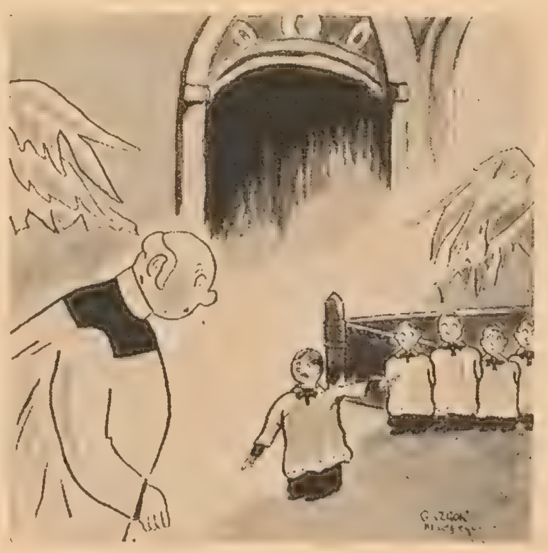
Women are like shoestrings: you have to keep them tied or they'll trip you up.

Some girls I know have smiles as disarming as a peace conference.

Doran Henry—twenty-two years old—of Fort Payne, Alabama, is seeking a fortune in Florida. He is satisfying his yearnings to write by entering seventeen quips in this contest! Here is one of the best:

Some politicians seem to make money grow on trees. They do a lot of grafting.

Twenty-two-year-old Gregor Mac Gregor of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, submits his drawing and states that, although he has submitted sketches to magazines for two years without "getting a tumble," he is going to "stick to drawing." A fine spirit, Gregor!

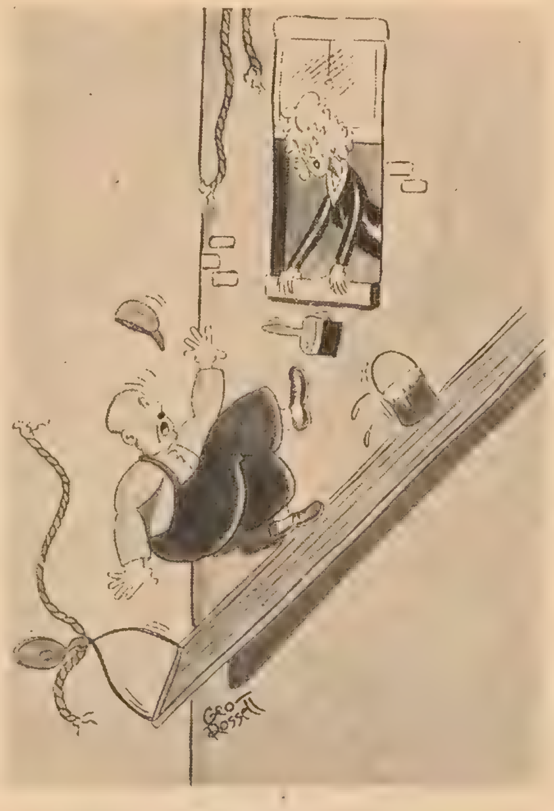


"They want your permission to go on Major Bowes's Amateur Hour as the St. Mark's Hillbillies."

"Just a little limerick with a lot of hope," explains fully the contribution of Frank H. Tumblinson of Eddystone, Pennsylvania.

This comes from a man—who is me—
Four years to the month, job free.
I'd feel like a banker
Whose safe was a "tanker,"
If a "buck" once again I could see.

A really comic cartoon is the amusing entry of George Rossell of Glendale, Long Island.



"Hey! Come back here, you, and finish your painting!"

With this shortest short story, in which is injected some subtle wit, Nola Akard of South Boise, Idaho, makes her bid for recognition. She found it in the FOR SALE OR TRADE column of a Boise newspaper.

WILL TRADE a thoroughbred Pekingese dog for a baby carriage in good condition.

Here's a snappy quip from Whipple, Arizona. George B. Stack sends it in.

In others it's conceit. In ourselves it's self-confidence.

HONORABLE MENTION

Honorable mention this week goes to the following short-story writers: H. O. Austin, U.S.S. Mallard, Coco Solo, Canal Zone; Ruth F. Davis, Clarksburg, West Virginia; Willi Dare Ross, San Francisco, California; Nell Kilpatrick, Thibodaux, Louisiana; and Vincent Marshall, San Francisco, California. The following poets are also nominated: Mary Parker, Spokane, Washington; Sammy Arena, Elizabeth, New Jersey; Gail D. Bernet, Port Arthur, Texas; Warren L. Hyde, Middletown, Connecticut; and to Edwin R. Parks, Watertown, Connecticut, for his cartoon.

PRIZE WINNERS, MAY 9

Neil T. Regan, Astoria, New York, led the voting for May 9 and wins the first prize of $25 for his short story. For his clever quips, Earl J. Blanchard, Miami, Florida, received enough votes to entitle him to the $10 second prize. The third prizes of $5 each go to Robert Wright, Norwood, Pennsylvania, young cartoonist; Jesse Harold Day, Portland, Oregon, short-story writer; and Mrs. Jeanne Austin Woolf, Perry, Missouri, poetess. Congratulations to all of you!

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

PLAGIARISM: Copying is called plagiarism, and plagiarism is literary theft. Any one submitting a plagiarized article through the mails and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor is guilty of the federal offense of using the mails to defraud.

Liberty's Amateur Contest begins anew each week, with similar prizes and awards.

PRIZES: Each amateur whose work appears on these pages will receive $5.

KEEP CARBON COPIES: Liberty will not return rejected material, nor can the editors enter into correspondence regarding contributions.

Liberty acquires rights of all kinds in all material published on these pages.

VOTERS!

ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Vox Pop

Comments on Mr. Macfadden's "War! War!"

DETROIT, MICH.—At last some one has come to see the utterly defenseless United States as it really is today. Bernarr Macfadden should be highly commended for his outstanding editorial in Liberty of May 16, 1936.

If something isn't done before long to put patriotism back in our daily lives, I doubt very much if the American flag of 1950 will have thirteen stripes and forty-eight stars. On the contrary, it might have a big rising sun in the center of it, or any design other than it has at the present.—*Charles W. Pease.*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—It has been my impression that Mr. Bernarr Macfadden is an intelligent, capable, and broad-minded man. I am unable to understand what ever led him to write an editorial such as War! War! An Open Letter to President Roosevelt (May 16 Liberty).

The statement, "There are two hundred and fifty thousand Japanese in California, and they are all armed; they bring their arms with them from their own country," indicates that Mr. Macfadden did not think very thoroughly, and that the figure is obviously exaggerated and without foundation. How would two hundred and fifty thousand aliens bring their arms into this country, unless smuggled, without Uncle Sam's knowledge?—*T. G.*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—By his timely warning, Bernarr Macfadden did the country a great service. But has he forgotten the threat in that jewel in the American constellation, Minnesota?

Besides the Japanese menace, there is also grave danger threatening from the two hundred thousand Swedes—a proud race—in Minnesota. It is understood from reputable sources that all of these alien farmers are armed with deadly pitchforks. At a moment's notice they can invade the entire Middle West by going down the Mississippi. Arm! Arm! America. End the Swedish menace!

I am sure that Mr. Macfadden will look into this grave threat and see to it that we have as many airplanes to defend us as there are Swedes.—*Harvard Macfadden-for-President Club.*

MOUNT HERMON, MASS.—In reply to Mr. Macfadden's recent article on the possibilities of Japan conquering the United States, I wonder why the Japanese parliament passed a law which would punish any Japanese who spoke disparagingly against an American.—*Arthur Veronneau.*

Human Bombs Have Been Completed in Japan

HONOLULU, HAWAII—As a reader of Liberty for the last ten years, please let me express my opinion of the novel entitled Without Warning.

I do not know who Major G. F. Eliot and E. Doherty, the co-authors of the novel, are. I do not know how versed or well versed they are concerning Yokosuka, Kobe reserves, and the Japanese army and the navy. My idea is, they do not know Honolulu as to the fortifications, the cosmopolitan population, and the sentiment of the American citizens of Japanese descents toward the U. S. A. and the Empire of the Rising Sun.

It was in August, 1933, when the Tatsuta Maru was steaming out of Yokohama en route to Honolulu, that I had a glimpse of the Japanese navy. That week was a navy week in Yokohama. I have seen the battleships off the San Pedro Harbor; I have seen the Italian and the French battleships on parade in the Mediterranean; but I have yet to see the sight of the gray men-of-war in review in Yokohama Bay duplicated elsewhere.

The pride of the race is strong in the Japanese blood. To be the subject to be dressed on the Liberty platter for the readers' gluttony stirs the something inside of me. If by chance you think you could sink half of the Japanese navy with six dilapidated submarines, I would advise you to take a hop to the Land of the Cherry Blossoms and take a good look at Yokosuka—if you can get the break to do so.

With all the war propaganda prevalent, one has yet to prove the fact that the Japanese army slaughtered helpless children and raped and killed women. You need not worry about the killing, burning, raping, and pillaging by the Japs crawling in the city of Honolulu.

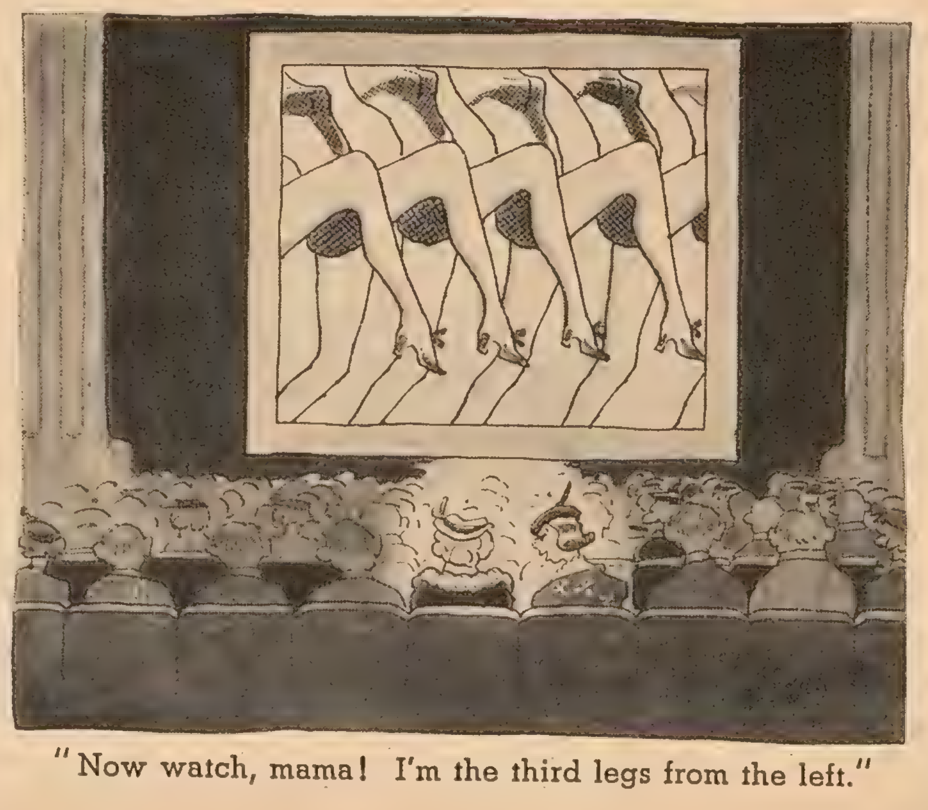
The Valhalla of the Mikado's fighting men is the Yasukuni shrine. A coward does not go there. Bravery is not credited by killing, burning, and raping. The progress in Manchuria and in the mandated South Sea Islands after the "conquest" proves whether killing, burning, and raping are classified in the Japanese armament of war.

But if it is action that you want, then I am sure the sons of Nippon can guarantee you plenty. One need not stretch the imagination even an inch to see that.

Patriotism and the pride of the Empire are developed to the point of fanaticism among the Japanese fighting men. Besides the supersubmarines, I understand the human bombs have been completed in Japan. This is a miniature torpedo seating a man inside, the direction of fall being controlled by a steering wheel. This means sure death to the occupant, but it also means a sure hit to any target. For a seat in Valhalla, the occupant of the human bomb gladly takes the risk of a ride.

That the Japanese are good soldiers, one cannot doubt. Added to that, the taste of victory is still fresh in their mouths. China, Korea, Russia, Kwantung, and the mandated islands from Germany in 1916, Manchukuo, and now the northern China provinces and outer Mongolia are but a few of the morsels tasted by the Rising Sun of the East. Judging from my observation while in Japan in 1933, I am sure the Island Kingdom will not say "Uncle" to any power in the world. The mechanized army and the navy of Japan can give plenty of action to any power looking for trouble.

Having the same blood in our vein, I resent greatly the article Without Warning. True, we are Japanese by birth; but where patriotism toward the Star and the Stripes are at issue, I can assure the majors that the sons of Nippon born and raised in the U. S. A. will not stay in the rear rank. You'll hear plenty from the 50,000 Japanese of military age on this island. One thing you can rest assured, and that is, there will be no wanton killing, burning, and raping by the Japanese either fighting under the Star and the Stripes or fighting under the Mikado.—*S. K. Ikuta, M. D.*



"Now watch, mama! I'm the third legs from the left."

BY A RED NAMED BRAHMS

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I agree with Chester Strail of Oak Park, Illinois, in May 16 Vox Pop, that Bernarr Macfadden is writing swell editorials.

Reds and Socialists are now invading radio in an attempt to undermine our country. A fine popular song, Lullaby of Broadway, written by two American song writers, has now been imitated and is being played over the radio under the name Hungarian Dance No. 5. It was written by an alien song writer—probably a Red Russian—named Brahms.—*Howard Chaille.*

SHE NEVER HAD A MOTHER

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why was An Ultra-Modern Mother (May 9 Vox Pop) given this blessed privilege? What has happened to her poor warped soul to make her feel as she must feel, to write the way she does? Can it be the present-day quality of human offspring, of which she speaks, that has done this to her? It must be her mind.

The present-day offspring are quick to feel that tenseness and tightening of the throat at the mention of their mothers. I am sure most of us feel that mothers deserve halos in place of the suggested dunce caps. Even though I know it is not possible, I believe this ungracious female must have been born without a mother.

I read Liberty every week and always enjoy it, but this really burned me up. I was glad to see the article by Mary Pickford and hope it will be appreciated by a few people like the above-mentioned Ultra-Modern Mother.—*Naurine Oakley.*

ARE THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES MENTALLY FIT?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Will Irwin's article, Are the Republican Candidates Physically Fit to Be President? (May 16 Liberty) is timely.

May I suggest that you follow it up at an early date with one entitled Are the Democratic Candidates *Mentally Fit* to be President?

Some one should tell the truth; as no other publication has the courage, why not Liberty?—*Frank Reynolds.*

LIBERTY IS ENOUGH—?

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—The more I read of Liberty, the more I am convinced that what this country really needs is not another five-cent magazine.—*James Marion Bird.*

UNTHINKABLE RELIGIOUS RACKET

LOUISVILLE, KY.—My attention has been called to the article, You Can Be a Bishop for Forty Dollars, in April 25 Liberty.

May I express my gratification over the publication of this exposure of an unthinkable "religious racket"? I feel that you have done a service to the more than sixty theological institutions represented by the Conference of Theological Seminaries and Colleges in the United States and Canada, and, much more than this, to all right thinking persons who must surely abominate procedure of the kind you have described in this article.—*L. J. Sherrill, Executive Secretary, Conference of Theological Seminaries and Colleges in the United States and Canada.*

CROSSWORD EEL

SANFORD, N. C.—

Methinks the other fish must feel
A bit of envy of the eel—
The eel, whose name you'll find galore
Within the realms of crossword lore.
Just now and then the lowly id
For fame doth in these mazes bid;
And in an unassuming way
We used to find the genus *Ray.*

Is it within your power to name
The cause which brought the eel its fame?
The trout, the bass, their kindred tribe,
I think, would hardly stoop to bribe,
Nor even drop the slightest hint
To get their names in puzzle print.

I find by reference to some data
The eel infests the lower strata
Of mud and slime and their pollution:
A clue, at least, to the solution.
A politician, he, at heart—
At least, he always acts the part!
—*D. C. White.*

BONUS FOR FUTURE PAUPERS

DUBUQUE, IA.—This administration has done more damage to the American people than all the ravages of disease and war have ever done, and this by its method of handling relief. It has wrecked the manhood, ruined the ambition, and weakened the morale.

The present administration states that relief will have to continue for years to come.

So we, the victims of an incompetent maladministration, have decided to form and organize a society called the Fathers of Future Paupers, and demand our share and a bonus while there is yet something left to share before it is entirely wasted by the reliefers and so-called New Deal maladministrationists.—*Fred W. Clute.*

SEATTLE NOT EVIL-MINDED

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—I was delighted with Mr. Collins's answer to John J. Doherty (May 16 Vox Pop) regarding his article on Clark Gable. Like Mr. Doherty, I'm a native of Washington. How any one from Seattle can be so evil-minded as he is queer; for Seattle, as any one knows who has been there, is an ideal place for—shall we say—very, very broad-minded people. Personally, I think Liberty is a very clean magazine for young people to read, and I should know, for I am one of them.—*Patricia Davis.*

CLARENCE DARROW AND GOD

MIAMI, FLA. — Clarence Darrow, famed lawyer, claims justice and God nonexistent. This is so erroneous that I hasten to reply, hoping to arouse activity in that dormant link of the learned gentleman's brain.

It is evident that because of his remarkable success during seventy-nine years of activity he must have been fighting on the side of truth and justice. In fact, I believe Mr. Darrow has walked hand in hand with God; but, because he does not understand who God is, he does not recognize His presence.—*William Thompson.*

ARE THE IRISH ALWAYS GETTING LICKED?

SCRANTON, PA.—The fallacy and myth about the Irish being great fighters has been exploded millions of times, and the Canzoneri-McLarnin bout was only just another instance. And I'm now waiting to see Braddock take the count—and it won't be long now. Great fighters the Irish are, all right—when it comes to fighting among themselves.

The trouble with the Irish in this country is that they cannot forget that they are or were Irish. If they would pay more attention and reverence to the fact that they are supposed to be Americans, they would have less to kick about.

My people all came from Ireland, but Ireland doesn't mean a thing to me. They can sink the island into the ocean, as far as I am concerned.

The good old U. S. A. is all that matters, and the sooner the Irish in this country get that thought into their heads, the better off they'll be in every way.—*Morris Patrick Brady.*

TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

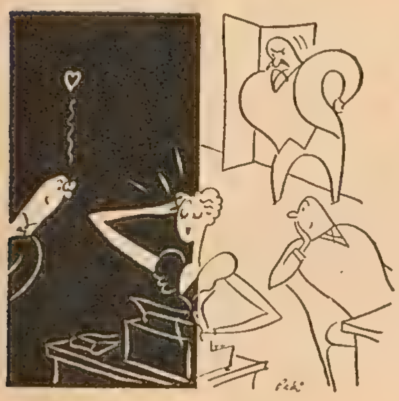
THADDEUS HYATT makes travel arrangements for people who do their world wandering on cargo boats to dodge the expense and social high jinks of the big ocean liners. His Tramp Trips were favored first by teachers, students, writers, field scientists, and brisk old ladies yearning for adventure. Now the freight ships are becoming rather fashionable.

THADDEUS HYATT

Some of them take only two passengers, often a couple of ever-loving honeymooners. Others accommodate about a dozen, never more than sixteen. Recently a woman Tramp Tripper gave birth at sea to a pair of boy twins, named them after two ships of that line. A well known naturalist doesn't dare face the crew of a certain cargo boat again because the last time he was on board he broke a crate of specimens, letting snakes and spiders loose all over the deck.

Tramp steamers are small but clean and comfortable, the food plain but good. The longest, cheapest trip lasts 128 days, costs $475, carries you around the world from New York by way of Panama, Japan, China, the Philippines, East Indies, Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Port Sudan, Port Said, etc.

Grandson of the Thaddeus Hyatt who was an intimate friend of Lincoln, *this* Thaddeus Hyatt was born and raised in England. He moved back to America as soon as he grew up.



● Here's an interesting letter from a girl who works in a Chicago office. She says:

"You may think me conceited for telling you I'm pretty, but I know I am, and I know my prettiness is getting me in trouble. I can't stop the young men in our department from wasting too much time talking and joking with me. I don't encourage them; they just do it. Every day the office manager catches them, then he blames me. I'm sure he's going to fire me the first chance he gets, and I don't want to lose my job. What can I do?"

This often happens to pretty girls who work in offices with young men—or even old men. I know girls who dress deliberately to make themselves look unattractive, and who assume an unnatural frozen-face behavior for the same reason. The necessity is unjust. Yet a job is a job. And men are men.

● G. K. Chesterton has been credited with the authorship of a song now popular abroad. It's called Noah's Song. Noah is supposed to be singing it on his ark during the Flood. The chorus starts:

"I don't care what becomes of the water, if it doesn't get into the wine . . ."

Amusing but misinformative. Ordinary table wines can be diluted with water, especially in the summertime. The French and the Italians, world's greatest wine drinkers, usually mix their ordinary table wines with water, about half and half. It makes a lighter, more digestible summer beverage.

● A while ago I wrote a little item about the tribulations of people who snore. Now I'll be switched if some keen enterprisers out in Pasadena, California, haven't sent me word that they sell a patented cream to rub on our noses when we go to bed at night and keep ourselves from snoring.

But this is *not* a free ad for the new snore cream. I can't recommend it because I haven't tried it. I haven't tried it because why should I?

I never snore.

Nobody ever snores—not by their own admission.

● At a party I met an Australian newspaperwoman who diverts herself, when at home, with private investigations of the native witchcraft practiced by island savages in those climes. She told us about a magic utterance that is believed to make a mother of any childless woman who hears it spoken aloud. Although she laughed at the superstition, our Australian friend refused, at first, to repeat the magic phrase, suggesting it might create embarrassing situations for some of us. At length we persuaded her to say it. Probably I can't spell it right, but I'll try to tell you what it sounded like. It sounded like this:

"Boo-boo-wizah, Ha-boo-wizah!"

Well, there it is. "Boo-boo-wizah, Ha-boo-wizah!" Say it at your own risk—and await developments.

● Enjoyed the new novel, Summer Hail, by Valerie Savage. A fast, modern story of one thoughtful girl's adventure in up-to-date living. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

● So advanced is our garlic invasion that smart New York hostesses now are serving the strong Ayoli sauce of southern France. If you're pro-garlic you'll bless me for this recipe. If you are anti-garlic you'll call me bad names.

Crush 6 cloves garlic to paste. Add 1 raw egg yolk, ¼ teaspoon salt, same of pepper. Gradually mix in 1 cup olive oil, as for mayonnaise. After the oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon lukewarm water. Now, *very slowly*, add another ¼ cup oil. Chill thoroughly. Place bowl of sauce in center of large platter, surround with shrimps, halves of hard-boiled eggs, quarters of cold cooked artichoke bottoms, green scallions, and thin slices of cold meat.

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!

LIBERTY WILL PAY $2,000 FOR PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

A glance through the Home Life Snapshot album discloses this charming picture from Chicago. Will your entry win big money in this current competition? You have to enter in order to win!

WIN BIG CASH AWARDS—ENTER TODAY!

ONCE more Liberty calls your attention to the opportunity it is offering through this Beautiful Children Contest. $2,000 in cash prizes must be paid! Will you win one? Is the subject of a prize-winning picture sitting in the same room with you as you read this? Is he or she playing in the yard outside, or being fed?

Formal poses are not necessary to qualify for one of these 223 prizes. Snapshots have the same chance to win as studio portraits. Don't miss this opportunity to lay the foundation for the financial independence of some child near and dear to you. The time limit gets shorter each week. Better act now while there is time to experiment in case you want to make a special picture for your entry. It's too good a chance to miss. First money is $500! And every other prize is well worth trying for.

THE RULES

1. Liberty is seeking the pictures of beautiful children. Every child—babies and young children, boys and girls who have not passed their tenth birthday—is eligible except children of employees of Liberty and their families.
2. It is not necessary to take new pictures for this contest. However, each entry must be of recent taking and must show the subject as he or she appears at this time.
3. To be considered for a prize, each picture must be accompanied by an official registration coupon properly filled out.
4. Pictures will be judged on the basis of personality and pictorial appeal. The editors of Liberty will be the judges. By entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.
5. To the child whose picture rates highest, in the opinion of the judges, Liberty will pay a first prize of $500. Other awards will be: second prize, $200; third prize, $100; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Address all entries to BEAUTIFUL CHILD EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before August 5, 1936, the closing date of this contest. Send entries flat by first-class mail.
7. By entering you give Liberty the right to publish the picture for the purposes of this contest. All prize-winning pictures will become the property of the publishers for reproduction wherever desired. No picture will be returned nor will we be responsible for pictures lost in the mails.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

OFFICIAL REGISTRATION COUPON

BEAUTIFUL CHILD CONTEST

Fill out and paste this coupon on the back of the picture you enter. In the case of small snapshots paste the picture on the back of this coupon.

Please enter this photograph of my child, in compliance with all of the rules, in Liberty's Beautiful Child Contest. Permission is hereby given to reproduce this picture for the purposes of this contest.

Child's name ....

Date of birth ....

Boy or girl ....

Height ....

Weight ....

Color of hair ....

Color of eyes ....

Mother's maiden name ....

Father's name ....

Father's occupation ....

Home address ....

City ....

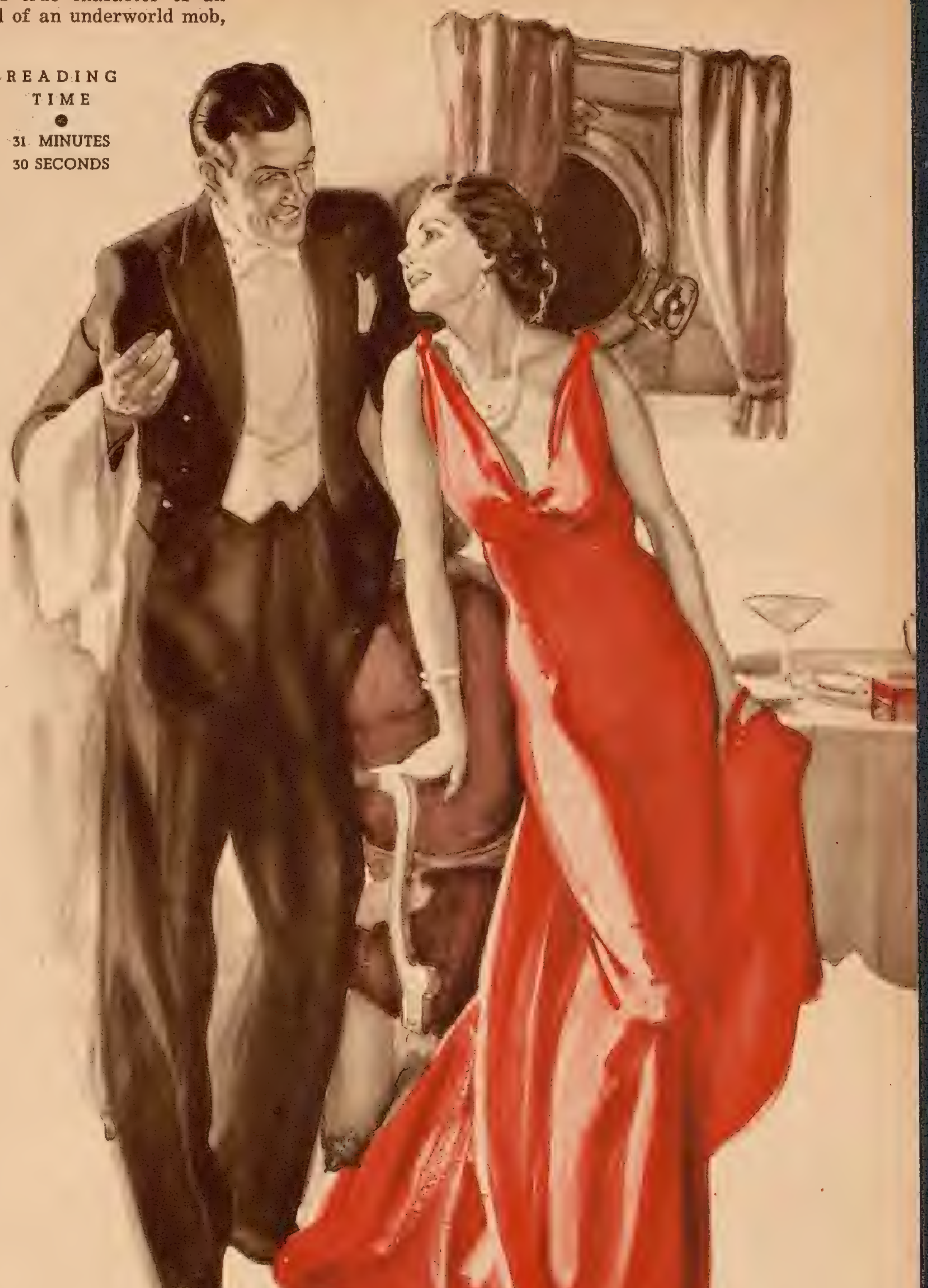
State ....

Signed ....

(Signature of parent or guardian)

Sender's name ....

Sender's address ....



Dark MASQU

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

READING TIME
●
31 MINUTES
30 SECONDS

LOVE for Betty Allison, a young society girl, forces Hamilton Burton, famous criminal lawyer, to desperate measures in protecting the estimable reputation she believes him to have. In order to hide his true character of an unscrupulous shyster and legal head of an underworld mob, Burton frames and sends to jail the two McCabe brothers, who know too much about his sinister connections. Larry McCabe is sentenced to death for a killing committed by Burton. The other brother, "Butch," is sent up on a grand-larceny charge. When the two men compare notes in Sing Sing, Butch swears revenge.

His ability to act feminine roles enables him to escape and board an ocean liner disguised as a nun. Burton, Butch had learned before, had booked passage on the same liner. It was the one on which Betty was returning to her school in Switzerland. Also on board was Jimmy Cronin, a personable young photographer, and Burton's rival for Betty's hand. He had sold everything and quit his job in order to follow Betty and marry her.

Prior to sailing, Betty's romantic life had struck a tempestuous climax. Her infatuation or love for Burton had cooled; she had quarreled with Jimmy and in desperation had sought the arms of Dexter Putnam, a lifelong admirer.

An accident suffered by her mother canceled Betty's elopement with Dexter. It automatically canceled Mrs. Allison's voyage with her. Ironically enough, Burton had innocently made the arrangements to have Sister Angelica act as Betty's chaperon.

When Betty makes the startling discovery that the nun is a convict she is forced to accompany him and keep silence under threat of death. And when she learns he is Butch McCabe, and is aboard to wreak revenge on Burton, Betty first threatens to sacrifice everything and expose the convict, then changes her mind and agrees to play her part when she remembers that Burton was strangely absent for a few minutes on the night of the killing for which Larry McCabe had been sentenced.

Angelica is watching Betty and Jimmy playing deck tennis when Burton, in all reverence, fixes a blanket about the "nun's" shoulders and feet.

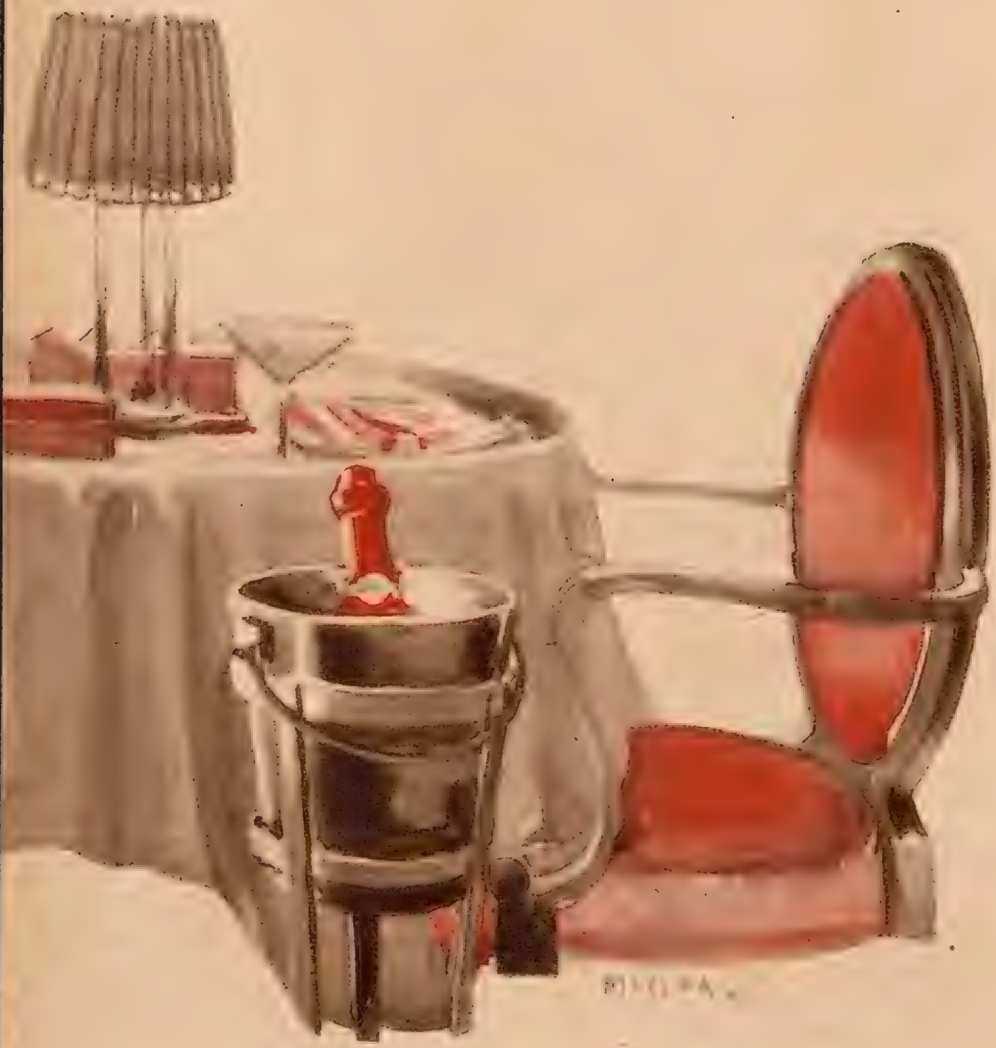
PART SIX—"I GOT TO CROAK HIM"

BUTCH'S feelings were divided between relief that he was wearing woman's shoes—the common-sense low-heel kind—and the impulse to kick Burton's handsome face and kick it hard.

Burton wrapped the blanket snugly about his legs and ankles, wrapped it so cannily that Butch would have difficulty getting out of it. Then, seeing the stewards and the deck wagons coming over the tilting deck, he rose hastily.

"Forgive my clumsiness, sister," he said, "but you must be amply protected against these winds. Take it

Now a Murderer Faces the Dazzling Flame of a Beauty's Wiles and Wit—and the Anonymous Author of This Vivid Novel Gives You a Tense Surprise



"Let me be the waiter," Burton said. "I've always wanted to wait on you."

ERADE

from a seasoned traveler. And—pardon me just a moment, sister—you should fortify yourself with food."

Angelica bent his head so Burton might not see the look of murder in his face. He sensed his mouth and jaw might yet betray him.

Burton placed in Angelica's lap a cup of bouillon, a plate of sandwiches, a saucer of crackers, three paper napkins, a spoon, and a morning paper.

None of these things did Angelica want. Least of all did he want this man's solicitous attentions. There was always the danger of recognition. And Burton was distracting his attention from the tennis game. He looked quickly around. Betty and Jimmy had just finished. They were walking slowly aft.

Angelica almost laughed. He realized now why Burton had been so kind.

"Smart guy! Wants to load me down so I can't get up. Strong-arming me so he can chase the skirt—and there she goes with the guy he hates."

"There!" Burton said. "Quite comfortable, sister?"

Without waiting for a reply he walked away—but not in the right direction. Angelica smiled and dipped a cracker in his bouillon cup.

"Geez," he thought, "that's the first time Ham Burton ever gave any guy anything. And it didn't cost him a dime!"

Burton was going down the forward companion. Angelica dexterously placed the sodden cracker in his mouth. It tasted good.

"Nothing like this in Sing Sing," he mused. "Wonder how long I can stay away from there."

He poured a little handful of crackers into the cup and stirred them.

"Well, if he comes through all right and I don't have to croak him, maybe—maybe I can get away with this forever. But I got to croak him. I got to. There's nothing else to do."

Betty and Jimmy held each other's hands as they walked aft along the hurricane deck. Betty was laughing.

"You don't have to alibi," she said. "A child could beat you today. You can't train on sidecars and champagne and beat anybody at tennis."

SHE stopped walking suddenly, resting her shoulders against the side of a tarpaulin-covered lifeboat.

"Come on," said Jimmy. "We'll go down to the pool. I'll beat you swimming."

Betty shook her head.

"Not now. You're too shaky, Jimmy."

"It isn't that. You're afraid of the nun."

"Afraid of her? What a thing to say! But I promised her I wouldn't leave her sight. You heard me. You were there."

Jimmy searched her with his haggard eyes.

"Something's happened to you," he said. "You promise your mother you won't go here and you won't go there. And you go where you please. You promise her you won't go out with Burton. And so you go out with Burton. Now you're trying to make me believe—What power has this nun over you?"

That chance shot rubbed the glow out of Betty's cheeks.

"Don't ask me anything," she said.

She said it abruptly, hotly—striving to protect her tongue from tattling. Her tone offended him.

"Oh," he said, "far be it from me to do anything like that. Who am I to ask you questions? Nothing but a poor damn fool who wants to marry you. Of course I can have no interest in your private affairs."

They were still talking crossly to each other when Burton bore down on them. He had searched the lower decks for them patiently, and concluded finally that they must be topside.

He approached, beaming.

"Well, Betty," he said, "I've fixed your chaperon. You won't be bothered with her now!"

Betty clutched at the nearest davit, as though she were about to reel. What did he mean? He'd fixed Butch McCabe! He'd penetrated the masquerade and called in the ship's officers?

She looked back toward the tennis court. Sister Angelica was still there. He was wolfing sandwiches.

From this distance it looked as if he were stuffing them through his black veil.

"Oh," she cried, turning on all her charms, "how deliciously funny! Ham, that was clever! But we should expect cleverness of you. Jimmy, don't you think Mr. Burton is the cleverest man in the world?"

Jimmy scowled and listened for a time.

It appeared to him that Betty was trying to make him jealous. Everything Ham said was funny or important or "exquisitely true." He had never seen Betty so radiant as she was now, listening to this man talk, laughing with him, smiling up into his face, her sweet eyes wide, her mobile mouth eloquent of profound respect and admiration.

He couldn't endure it.

"Are we going swimming or gabbing?" he demanded hotly.

Immediately Betty turned to him, squeezed his hand, and gave him her entire attention.

"Anything you say, Jimmy," she replied.

Now, for no reason at all, it was Jimmy's inning. It had come so suddenly it dazed him momentarily. Burton had been struck out with the bases full, just when he was about to knock the ball over the left-field fence. Now Jimmy was at bat, and making a hit every time the ball was pitched.

Everything *he* said was witty or wise. He couldn't understand that. He deliberately repeated old jokes, jokes he knew Betty had heard again and again. She laughed deliciously.

How beautiful you are, he thought, and what a picture you make, laughing against the background of the lifeboat, the sea, the hurrying gray clouds! If only I had my camera with me! Even in this bum light I'd get a masterpiece!

Had any one told him Betty had set out first to captivate Burton and then to make him jealous, he wouldn't have believed it. Had he realized he was only an anvil on which to pound Ham Burton until he was malleable enough for Betty's purpose, he would have been furious.

It took Burton some little time to understand that he was being ignored. He was angry and hurt; as disturbed and embarrassed as a child. Spots of red came into his cheeks. He shoved his hands deep into his overcoat pockets and beat them against his hips.

Several times he started to say something. Betty pretended not to hear him. Suddenly his right fist came out of his pocket, a tight fist that didn't open until it reached his cap. He pulled off his cap and stiffly bowed.

"It's getting too chilly for me," he said. "If you don't mind, Betty, I'll see you later."

Betty's laughter followed him as he walked away, laughter so derisive that Jimmy paused in what he was saying and peered intently into her face.

Women didn't laugh that way unless they wanted to hurt a man. And they wanted to hurt only those they loved. The thought made him instantly sober.

"All right," he said, "let's go ask Sister Angelica's permission to go swimming."

All the laughter had gone out of Betty. She looked distressed. Her hands trembled a little in his.

IT was after tea when the storm arrived.

They were in the main salon, Betty, Sister Angelica, Jimmy, and Burton. Sister Angelica, holding a teacup in his dainty hand in the exact manner in which Betty held hers, saw the sky suddenly darken, heard the first spat of rain against the windows.

A streak of lightning sent little veins of color running through the black. Thunder cracked and boomed and rolled across the pitching sea. The teacup fell from Angelica's hand and rolled crazily on the carpet.

The little sister sprang up quickly, frightened. As quickly he remembered the role he was playing. He blessed himself. Betty laughed. And Jimmy laughed with her.

Burton flinched, then glared at every one as though they had interrupted with too great a noise his dark intensive brooding.

The thunder had scarcely died when the ship's lights flicked on, making the blackness outside a deeper black. Burton rubbed his eyes. Angelica peered through her veil at Betty and whispered something in her ear.

Betty started up, but the chair almost tipped. She clung to the edge of the table.

"Sorry," she said, "but we must go. Our windows are wide open. Maybe the steward will remember them. Maybe he won't. Anyway, I must dress for dinner. You'll excuse me?"

She addressed her remarks to Jimmy. Burton might have been far away for all the attention she paid him.

"You'd better let me come with you," Jimmy said, helping her out of the swaying chair. "You might fall." He turned a bright face to Burton.

"Boy, isn't she rolling?"

Burton didn't reply. Nobody expected him to. Without a further thought for him, Jimmy took Betty's arm, and started with her after Sister Angelica.

Before the elevator lowered them to C deck, Jimmy caught a fleeting glimpse of his rival. He was still sitting at the table, swaying with it. He had risen when Betty rose, Jimmy thought he remembered, but he seemed now to have been sitting there for hours. He was a man destroyed, Jimmy felt. A little pity moved in him, forcing him to wave his hand.

THEY went swiftly forward through the starboard corridor on C deck. The corridor was not wide enough for three to walk abreast. So perhaps it was natural that Sister Angelica walked ahead by himself.

The door of the suite was open when Jimmy and Betty arrived. Fast as they had walked, Sister Angelica had walked faster.

"Darling," Jimmy said softly, "I'm going to have you all to myself tonight. If your dear Sister Angelica doesn't get seasick I'll chloroform her. And if Burton survives this storm and the treatment you've given him all day—"

He had to stop. Conversation was too difficult under the circumstances, for now he was pitched against this side of the door, now against that. He didn't mind, however, because some of the time Betty was thrown against him. Once he seized such a moment to kiss her.

"I hope so," Betty managed to say. "Anyway, after tonight, you'll never have to share me again."

"Betty!"

He reached for her, but the rolling of the ship almost threw him off his feet. He missed her, shouted with laughter.

"Do you mean that? We can be married in France?"

"We can be married somewhere. But—but, darling—if I don't see you tonight—you'll—"

He caught her as she started slipping away from him; lost her as he started slipping away from her.

"You'll understand?"

A lurch of the vessel sent Jimmy sprawling over the door coaming. He laughed, and started to raise himself. He froze in that attitude.

Sister Angelica had given up trying to close the port window in the sitting room. Now he had peeled back the tight-fitting inner black sleeves of the religious habit, and Jimmy stared at a hairy arm with an anchor and an American flag tattooed upon it. A man's right arm. It could not be a woman's.

His first thought was that he must have struck his head on the coaming and the blow had rendered him a little crazy. Then he heard the nun say something no nun would ever say, and pull the window down with a bang. Jimmy straightened up, reeling against the lintel of the door for support, and watched Angelica pull down his sleeves.

He was about to blurt out his discovery to Betty. But he changed his mind. If Betty didn't know—but she must know! She must have known all the time. It was too horrible to think about.

"Darling," Betty was saying, "are you hurt? Are you—"

"So that's it!" he said.

He was so angry he could have struck her.

"What a sucker you've made out of me!"

He lurched into the little passageway and started, uphill, toward the corridor, holding his head in his hands as though it ached.

He reeled up the companion to the nearest bar.

He sat at a table and ordered whisky. He drank it before the steward could get away. He demanded another. He drank desperately, futilely.

The steward, walking from bar to table over the slanting carpet, couldn't serve him fast enough. Jimmy moved to the bar.

After a time he began to sing. He didn't know the words. He had sung that song a thousand times. Now he scarcely remembered it.

"What's this song I'm trying to sing?" he asked. "It's about a country boy who left home for the big city. His darling mother makes him promise that he will never touch the demon rum. Well, he comes to the city. He gets a position in a quarry. Listen. In this quarry he meets a lot of college students."

He began to sing, in an unsure voice:

"He little knew that they were demons,
For they wore the best of clothes.
But clothes don't always make the gentleman!"

The bartender shook his head and started pouring another drink.

"The words haven't any meter or rhyme. It's like 'Heaven will protect a working girl.' In a way it is. Ever heard that one? Well, this boy falls for the college students, and they coax him to drink the fatal glass of beer. He staggers out of the saloon with delirium tremens, and then he sees a Salvation Army lassie, and wickedly he breaks her tambourine. Now here's the main part of the song. Listen. It's good."

HE began to sing again, swaying his half-filled glass with the motion of the boat.

"Then she murmured, 'Heaven bless you,'
And placed a mark upon his brow,
With a kick she learned before she had been saved!"

The last five words Jimmy sang in a loud and savage bellow.

"Ain't that some song?" he demanded belligerently. "Ain't it, Jack? You see, this Salvation Army lassie had been a tattooed woman in the circus before she was saved. Get the point?"

He sang the last verse to the bartender:

"So, kind friends, take my advice,
And shun the fatal glass of beer,
And don't go breaking people's tambourines."

He threw a bill on the bar, finished his drink, and reeled out, looking for a more companionable listener.

He went through the deserted highways and byways of the boat, his mood attuned to the storm, his legs in harmony with the rocking and pitching of the vessel; and as he went he pretended he was peeling back his sleeves, spitting on his hands, and pulling down a window.

He laughed.

SWING OVER TO KOOLS. They're the sensible hot weather smoke these steamy days. They're cool. They're refreshing. They're cork-tipped so as not to stick to lips. And each pack brings you a valuable B & W coupon good for classy premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) So give your throat a break. Switch from hots to KOOLS! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

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He stood against the rail on the hurricane deck and shouted to the winds and the rain and the dark:

"'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!' So that's why she kept so close to Sister Angelica! That's why she didn't meet me at the pool. That's why she made a sucker out of me, and crucified Ham Burton. To hell with her! What do I care? Ten thousand fleets—And she was seasick! 'Yes, sister!' 'No, sister!' Sister, I'm going to black your eyes. I'm going to pound your face to jelly."

Before he quite knew what he was about he was climbing down the ladder that dropped from the hurricane deck to the luxury suites on C deck. This ladder was never meant for passengers. In fact there were signs on every deck, warning passengers not to use it. It was intended only for emergency use by officers and seamen. But Jimmy had climbed it once before—under different conditions and in a happier hour and he was glad it was there. It would fetch him the more quickly to her cabin. Or so he thought.

He went down slowly, because of the wind that tried to pull him from his precarious hold, because of the swaying of the vessel, because of the spray that stung his eyes, made his hands slippery, chilled and wet him.

He went down slowly but surely. He rested a moment when he reached the bottom, and held on to the handholds until he could breathe properly again. Then, clinging to the starboard rail, and sliding his hands along it, he made his way forward until he could peer into Suite 123.

The windows were almost opaque with the rain, but he could see through them. Betty was over there, in a corner. He saw her blurred, but he could not be mistaken. That was Betty. She had just come into the bedroom. She was standing there, near the door, with something in her hand that might be an envelope.

The ship steadied for an instant. The wind veered and the pane cleared. Jimmy could see plainly now.

He started on again, sliding his hands along the railing, first the left hand, and then the right. His feet followed his hands somehow.

The full force of the gale smote him as he left the protection of the stateroom's lee. He fought against it, hiding his head from it. He loved it. He needed it. It matched the gale inside him.

Inch by inch he wormed his way through the wind to a point from which he could dash in comparative safety, at the right moment, to the door that opened on Betty's corridor. The right moment came with a letdown in the force of the wind, a steadying of the liner.

He walked quickly from the railing, tugged viciously at the handle of the door, opened it, and walked along the corridor a few feet. He meant to walk into Suite 123, trounce Sister Angelica as no man had ever been trounced before, and then tell Betty exactly what he thought of her.

But he did none of these things. Before he could turn into the lateral passageway to her door, he heard her voice. He stopped, peered around the corner. She was talking to a cabin boy—a uniformed little page who looked at her with evident adoration.

JIMMY didn't hear exactly what she was saying, but he saw her give the boy a letter and a coin, saw her shut the door, saw the boy come toward him, saw him turn into the corridor. Jimmy pounced on him.

"I'll take that letter, son," he said.

The boy was frightened at Jimmy's savage face, his wild wet dripping hair, his sodden clothes.

"Are you—are you Mr. Burton?" he asked.

Jimmy took the letter from him.

The seal of the envelope was still damp. Jimmy lifted the flap easily without tearing the paper and peeled it back. He took out the sheet of paper and read it, wetting it with his dripping fingers, unaware of the fact.

DEAR HAM—I know I must have seemed cruel to you today, but don't think I didn't have a reason for it. I must talk to you. Alone. You have no idea how anxious I am about this. It is difficult, very difficult, for me to say this, but please come to my cabin tonight. We can talk—confidentially. The door will not be locked. Sister Angelica has told me she must be in the chapel tonight, to make her devotions. It seems this is a special feast day in her church. The storm doesn't bother her. She will leave me here a little before nine. Please don't come in until you are sure no one is watching. Please come, Ham.

There was no signature. None was needed.

"Fix it up, kid," Jimmy said, thrusting letter and envelope into the boy's hands. "Paste the flap down, and deliver it."

He gave the boy a five-dollar bill and followed him down the corridor a little way, trying not to think. Presently he found himself in the bar on the hurricane deck.

BURTON stood in front of the glass in his stateroom fussing with his white tie. The steward was brushing him off. The clock over the door pointed to nine.

Burton smiled at his reflection in the glass, turned his head a little to the left, a little to the right. There was some gray at his temples but not much. Take it all in all, he looked much younger than he was. And he was not unhandsome.

"Tie all right?" he asked.

"I should say so, sir."

"Yes? It's got to be just right."

"I should say it was exactly right, sir."

Burton enjoyed a last lingering look, then walked to the dresser. He picked up Betty's letter. He read it again with a fond smile. He crumpled it up and put it in his pocket. He picked up his wrist watch, intending to strap it on his wrist. He changed his mind, handed the watch to the steward.

"Here, Eddie—just so you'll wish me luck tonight. I'm going to ask a certain girl a certain question."

"Oh, thank you, sir. Very handsome of you, sir. And I do wish you luck, sir. All the luck in the world. You deserve it, sir."

Burton laughed.

"Thanks, Eddie," he said. "If you're sure I look all right—"

"No man ever looked righter, sir!"

Burton smiled and went out.

He was a bit embarrassed when Betty greeted him. She was dressed in a garnet velvet gown cut very low. She was fragrant and radiant, starry-eyed and soft. She was intoxicating.

A table had been set up in the middle of the room. There were two chairs that faced each other across the board. There was a pile of sandwiches. There was a bottle of champagne sticking its red head coyly out of a bucket of ice. The room steward had placed a storm rack about the table, so the dishes wouldn't spill to the floor.

Let the storm rage! Here was coziness and peace, here was the most charming girl in the world, here was warmth and wine and food, here was love and hope.

Burton's embarrassment vanished.

"Let me be the waiter!" he cried. "I've always wanted to wait on you."

He picked up a napkin and placed it over his forearm. He pulled out a chair for her and seated her. He took up the bottle of wine and went to work skillfully on the cork.

They laughed like two children at the noise it made when it left the bottle.

In as correct a manner as any headwaiter's he poured a little wine into his own glass, then filled hers almost to the brim.

"Surprised?" she asked.

Burton filled his glass, sat down, and held his glass to hers.

"Surprised and delighted. This is just such a moment as I've dreamed of, Betty, ever since I first met you. I have so much to say to you."

He thrust the bottle into the ice and turned it.

Lazily Betty sipped her wine.

"That's why I asked you to come."

The gold of the wine, the shine of her blue eyes, the red of her lips, the crystal of the glass—was there ever a more beautiful, more subtle contrasting of colors? The red of her dress made a dancing elfin sheen on the stem of her glass.

“There are some things I want to say to you,” Betty went on, “and perhaps I'd better say them first.”

He bowed formally.

“I could listen to your voice forever.”

“I think, Ham, it's time we stopped and looked and listened.”

“If your honor please, I'm listening.”

“I know how you feel about me, Ham. I couldn't help but know. Even mother knows. As for myself—if I weren't interested in you I wouldn't have seen you at all this summer after we left the boat.”

“But you did see me, didn't you?”

She made a little gesture of embarrassment with her hands.

“It's so hard to think things out, so hard to say them—but I've got to be frank. And I want you to be frank with me.”

She put down her wine-glass—resting it against the rim of the heavy sandwich plate so it would remain in place—reached for a sandwich, bit it experimentally.

He loved the graceful movement of her arm, the lovely contour of it. He loved the way the white flesh of her hand melted into the tan above it. She ought never to wear gloves. He loved the lustrous white teeth that flashed against her carmine lips.

He might have this woman to watch, to enjoy, to keep forever! Let him contain himself for the moment with this wine—this wine of thought, far more intoxicating than the champagne in his glass.

“I like you a lot, Ham. But a great many people, nice people, don't. You know that, don't you?”

“Certainly. If all my enemies—”

“Not only your enemies. I wouldn't listen to them. But also people who haven't anything against you at all—anything but suspicion, or distrust. They warn me against you. They say you're not on the level, that you—you're tied up with the underworld.”

Burton smiled and sipped his wine again.

“Because I have had a certain amount of success—” he began.

“Ham,” she interrupted, “tell me the truth. Did you ever defend a man, or a woman, you knew was guilty?”

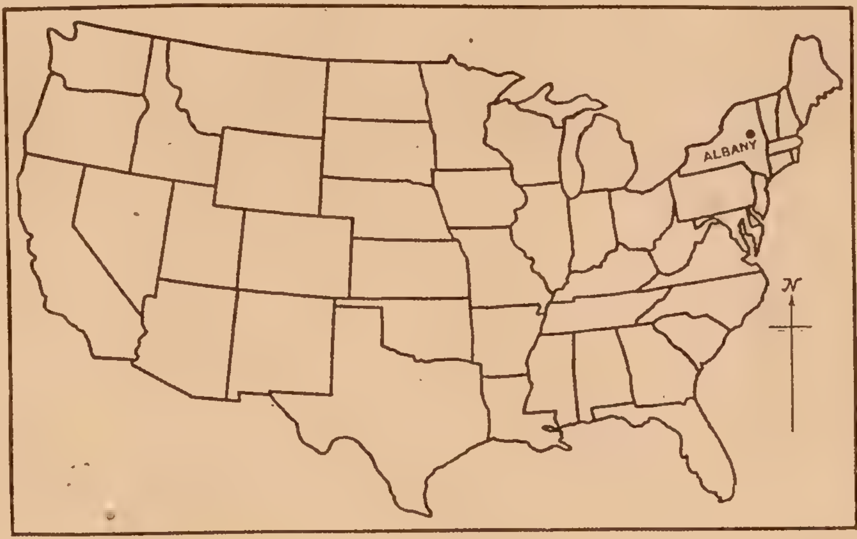
He leaned toward her, glass in hand. He laughed indulgently.

GEOGRAMS

A man starts at Albany, New York, and travels in a direction a little west of south, always in a straight line. First he rides on a train for ten hours, and then transfers to an automobile for seven and a half hours. Following this he takes a plane for three hours. He varies the monotony of his trip then by walking for twelve hours steadily, and then takes a launch trip of six hours. He ends his trip by a short walk of a little less than thirty-eight minutes.

Now, if the train ran at forty miles an hour, the plane at eighty, the auto at thirty-five, the launch at twelve, and he walked at the rate of four miles an hour, what capital of what state was his destination?

(The answer will be found on page 60)



“OF course, Betty. That's a perfectly ethical thing for any lawyer to do. Here's a man accused of a crime. The law says he must be defended by an attorney. Suppose every lawyer in the world believed that man guilty—nevertheless some one of them would have to appear as his counsel. Now suppose every lawyer in the world believed him guilty—and the man was absolutely innocent. That would be rather terrible, wouldn't it? I might believe my clients guilty. But who am I to judge them? I must defend them, right or wrong. That's my duty.”

Betty finished her wine. She felt she needed all the courage it might give her. This was going to be more difficult than she had expected.

Burton sprang up, put the napkin once more upon his forearm, and refilled her glass.

“I never thought of it quite like that before,” she said, watching him turn the bottle in the ice bucket. “It's like a game with you, then, to win cases?”

“The greatest game in the world, sometimes.”

“It's wonderful, Ham. I don't care what people say. It fascinates me. It's dramatic, thrilling. But how can you win all the time?”

She stared at him, wondering if he had seen through her yet. Apparently he hadn't.

“No lawyer wins all the time,” he answered.

“But most of the time you win. Everybody says so.”

“Everybody says I fix juries too. But I don't. I never have. I win cases without any tricks of that kind. It's the handling of the human equation that counts.”

Betty allowed her eyebrows to ask him to explain.

He loved her eyebrows, so soft, so silky, so eloquent and so funny! It gave him a curious thrill to see them depict such deep perplexity, depict it so very plainly.

“FIRST,” he explained, “you must know how to handle your clients. Mine are mostly criminals, or near-criminals. And that class is pretty dumb as a rule. You have to know when they are telling the truth and when they are lying. Sometimes you have to piece their stories together carefully to get a semblance of the truth. Then you must know how to handle the witnesses—your witnesses and the State's. You must know how to handle the gentlemen of the jury. You must even know how to handle the prosecutor and the judge on the bench. I can take a prosecution witness, even when he's telling the truth as he knows it, and, if he's the average man, I can make him appear the most colossal liar ever born. You see, the average witness doesn't know all the details; but usually he swears he does. Usually, too, he's forgotten many things. He's vulnerable, doubled and redoubled.”

“Oh, yes. I remember your telling me that once before. You must have a good memory, Ham.”

“Pretty good,” he admitted, smiling.

He finished his wine and reached down to twist the bottle in its icy prison.

“I'd like to test it,” and now there was no laziness in Betty's voice or eyes. “May I?”

“Go ahead.”

He poured some wine and put the bottle back.

“Take the witness,” he said.

“All right, Mr. Witness. When was the first time Miss Betty Allison became really interested in Mr. Hamilton Burton?”

“I wish I knew. But I'm not a mind reader, Betty; merely a lawyer.”

“All right. Strike that out. You see how professional I can be? When was the first time Miss Allison felt jealous about you?”

“Jealous, Betty? You, jealous?”

Betty steeled herself against the ardent joy she saw surging into his face.

“Where were you on the night of June the twenty-second?” she asked quickly.

The ardent joy went fleeing from him, leaving something frightening in its wake.

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this week
1000 PAIRS
McCALLUM'S
SILK STOCKINGS
Just answer—what did
PEE-CHEE WHITE SAY?

"LOOKS AS THOUGH THE GROOM WILL WAIT, MY SHOES ARE AWFUL I'LL BE LATE."

"AHA!"... SAYS PEE-CHEE I'LL FIX THEM QUICK!
PEE-CHEE

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1. Fill in the "last line" telling what Miss Pee-Chee says about PEE-CHEE White Cleaner. Write it on a separate piece of paper and attach this ad. Give your name, address and stocking size.
2. Send your entry, with the TOP of a Pee-Chee box or facsimile thereof to "Pee-Chee White, Box 6206, Cleveland, Ohio."

It's fun and easy—There are so many things to say about this marvelous White Shoe Cleaner. Safely cleans ALL White Shoes right.

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PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT

"June the twenty-second?" he asked.

Betty covered her excitement with a laugh.

"When was Priscilla Edmond's party?"

"Oh!" He laughed. He pretended to be ashamed for not remembering. He gulped his wine. His hands were steady.

"You had me winging for a moment," he said. "What a trial lawyer you'd make! Why, that party was on June twenty-second, wasn't it?"

"It was. What color dress did I wear?"

"As if I could forget that! It was gold, a ravishing gold. Your slippers were red."

Burton was beginning to enjoy this game. The ardor had returned to his eyes.

"Very good. Now, at ten o'clock on this night of June the twenty-second, while you were dancing with me, what happened?"

He stared at her blankly.

"Perhaps, if you'd refresh my recollection—"

"'Refresh' is good. The refreshments—what were they?"

"Oh, of course. Refreshments were served. I had forgotten that."

"What were they?"

"The usual things."

Betty sat back and purposely put a sly look on her face, purposely smiled as though she were sure she was going to trip him now.

"Lobster Newburgh and champagne?"

"That's it. I remember."

With eyes and eyebrows she let him believe he had hit a bull's-eye and that she was disappointed in herself.

"You're sure it wasn't pâté de foie gras and Rhine wine?"

"It was lobster and champagne."

BETTY leaned back in her chair and laughed in triumph.

"I knew I'd get you!" she said. "It wasn't lobster at all, was it? It was hot dogs and beer—and if you want me to prove it—"

Burton threw up his hands in surrender.

"I confess," he said. "I was bluffing. You got me fairly. I really can't remember, Betty."

He got up. He seemed nervous.

"What are you getting at, Betty? This is more than a game."

Betty rose too and faced him.

"I told you I was jealous, didn't I? Have you forgotten that a little before ten o'clock that night you caught Dexter Putnam by the ear, practically, and made him cut in on us so you could walk out on me for half an hour or so, and nobody could find you?"

"No, no. I don't remember anything of the kind."

She walked around the table edge toward him, and although the boat rocked violently from side to side, neither of them noticed it. She stood in front of him, looking up into his face.

"That's when I was jealous, Ham," she said softly. "Who was she?"

A look of relief came into Burton's strained features.

"Bless your heart," he said, "you had me as frightened as any one I ever saw. Why, I—I'm as nervous as a prisoner before the bar."

He laughed, delighted with himself, delighted with the world. She was actually jealous. It was jealousy that had made her so cruel to him.

"So that's it!" he said.

Ah, if he only dared put his arms about her!

"THAT'S it. It wasn't your secretary. Not that night. She wasn't there. Don't blush. You didn't have any lipstick on you when you came back to me that night—the night of June the twenty-second. There were no refreshments served at that time. They seldom are served in the Edmond home at ten o'clock. You should have known that. Where were you?"

"You don't have to worry, Betty," he whispered. "There isn't another woman in the world I care about. That lipstick—Miss Bowen kissed me good-by. That was all. I haven't seen her since. It was simply impulse on her part. She'd been with me a long time. Can't you understand that?"

"Maybe! But where were you that night of the party when I went looking for you? You were gone half an hour. You told me then—what did you tell me then?"

Burton shook his head.

"Betty, listen to me, please. I swear to you I wasn't with any other woman that night. I suddenly felt ill. I had to get away—take a walk. I don't know where I went. Please don't ever mention that incident again, or even think about it. Promise me that, Betty, will you?"

"No, I won't. Not until I find out her name."

"But, Betty, I didn't know any other woman there that night. I was a stranger there, I—"

The bathroom door swung open violently.

Burton, thinking it was merely an evidence of the storm, paid no attention to the noise.

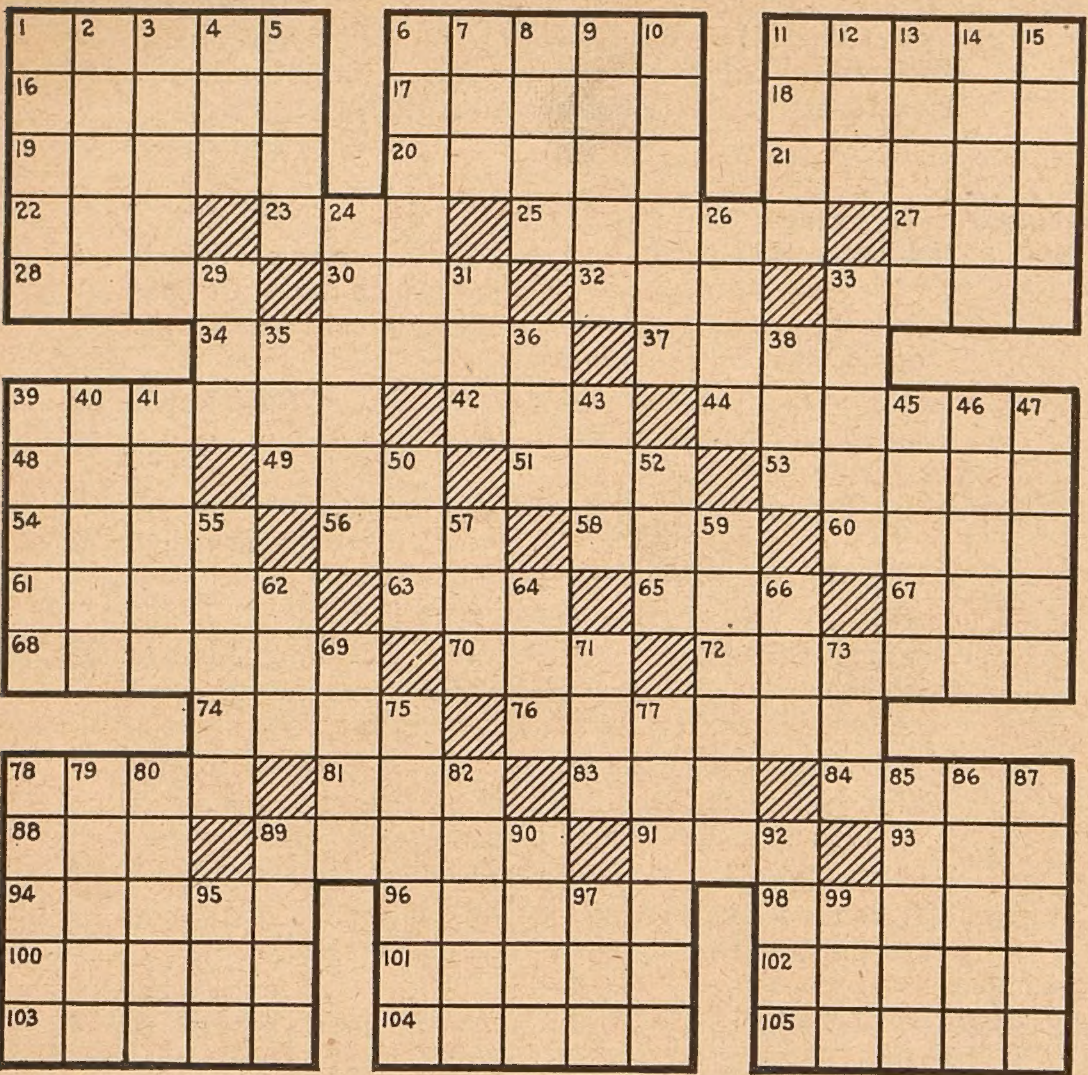
But it was Butch McCabe who had flung open that door—Butch, with the nun's veil no longer concealing his desperate countenance—Butch, with a gun held in his right hand, held so tightly it seemed part of him.

Revenge at last! Butch's long awaited chance. Will he settle his account with Burton without waiting for Betty to complete her plans? Will she ever be able to explain to Jimmy? Read the amazingly dramatic climax in the final installment in next week's issue.

Answer to Geogram Puzzle on Page 59

Tallahassee, Florida—1,025 miles from Albany, New York

CROSSWORDS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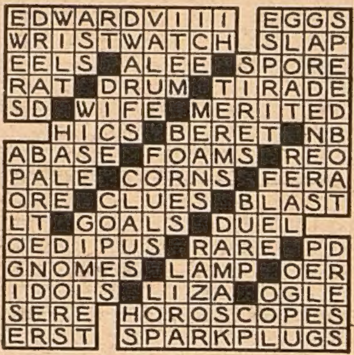
HORIZONTAL

1 Fascinate
6 Musical instrument
11 Filch
16 Indian princess
17 City in France
18 To resolve into elements, as a sentence
19 Dwelling place
20 Respond to stimulus
21 Aroused
22 To invite
23 Woman's dowry
25 Cover with crumbs
27 East Indian weight
28 Boil slowly
30 A radical
32 Terminus
33 River bottom (plural)
34 Sojourns
37 A levee
39 Strikes with fear
42 Humor
44 Irksomeness
48 A measure
49 A toy
51 A label
53 Potassium nitrate
54 Part of the hand
56 Unused
58 Compensate
60 Combining form: great
61 Of an area
63 A flap
65 A viscid substance
67 Confronted
68 Telescope part (pl.)
70 A musket
72 Showy
74 A molding
76 A fight (plural)
78 Soon
81 Portion of a circle


EDWARDVIII EGGS
WRISTWATCH SLAP
EELS■ALEE■SPORE
RAT■DRUM■TIRADE
SD■WIFE■MERITED
HICS■BERET■NB
ABASE■FOAMS■REO
PALE■CORNS■FERA
ORE■CLUES■BLAST
LT■GOALS■DUEL
OEDIPUS■RARE■PD
GNOMES■LAMP■OER
IDOLS■LIZA■OGLE
SERE HOROSCOPES
ERST SPARKPLUGS

Answer to last week's puzzle

83 Babylonian deity
84 Pickle in brine
88 Exclude
89 Haughty
91 A tree
93 Exclamation
94 Elliptical
96 Anticipatory fear
98 Funeral oration
100 A parent
101 Avoid by artifice
102 Wanderer
103 Watchful
104 Type of automobile
105 A metric measure

VERTICAL

1 Crustaceans
2 Custom
3 Battery terminal
4 A color
5 Recompense
6 Separated
7 Ill-temper
8 An Asiatic
9 Mother-of-pearl
10 Belgian seaport
11 Type of airplane
12 A boy's marble
13 Irregularly notched
14 Requested
15 Sly looks
24 Prayer
26 Entrance to a mine
29 Conflict
31 Condensed moisture
33 Becloud
35 Stake
36 Perch
38 Range of perception
39 Part of a flower
40 A character in Dickens's Bleak House
41 Man's name
43 Strike lightly
45 Separate particulars
46 Impels
47 Pithy
50 Fondle
52 To retch
55 A stoneworker
57 A joker
59 Warbles
62 Part of a tripod
64 An idler (slang)
66 Metal-bearing rock
69 Scorch
71 A bird's beak
73 A feminine suffix
75 Wears away
77 Heavy
78 Large serpent
79 Of ships of war
80 Declaim
82 A flexure
85 Over
86 Beer
87 At that point
89 Saucy
90 Obsolete
92 Pronoun
95 Combining form: thrice
97 Woman's name
99 A piece of land

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

STAR Saves FACE!
SORRY, MR. BRINT, WE'RE SHOOTING CLOSE-UPS AGAIN AT 8:30 TONIGHT. YOU'LL HAVE TO SHAVE AGAIN.
HANG IT! ONE MORE WEEK OF THIS TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING AND I WON'T HAVE ANY FACE LEFT TO SHAVE.
WHY NOT TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM? ITS SMALL BUBBLES MAKE TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING UNNECESSARY... GIVE YOU A SKIN-LINE SHAVE THAT REALLY LASTS.
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
NEXT NIGHT 7:45
WELL, MR. BRINT, WE'RE ALL SET. I SEE YOU'VE SHAVED—
YOU'RE WRONG, MAC, I USED COLGATE'S THIS MORNING... THOSE SKIN-LINE SHAVES CERTAINLY LAST... AND MY SKIN FEELS GREAT!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

MOST LATHERS are **COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes big to get to the tiny bubbles that *base* of the beard! get clear down to Air pockets keep the skin-line. Its the soap film from rich soap film soaks reaching the whis- your beard soft at kers. So the beard the base. Makes your is only *half*-wilted. shaves last longer.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

PANAMA CITY, FLA. -- Progress on a Works Progress Administration project here was halted temporarily when a cow ate the blueprints.

B. E. Fulghum, Project supervisor, laid the plans for a building at the State Fish Hatchery in Wewahitchka on a porch, and they were promptly swallowed. New plans were sent to him with the notation: "For reference, not fodder."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Fined for driving thirty-eight miles an hour with one arm around a girl, James Sullivan said: "It's all right, judge—I'm going to marry the girl."

"But don't you think it's dangerous to drive that way?" Judge George Vest asked.

"Oh, no," explained Sullivan. "I've had plenty of experience at it."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mrs. Edith V. Allen wanted a divorce—and gave as her reasons: her husband put salt in her bed; threw gin in her face; beat her with a pair of pajamas. She got the divorce.

TULSA, OKLA. — Police surrounded a downtown building on a tip that gangsters were inside. Soon seven Baptist ministers from Yankton, S. D., came out, got in two automobiles, and drove away.

TOPEKA, KAN. — Ernest L. Newman, County Clerk, tells of an elderly Negro woman who had been signing relief receipts with her mark. Then one week she signed an O instead of an X, explaining: "I'se just got married and changed mah name."

DENVER, COLO.—A "duel with automobiles" was reported by police. Captain William J. Armstrong said Theodore Bennett and Ora D. Nickolson were zigzagging across a street, ramming bumpers like goats locking horns.

"Just a private quarrel," they explained.

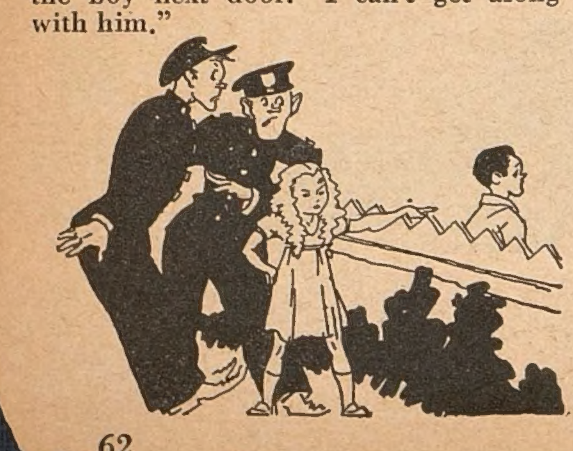
CHICAGO, ILL.--Chicago police received a note:

"To the police. Come at once. 3,822 Wilton Avenue.

"BARBARA EVANS."

Milton Evans invited the officers in.

"Oh," said Barbara, aged seven, when she saw the officers. "I wrote the note. We have no telephone or I'd have called you. I want you to do something about the boy next door. I can't get along with him."



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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY

CARNIVAL LADY

By MARTHA OSTENSO

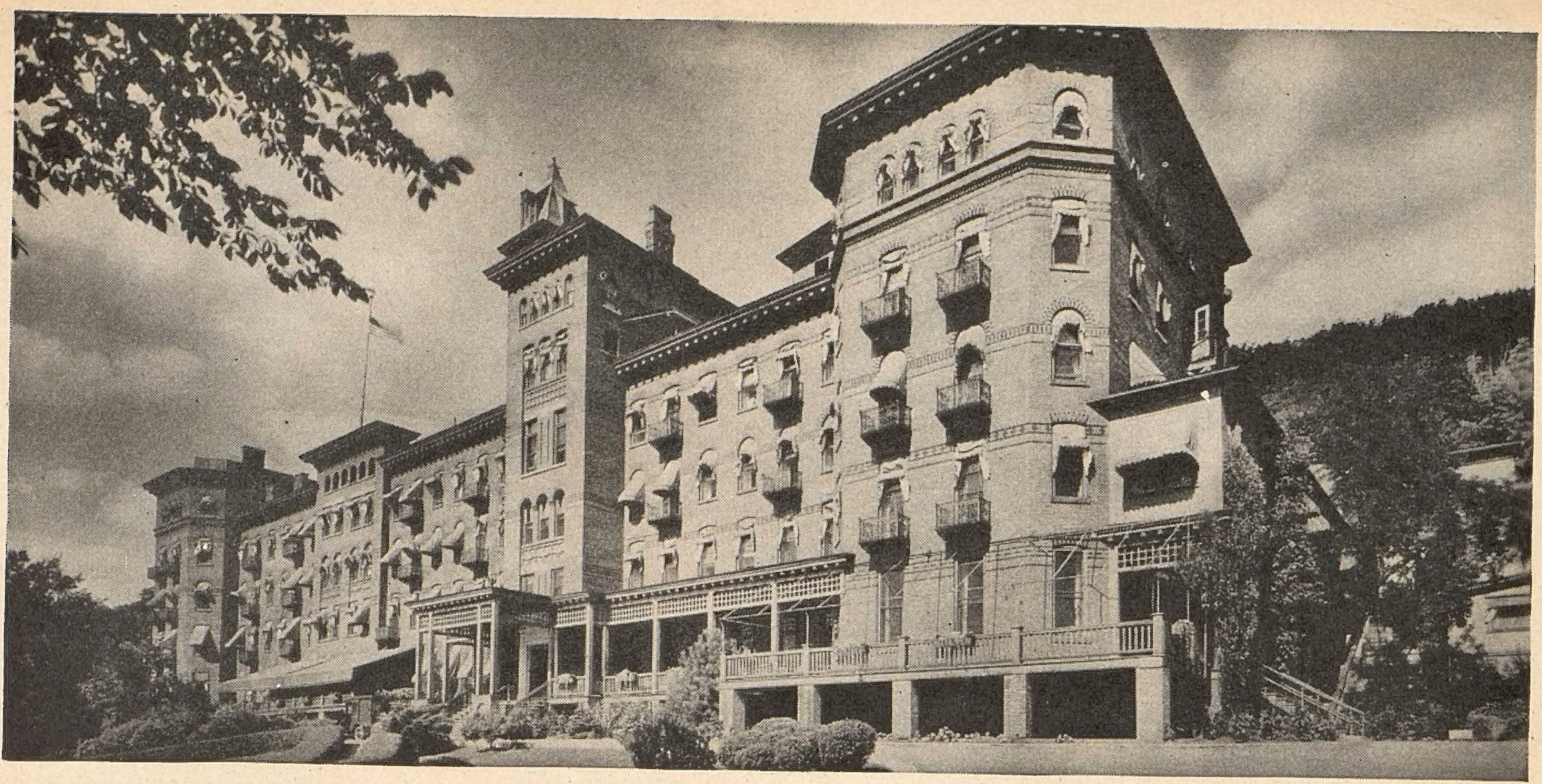
AUTHOR OF WILD GEESE, THE DARK DAWN, THE MAD CAREWS

Shannon March was her name. She stood at the roadside in a midnight downpour trying to restore herself to some semblance of order and thumb a ride into town. Her father, involved in a card-game fracas with fellow carnival concessionaires, had just handed her a ten-spot with instructions to "Beat it out of here." The third car emerging from the blackness stopped. A young man opened the door. "Hop in," he invited, and Shannon started on a journey that was to have an ending even more bizarre than its beginning. Where did she go? Who was the young man? Why had he selected her? Begin Carnival Lady next week in Liberty. You'll love it!

ALSO—DO THE MUNITION MAKERS CAUSE WAR? by Major General Johnson Hagood—DAMES? HAH! by Stanley Jones—UNLUCKY IN LOVE by Fred MacIsaac—WILL THIS BE THE LAST DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION? by Jay Franklin—HELL IN THE HOLY LAND by Lowell Thomas with Kenneth Collings—WHAT WOULD THE TOWNSEND DOLLAR BE WORTH? by Edwin Walter Kemmerer.

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24



PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most human weaknesses. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

Note: The New Deauville Hotel, Miami Beach, Florida, opened as a pleasure resort last winter, will soon be ready to give the same health building regimes that have been so phenomenally successful in Dansville. For further information write New York Information Bureau, Room 1517, Chanin Bldg., New York, N. Y.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

INCORPORATED

DANSVILLE NEW YORK

DANIEL FROHMAN, FAMOUS THEATRICAL PRODUCER, ENTHUSIASTIC OVER PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

"I have never seen a more delightful place. And it has been so highly commended by its guests who were taking the treatment there. It is the most picturesque and delightful health resort I have ever seen anywhere in this country or abroad, and I hope it will always prove a success, and make you feel happy over the splendid results you are achieving for the benefit of those who need its service."

DANIEL FROHMAN.

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE!

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection [illegible] other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction and [illegible] the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot [illegible] which have been definitely proven as a major aid in [illegible] many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

----------MAIL COUPON TODAY----------

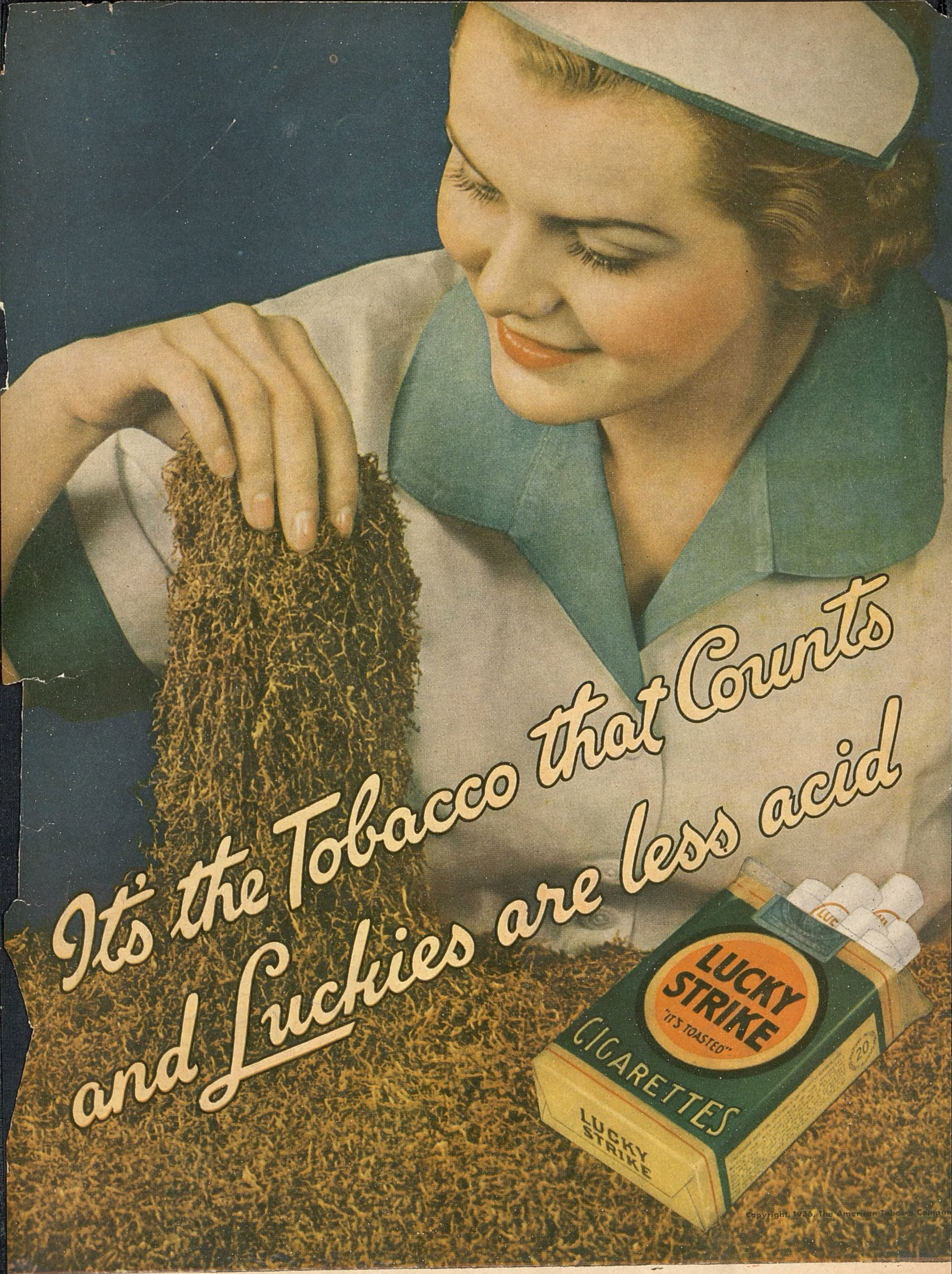
Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L. 6-27
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

Town____________________State__________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